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Comhchrinneachadh

Ghlinn-a-Bhaird:

THE GLENBARD COLLECTION

OF

GAELIC POETRY.

BY THE

REV. A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.



Charlottetown :

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## PREFACE.

**J**OHN MACLEAN, the Poet, was born in Tyree, Argyleshire, in 1787, and came to Nova Scotia in 1819. He lived in Glenbard in the county of Antigonish. He died in 1848. Whilst in Scotland he made a large collection of Gaelic poetry. He also came into possession of a valuable collection made in Mull by Dr. Hector Maclean, about the year 1768. He brought both collections with him to this country. Christy, the eldest of his family, was married to John Sinclair from the Parish of Reay in Caithness. I am their son. Owing to the influence of my mother, and indeed of all my surroundings, I have been led from my youth to take an interest in the poetry, legends, traditions, and history of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

I have now in my possession John Maclean's manuscript collection, Dr. Maclean's manuscript collection, and the Gaelic manuscripts of the Rev.

James Macgregor, D. D., author of *Dain a Chomhnadh Crabhuidh*. During the last twenty-one years, whenever I met a person who had old Gaelic poems by heart, poems not in any book, I have been in the habit of getting him to recite them, and writing them down. I have in this way collected quite a number of valuable poems.

I know that if I do not publish the poems in my possession no one else will. I know also that unless I publish them, they are likely to perish; and Gaelic literature is not of so extensive a character that this should be allowed to happen. Besides, I feel that it would be utterly unbecoming on my part not to publish at least the manuscripts brought to this country by my grandfather. Influenced by these reasons I have resolved to publish all the poems that I have.

Some of the poems in this work have been taken from old collections that are now out of print, such as Ranald Macdonald's collection, Gillies's collection, A. and D. Stewart's collection, and Turner's collection. It may be a comparatively easy matter to procure one or two of these collections in the old country; in this country it is impossible to obtain any of them. The few poetical works brought with them by the early immigrants were borrowed, handled, and used until they became reduced to tattered fragments.

Of what use, it may be asked, are the old poems in this work? In the first place, some of them are useful merely as poems, whilst others are not.

I am very far from thinking that all the poetry in this work is of a high order; some of it is very poor. In the second place, all the old poems in this work are useful as Gaelic compositions. Those who composed them understood the language in which they thought and sung. If we want to learn Gaelic correctly we must study the works of the Gaelic bards, J. F. Campbell's *Sgeulachd-an Gaidhealach*, and Norman McLeod's *Cuairtear nan Gleann*. In the third place, the old poems in this work are exceedingly useful from a historic point of view. They throw much light upon the thoughts, feelings, aims, habits and actions of the old Highlanders. We can learn the external history of the Highlands from Skene's works, but if we wish to learn the inner history of the Highlanders, the real history of the people, we must study the works left us by the Gaelic bards. We find the history of a people in their poetry far more than in their chronicles.

It may be said that this book would sell much better if I had omitted some of the old poems and inserted modern and popular songs. I have no doubt that it would. But my aim has not been either to make a collection that would sell readily or a collection of popular songs. This collection with all its defects will serve my chief purpose. It will help to give, to such as may take an interest in them, the old poems in the manuscripts in my possession. The manuscripts may perish, but probably some copies of this work will be preserved.

I have published only two hundred copies of this work, and I have had it printed in as cheap a manner as possible. The greater part of it was published in newspapers, and struck off from the type of the newspapers for publication in book form. From page 1 to the end of page 128 appeared in the "Island Reporter," Baddeck, Cape Breton; from page 129 to the end of page 220, and also from page 261 to the end of page 322, in the same paper, after it had been transferred to Sydney, Cape Breton. The forty pages between page 220 and page 261 appeared in the "Pictou News."

The typographical errors are very numerous, but this is not to be wondered at. The printers did not understand a word of Gaelic. The proofs had to be sent me by mail. It was inconvenient to send proofs to me more than once. A few of the proofs I never saw. I have given a full list of corrections, so that any one who desires to read the poems can do so without any difficulty.

I have arranged the poems, as far as practicable, in chronological order in the Index. With regard to a few of them, I do not know when, where, or by whom they were composed.

A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.

Belfast, Prince Edward Island,  
October 28th, 1890.

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## JOHN MACDONALD, THE LOCHABER BARD.

---

Alastair Carrach Macdonald, third son of John, first Lord of the Isles, by Margaret, daughter of Robert II., King of Scotland, who was a grandson of Robert Bruce, was the founder of the family of Keppoch, Clann Domhnaill a Bhraighe. He was succeeded by his son, Aonghas na Feairte. Aonghas na Feairte had two sons, Donald and Alexander. Donald, who succeeded his father in the Braes of Lochaber, was killed in a battle with the Stewarts of Appin and the Maclarens, about the year 1497. To Donald succeeded his only son, John, who was known as Iain Alainn. Iain Alainn, in consequence of his having delivered up to the vengeance of the Clan Chattan one of his followers, Domhnall Ruadh Beag Mac-Gille-Mhanntaich, was deposed from the chieftainship by his clan. His cousin, Domhnall Glas, son of Alastair, son of Aonghas na Feairte, was chosen in his place. After his deposition, Iain Alainn moved to a place called An Uichair. His descendants were known as Sliochd Dhomhnaill, and also as Sliochd a Bhra-thar bu Shine. They were sometimes termed, by way of reproach, Shiochd an t-Siapa. They were designated by this name in consequence of having delivered

up Domhnall Ruadh Beag to the Clan Chattan. John Macdonald, or Iain Lom the famous bard, was the son of Donald, son of John, son of Donald, son of Iain Alann, the deposed chief. He had thus the blood of the Lords of the Isles, the Stewarts, and the illustrious Bruce, in his veins.

The year of Iain Lom's birth is not known. We know, however, that he was present at the battle of Stron-a-Chlachain in 1640. We know also that he was a man of a good deal of prominence in 1645, the year in which the battle of Inverlochy was fought. We would not probably be very far astray if we were to say that he was born about the year 1620. He died in 1709. He possessed mental powers of a high order, and was a man of real honesty and intense earnestness. He was a poet of great ability.

The following extracts will show what kind of man Iain Lom was, and also what competent judges think of his poetry:

“John Macdonald was one of the most remarkable bards of modern times. He was commonly called Iain Lom, and sometimes Iain Manntach or Iain Mabach from an impediment in his speech. He composed as many poems as would fill a large volume. Most of his compositions have great merit. He lived from the the rein of Charles the First to the time of King William. Charles the Second settled a yearly pension upon him for officiating as his bard. As many of his poems mention the chief transactions of the times, as well as the names of the

princes, chiefs and nobility whose achievements he sang, they carry their dates in their bosoms, and fix the era in which they were composed. He lived to an extreme old age, so that there are still a few people of very advanced years who remember to have seen him."—*Remarks on Dr. Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides, by the Rev. Donald McNicol, published in the year 1799.*

"Of the political school of Gaelic bards the most remarkable poet the Highlands have produced was John Macdonald, commonly called Iain Lom. He lived during the stormy period of the commonwealth, and entered warmly into the political questions of his day in the Highlands. He was a strenuous partizan of the House of Stewart, and did as much for their interest in the north by his muse as was accomplished by any other influence brought to bear upon the popular mind. He was a Roman Catholic, and his religion combined with his politics in giving a bias to his views, and force and point to his verses. Charles the Second appointed him a sort of Poet Laureat for Scotland, and conferred upon him a small pension, which it is said he enjoyed until the period of his death. Many of his Jacobite compositions have been handed down to us. In these two things are remarkable; his fierce appeals to the passions of the clans favorable to the royal cause, and his equally violent denunciations of those opposed to it."—*Keltic Gleanings, by the Rev. Thomas McLauchlan, LL. D., Edinburgh.*

“Of the personal history of Iain Lom, very little is known for certain. He was of the family of Mac-Mhic-Raonail, or Macdonalds of Keppoch, and, living through the greater part of the reigns of Charles I. and II., died unmarried, a very old man, in the autumn of 1709. He was a man of considerable education, which we have heard accounted for by one likely to be well informed on such a matter, by the assertion that he had been for some years in training for the priesthood at the college of Valladolid in Spain, when some unpardonable indiscretion caused his expulsion from that seminary, and his return to Scotland as a gentleman at large—a sort of hybrid nondescript, half clerical and half lay. His poetical powers are of a very high order, and he was unquestionably a man of very superior talents. In the wild times in which he lived his talents and habits of life caused him to become a very prominent man indeed. To Montrose and Alastair Mac Cholla-Chiotaich, as well as afterwards to Graham, Lord Viscount Dundee, he was well known, and by them all much trusted and employed on the most delicate political embassies. No man of his day knew the Highlands and its temper so thoroughly. In those wonderful campaigns which, true in every particular, yet read like Mediaeval romances, in which Montrose made himself the talk and envy of every soldier in Europe, it is certain that he consulted Iain Lom at almost every step. A brief but characteristic note, which we have more than once



seen and read, from the great Marquis to the Bard, was in possession of the late Rev. Dr. Macintyre, minister of Kilmonivaig, and is probably still preserved in the family as a very valuable and interesting relic, which in truth it is. It consists but of some half dozen lines, but when we find the Marquis declaring himself, under his own hand, from his "Camp near Kilsyth," Iain Lom's "very loving and true friend to command," we may be pretty sure that the Brae-Lochaber Bard was a man of no small account and consequence in his day. Of his poetry it is hardly possible to speak too highly. Rough and rugged, and rude almost always, it yet hits the mark arrived at so unmistakeably that you cannot but applaud."—*Twixt Ben Nevis and Glencue, by the Rev. Alexander Stewart, LL. D., author of "Nether Lochaber."*

Iain Lom was buried at Dun-Aingeal in the Braes of Lochaber. A very beautiful and substantial monument was erected over his grave a few years ago. It is ten feet in height and richly ornamented. The inscription, as of course it ought to be, is in Gaelic.

It is to be regretted that Iain Lom's poems have never been published in a collected form. That such should be the case is not at all to the credit of his countrymen.

## RANN.

---

LE IAIN LOM.

---

Chaidh Iain Lom uair, is e 'na bhalach  
og, comhla ri athair agus feadhain eile gu  
baile Inbhernis. Air dhaibh cruinneach-  
adh anns an taigh osda 'san robh iad a dol  
a dh'fhuireach fad na h-oidheche, thachair  
do choigreach a bha 'nam measg ni eigin  
a radh mu Iain. Cha luaithe a bha na  
facail a 'pheul na thubhairt Iain mar  
fhreagairt da:

Breith luath, lochdach,  
Breith air loth pheallagaich,  
No air giullan breac-luirgneach.

Air d'a athair na buathran so a chluin-  
ntinn thubhairt e ris:

'S math thu fein, Iain, ni thu gleus  
fhathast.

---

## CUMHA AONGHAIS MHIC RAON- UILL OIG.

---

LE IAIN LOM.

---

Rìgh, gur mor no chuid mulaid,  
Ged is fheudar dhomh fhulang,  
Ge b'e dh'eisdeadh ri m' uireasbhuidh  
aireamh.

Rìgh, gur mor, &c.

Bho na chaill mi na gaothair  
 Is an t eug 'g an sior thaoghal,  
 'S beag mo thoirt gar an taoghail mi 'm  
 Braighe.

'S eum bochd mi gun daoine  
 Air mo lor air gach taobh dhìom  
 Is tric rosad an aoig air mo chairdean.

Gur mi 'n giadh air a spionadh  
 Gun iteach, gun linnich,  
 'S mi mar Oisean fo bhinn an taigh  
 Phadruig.

Gur mi 'chraobh air a rusgadh,  
 Gun chaothan, gun ubhlan,  
 'S an snodhach 's an rasg air a fagail.

Ruaig sin cheann Lochatatha  
 'S i 'chuir mise ann am ghaibhtheach;  
 Dh'fhag mi Aonghas 'na laidhe 'sunaich  
 Mu 'n do dhirich sibh 'm bruthach  
 'S ann 'n ar deaghaidh bha 'n ulaidh;  
 Bha giomanach guna air dhroch caramh.  
 Ged a dh'fhag mi ann m' athair  
 Cha 'n ann air 'tha mi labhairt  
 Ach an lot 'rinu an claidheamh mu d'air-  
 nean.

Gur h-e dhruigh air mo leacainn  
 'M buille mor a bha 'd leth-taobh,  
 'S tu 'nad lai lthe 'n taigh beag choire  
 Charmraig.

B'i mo ghradh do ghnuis aobhach  
 Dheanadh dath le d'fhuil chraobhaich,  
 'S nach robh seachnach air aodann do  
 namhaid.

Gaothar—a greyhound, a lurcher or  
 cross-bred dog, half greyhound and half  
 fox hound. Rosad—misfortune, mischief  
 Toirt—care, regard. Linnich—layer,

lining. Gaibhtheach — a person in want, a complainant. Leacainn — the side of the head.

In 1640 a fight took place between the Macdonalds of Keppoch, and the Campbells of Breadalbane. There were about 120 of the former, and probably about the same number of the latter. The Macdonalds won the fight, but lost their chief, Aonghas Obhar, who was killed. Iain Lom's father, Domhnall Mac Iain Mhic Dhomhnaill Mhic Iain Alainn, was also among the slain. An account of the fight will be found in the Keltic Magazine for January, 1880. It took place at Stronachlachain, at the head of Loch Tay.

## ORAN DO DHOMHNALL GORM OG.

LE IAIN LOM.

A Dhomhnaill nan dun,  
'Mhic Ghilleasbuig nan tur,  
Chaidh d'eanach 's do ehlìu thar chaich.  
Tha seirc ann ad ghruaidh,  
Caol mhala gun ghruaim,  
Beul meachair bho 'n suairce gradh.  
Bidh sid ort a' triall,  
Chaidheamh sgaiteach gorm siar;  
Air d' uilinn bidh sgiath gun sghath.  
'S a ghrabhailt mhath ur  
Air a taghadh o'n bhuth;  
B' i do roghainn an tus a bhlair.  
A churaidh gun ghiamh,  
'N trath ghabhád tu fianh,  
'S e 'thogadh tu sgian mar arm.

An gunna nach diult  
 'N trath 'chaogas tu 'n t-suil,  
 Gu 'm bitheadh a sugradh searbh.

Is bogh' an t-sar-chuil,  
 De'n mheallanaich uir,  
 Caoin, fallain de'n iubhraich dheirg.

Is taifeid nan dual  
 Air a tarruing' bho d' chluais;  
 'S mairg neach air am buailteadh meall.

Is ite an eoin leith  
 Air a sparradh le ceir;  
 Bhiodh briogadh an deigh a h-earr'.

Air an leacainn mu'n iath  
 Cinn ghlasa nan sgiath;  
 Cha bu ghaiseach bu mhiam le d' chram.

Bho imeachd do'n Fheinn  
 'S cinn fhine sibh fein  
 Air fineachan fheil' gu dearbh.

Iarl Antruim nan sluagh  
 'S Clann-Ghilleain nam buadh  
 Bhiodh sid leat is Ruairidh garbh.

Mac Mhic Ailein nan ceud  
 'S Mac Mhic Alastair fheil',  
 Is Mac-Fhionghain gu treun nan ceann.

Creach 'g a stroiceadh,  
 Ruith na torachd,  
 'S fir fo leon nan aran.

Loug 'g a seoladh,  
 Crith air sgodaibh,  
 Stiuir-bheairt sheolta, theann.

Beucaich mara  
 'Leum ri darach,  
 Sugh 'g a sgaradh thall.

Cha bu nasag  
 Ri sruth trath i,  
 'S muir 'na gair fo 'ceann.

Thig l'ingeas le gaoith  
 Gu baile nan laoch,  
 Ged bhitheadh na caoiltean garbh.

Gu talla nam pios  
 'S am farumach fion,  
 Far am falaichear mile cran.

Bhiodh cruit is clarsach  
 'S mnai uchd aillidh  
 An tur nan taileasg gearr.

Foirm nam pioban  
 'S orgain liobhte,  
 'S cuirn 'gan lionadh ard.

Ceir 'na drilsean  
 Ri fad oidhche,  
 'G eisdeachd stri nana bard.

Ruaig air dhisnean,  
 Foirm air thithibh,  
 'S or a sios mar gheall.

Aig ogh 'Iarl Ile  
 Agus Chinntire  
 Rois is Innse-Gall.

Clann-Domhnaill nach crion  
 Mu 'n or 's mu 'n ni,  
 Sid a bhuidheann a 's prisèl gearr.

Bho Theamhair gu I,  
 Gus a Chananaich shios,  
 Luchd-ealaidh o n chrich 'n 'ur dail.

Eana chor eineach—bounty, liberality, goodness, courtesy; also praise, renown. Meallanach—bossy or having knobs. Fheile—of hospitality. Iubhrach—a yew grove. Taifeid—a bow-string. Briogadh—stabbing or thrusting. Taileasg—backgammon or chess. Drilsean—sparkles. Disnean—dice. Nasag—an empty shell. Teamhair—Tara in Ireland. The word teamhair signifies an elevated spot commanding an extensive prospect. *Joyce's Irish Names of Places*, page 293.

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Hugh, the first Macdonald, of Sleat, was the third son of Alexander, third Lord of the Isles. Domhnall Gorm, son of Domhnall Gruamach, son of Domhual Gallach, son of Hugh, was the fifth Macdonald of Sleat. He styled himself Lord of the Isles, and Earl of Ross. Donald, his son and successor, was married to Mary, daughter of Hector Mor Maclean, of Duart, and had by her three sons, Domhnall Gorm Mor, Archibald and Alexander. Domhual Gorm Mor died without issue in 1616, and was succeeded by Domhnall Gorm Og, son of his brother, Archibald, by his wife, Margaret, daughter of Angus Macdonald, of Islay and the Glynns in Antrim. Domhnall Gorm Og was the eighth Macdonald, of Sleat. He was created a Baronet in 1625; he died in 1643.

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 ORAN.
 

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Do dh' Alastair Mac Colla, an deigh  
latha Allt Eireann.

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 LE IAIN LOM.
 

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Gu ma slan 's gu ma h eibhinn  
Do 'n Alastair euchdach  
'Choisinn latha Allt Eireann le 'mhor.  
shluagh.

Gu ma slan &c.

Le 'shaigdeireibh laghach  
'N am gabhail an rathaid,  
Leis 'm bu mhiannach 'bhi 'gabhail a  
chronain.

Cha bu phrabaire tlath thu,  
'Dhol an caigneachadh chlaidhean  
'Nuair a bha thu 's a gharadh a'd 'onar.

Bha luchd chlogad is phicean  
A 'cur ort mar an dichìoll,  
Gus an d'fhuair thu *reliobh* o Mhontrosa.

'S iomad oganach suil-ghorm,  
Bha fò lot nan arm ruisgte,  
Aig geata Chinn-Iudaich gun chomhradh.

Agus oganach loinneil  
Thuit an aobhar do lainne,  
Bba na shineadh am polla ud Lochaidh.

'S cha robh domhach no geinneach  
Ann an talamh Mhic-Coinnich,  
Nach do dh 'fhag an airm theine air a  
mhointich.

Cha robh Tomai no Simi  
Ann an talamh Mhic-Shimi



Nach do thar anns gach ionad 'am frogaibh.

Chuir sibh pairt diu air theicheadh

Gus 'n do rainig iad Muiri

S' chuir sibh lasraichean teine 's a  
Mhoraich.

Alt Eireann seems to mean Eire's Brook, and to have been named after Eire, one of the Queens of the Tuath De Danann. Eireann is the old form of the genitive of Eire. Some are of the opinion that Ireland received its name from Eire. Whitley Stokes is inclined to look upon Ireland as deriving its name from a word connected with the Sanskrit, *avara*, western. Max Muller's *Science of Language*, vol. I., page 246.

Prabaire—a worthless fellow. Caig-neachadh or caigneadh—coupling or linking. Domhach—a savage. Geinneach—a short, stout man.

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The battle of Auldearn was fought, May 9th, 1645. The MacKenzies and Frasers were on the side of the Covenanters. Alastair MacColla came near losing his life in trying to regain a position behind a garden fence, which he had very unwisely left. Gen. Hurry who commanded the Covenanters had 3,500 foot and 400 horse; Montrose had 1,500 foot and 250 horse. The latter won a complete victory. Some days after the battle Montrose committed to the flames a good many houses in Elgin, Garmouth and other places

# ORAN DO MHORAIR HUNNDAIDH.

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'Nuair a ghlacadh e le Seumas Meinne,  
an Crunair, 's a bhliadhna 1647.

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LE IAIN LOM.

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Gur-a trom leam a ta mi  
Leis gach sgeul tha mi 'claistinn,  
'S mi 'tearnadh staigh braigh 'uisge Dhe:

Mi tearnadh air m 'aineoil  
Gu braigh' Abarfeallaidh,  
Gun aon luaidh air fear faraid mo sgeil.

Cha 'n e gaoir bhan a chlachain  
A tha mis 'an div 'g acain,  
Gar an d'thigeadh gin as de 'n choig ceud.

Ach ma ghlacadh am Marcus  
Leis a Mheinneireach thachrais,  
B'e mo dhiubhal na bh'aca 's mo bheud.

'S mor an uaidheachd e 'n Albainn  
Bog no gaoithe 'n Strath-bhalgaidh  
'Bhi 'g a chlaoidheadh le armailtean sreinn.

Ceann uighe nan Gaidheal,  
Far an suidheamaid saibhir,  
'S tu gu 'n taghadh gach aite dhuinn  
reidh.

'Sann a b' abhaist dbuit sheidu  
Ann an garadh nan ubhal,  
Fo fhaileadh nan luibhean 's nan peur.

## ORAN DO MHORAIR HUNNDAIDH.

LE IAIN LOM.

*Luinneag:—*

Lamh Dhe leinn, a dhaoine,  
 C'uin 'a chaoch 'leas a bheairt so!  
 'S gu bheil fios 'san Roinn-Eorpa  
 Gu h-i choir 'tha sibh 'sracadh.  
 'Fhir a chruthaich bho thas sinn  
 Cuir a chuis gu treun taice  
 Air na Banntairean breige  
 'Rinn an eucoir a chleachdadh.

Mi 'g amharc Strathchuaiche  
 'S mor mo ghruaim 's cha bheag m' eislein;  
 'S mi 'g amharc nan gleanntan  
 'S an robh 'n camp aig Iarl Einne,  
 Ris an goirte 'n t-eun tuathach  
 Nach d'fhuaradh ri breun-chirc,  
 Ged-a tha e 'san an so  
 Gun cheann an Dun Eideann.

Lamh Rìgh leinn a dhaoine.

Gur mor mo chuis mulaid  
 'S mi air m' uilinn a'm ourachd,  
 'S mi 'g amharc an ruighe  
 Far 'n do shuidhicheadh bordaibh.  
 'Tha i 'n diugh fo gbleus chapull,  
 Fear fada agus folach;  
 Aig aon stata na machrach,  
 An sar Mharcus o Ghordan.

'Naile chunnaic mi uair thu  
 Is gu'm b' uasal do loiseam,  
 'Tigh'nn a mach le d' gheard rioghail  
 Air na grinneinean gorma;  
 Luchd nan casagan sìoda

'Ghlacadh pic gu gle mhodhar.  
Is a bheireadh adbhansa  
Ann' an am dol an ordagh.

Bha mi eolach a'd' thalla  
'S bha mi steach ann a'd' sheomar;  
Bhiodh ann iomairt air thaileasg  
'S da chlarsaich a' comh-stri;  
Gus am freagradh am balla  
Do mhac-talla nan organ;  
'S bhiodh fion Spainteach 'ga losgadh  
Am pairt de dh' obair nan or-cheard.

Cha d' fhoghain leo d' fhogradh  
Feadh fhrogan 'ga d' fhalach;  
Ach do thur-bhailtean mora  
Bhi gun choir aig Mac-Cailein.  
'N uair a fhuair iad thu d' onrachd  
Rinn iad oirne gniomh alla  
Bha d'fhail rioghail gun fhotus  
'G a dortadh mu 'n sgafal.

Ach a Thearlaich oig Stiubhairt  
S' fad' an dusgadh so 'th' agad;  
Gur fad' ann ad shuain thu,  
S tim dhuit gluasad bho d'chadal.  
Mur h-'eil d'aire gu direach  
Air do rioghachd a thagradh;  
Leig dhìot 's an droch uair i,  
Mur h-'eil cruadal a'd' aigneachd.

'Smath an cuideachadh sluaigh dhuit  
Thu 'bhi 'n uachdar na corach,  
Gu coir d'athar a dhiuladh  
Air na h-ludasaich dheamhnaidh.  
Ach na faireadh iad baoth thu  
No blas faoin air do chomhradh;  
No mar chlaidheamh bog staoine  
'N truail chaoin air a h-oradh

Tha uaislean do rioghachd  
 Glan stiogadh an claisean;  
 'S gam falach 'an giubhsaich  
 N deigh do chuinneadh a *phrìs oth*;  
 Daoine beaga 'rinn cillein  
 De shìol *skineirean* chraicinn;  
 Tha 'u am parlamaid rioghail  
 'N deigh an rìgh a chur seachad.

Tha na h-amraichean muine  
 'Gabhail iuil 'sa chuan fharsuing;  
 'S an loingeas daraich a crìonadh  
 'Dh' oilteadh fion air an *saitse*;  
 Is 'gan tilgadh air oitir,  
 As na portaibh a chleachd iad;  
 Ma mhaireas an tuil so,  
 'S mairg a dh'fhuirich r'a faicinn.

Na Banntairean — the Covenanters.  
 Einne, Enzie — a district in Banffshire be-  
 longing to the Gordons. An t-Eun  
 Tuathach—the Cock of the North, a  
 name given to the head of the Clan Gor-  
 don. Ruighe—the outstretched part or  
 base of a mountain, a summer residence  
 for herdsmen and cattle. Folach—rank  
 grass growing upon dunghills. Loiseam—  
 show, pomp. Stacin—pewter or tin.  
 Stiog—to crouch or skulk. Saitse—hatch.  
 Amar—a trough; amraichean troughs  
 Oitir—reef of sand.

The Gordons took their name from the  
 lands of Gordon in Berwickshire. They  
 received a grant of Strathbogie, Strath-  
 bhalgaidh, from Bruce. George Gordon,  
 the second Marquis of Huntly, was be-  
 headed in Edinburgh in 1649.

## IORRAM.

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Do Mhac-Gilleain Dhubhairt.

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LE IAIN LOM.

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Ged is fada mu thuath mi,  
 Soraidh slan do na h-uaislean;  
 Leam bu mhithich 'bhi 'gluasad gu'r tir.

Gu duthaich Shir Iachuinn  
 Nam piob is nam bratach;  
 'S mer bhur diobhail ri *faction* an rìgh.

Cna b'e leanntuinn na ludaig  
 Ris na teudan bu dluithe  
 A thug mise do'r duthaich bhig, chrin.

Ach bas Mhic-Gilleain,  
 Tha 'n reidhlig Orain na laidhe;  
 So dh' fhag mise gun aighear, gun phris.

Agus Eachunn 's an araich  
 Fo thrupa nan naimhdean;  
 Fath mo thursa gach la 'bhi g'ur caoidh.

'S math thigeadh clogaide cruadhach  
 Air cul bachlach nan dual glan;  
 Gnuis fhlaithail is gnuaidh mar am fion;

Agus spainteach gheur thairis  
 An an ceann claiginn calant',  
 Is sgiath bhreachd nam ball daingean  
       'gad dhion.

Nam biodh again air blaran  
 De chlann-Domhnaill 's de m chairdean  
 'Mheud 'sa chunnaic mi 'n armailt an rìgh;

'Mhead 'sa chunnaic mi fein din  
 'Teachd air luingeas a Eirinn,  
 De shliochd gasda Chaimm cheud-chath  
 nam pios;

'Cha bu shiochaint 'ur cogadh  
 'N am dol sìos an tus troide,  
 A dhream rioghail nan clogad 's nam pie.

Chluinnteadh farum 'ur claidhean  
 Air claignibh 'ur namhad  
 Agus blaghean nan ceann 'gan toirt sìos.

'Siomad cubaire gealtach  
 'Tha buidhinn cuir ann an Sasunn  
 'Bha 'ga chubadh mar chat ann an craoibh;

Agus rogaire breugach  
 'Bha mu mhilleadh rìgh Seurlas.  
 A ta 'nis oirnn ag eirigh gu stri.

'S mur a caochail sìth *faction*  
 Gu ma taobh-dhearg 'ur leaba  
 'S'ur fuil a taosgadh an Claisean 's an dig.

Gu'n cluinnteadh feadarsaich luaidhe  
 An lorg sraide na cluaise,  
 'S mnai ri acain 's cha chruidh lean an  
 caoidh.

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Sir Lachlan Maclean, of Duart, was a faithful follower of the great Montrose. He died in 1649. His son and successor, Sir Hector, was killed at the battle of Inverkeithing, July 20th, 1651. Seven hundred and sixty Macleans were slain along with him.

# ORAN DO MHAC-GILLEAIN DHU- BHAIRT.

LE IAIN LOM.

Mur bhi 'n abhainn air fas oirnn,  
'S tuil air eirigh 's na h-aithean,  
Bhithinn latha roimh chach air a chomh-  
dhail.

Mur bhi, &c.

Is bochd an ciridinn paisde,  
N uair a bhuail an lot bais e,  
'Bhi gun cheirein, gun phlasda, gun  
fheoirnein.

'Sann de'n choinneimh a 's miosa,  
An garadh-droma air bristeadh  
Mar gu 'm pronnadh sibh sligean le or-  
daibh.

'S ann de dh'fhortan 'ur cuise,  
Ma 's e 'n tore 'th'oirbh 'a muiseag,  
Gu 'n teid stopadh na muire 'na phoraibh,

Tha sgriob gheur nam peann gearra  
'Cumail dion' air Mac-Cailein,  
'S e cho briathrach ri parraid 'na chomh-  
radh.

Thug sibh bhuiadhne le spleadhan  
Eilean Ile ghlais, laghaich,  
Is Cinntire le 'mhaghannan gorma.

Ghlac an eire greim teanchrach  
Air deadh chinneadh mo sheannmhar:  
'S lag an iomairt ge h-ainmeil an seors'  
iad.



Dh fhalbh 'ur cruadal 's ur gaisge,  
 Le Eachann Ruadh 's le Sir Lachainn,  
 'Th' ann 's an uaigh far 'n do thaisgeadh  
     'san t-srol iad.

'S Lachainn Mor a fhuair urram,  
 'Chaidh a bhualadh an Gruineart,  
 Cha d' thutght' uachd'ranachd Mhuile ri  
     'bheo dheth.

Is math mo bharail is m'earbsa,  
 Mura roghainn gun dearmad,  
 Nach bu chladhaire cearbach Fear-  
     Bhrolais.

'N eaglais I Chalun Chille,  
 Tha suinn chrodha gun tioma  
 'Chaisgeadh doruinn, 's gu 'n tilleadh iad  
     torachd.

'S mor gn 'in b' fheairde dream fiata,  
 Nan each seang-fhada fiadhaich,  
 Eoghan Abrach Loch-Iall agus Lochaidh.

Eiridinn—a nursing of, or attending  
 on, the sick. Ceirein, a poultice. Feoir-  
 nein—a pile of grass, a blade of grass.  
 Muire—the leprosy. Spleadhar—false  
 hoods, fictions. Teanchaire—a vice.

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It seems that Sir Ewen Cameron, of  
 Lochiel, deserted his old friends, the  
 Macleans, at a critical moment. An old  
 manuscript quoted by Sheriff Nicholson  
 in his Gaelic proverbs, at page 136, con-

tains the following statements: "Sir Ewen Cameron was bound by alliance, money and solemn oath to the Macleans, but renounced all on Argyll's quitting to him a debt of 40,000 merks." It was in this transaction that the following proverb had its origin: "Chaill Eeghan a Dhia, ach chaill an t-Iarla 'chuid airgid."

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## BRIAN AGUS IAIN LOM.

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### BRIAN.

'Thoir soraidh gu Iain Manntach bhuam,  
 Rag mheirleach nan each breamndalach,  
 Gur tric a thug am meirleach ud  
 Leis meann a mach o 'n chro.

B'e fasan fir a Bhraighe ud  
 Da thaobh Loch-Iall is Arasaig,  
 Bhiodh sgian 'san dara brachair dhiu  
 Mu viread ara 'dh'fheoil.

### IAIN LOM.

A theanga liotach mhi'raltach,  
 Nach tuig thu bhi 'gad dhiomoladh;  
 'S mithich tarruing gu claidh-lionrait! leat  
 'S am faigheadh Brian a leoir.

'Thoir soraidh gu bard Aisint bhuam,  
 Gu seann bhus liath nan ceapairean;  
 Gur coltach do bhial rapasach  
 Ri slait de 'n chealtair ch'ch' th'.

Cha b' chubaire 'ghoid ghearran mi;  
 Cha d'chuir mi uic'h 's an ealaidh sin;  
 Cha mho a chum e caithris orm  
 'Toirt mhult a cairidh cro.

Do bheal tha molach feusagach,  
 Lan smuig is uile is reumannan;  
 Gur tric do bhru 's a gheisgeil ort  
 'N deigh fuigheal creis nam bord.

An uair 'bu dlui'che 'n aileag ort  
 Bu lionmhor cu is galla 'bhiodh  
 A' toirt nan sul 's nam mala dhiot,  
 Le bruchdadh boladh feoil.

A sheann-tuir leith nan ursannan  
 A's tric a dheabh na capachan,  
 'S tu 'd shineadh anns na guiteirean  
 An deigh do ghucag ol.

Gur salchar lic is urlair thu,  
 Lan sgeig is uile is iombasaich,  
 Mar bharaille 'n deigh a thionndadh  
 A cur sgum gu barr-iall bhrog.

Ged 's cam a staigh fo d' ghluinean thu,  
 Gur caime 'staigh fo d' shuilean thu;  
 S tu traoitear nan seachd duchannan  
 A reic an crun air ghrot.

Droch coinneamh ort, a shiochaire;  
 Mar caol a reiceadh d'fhirinn leat,  
 Airson na mine Litich sin,  
 Nach deach 'san ire choir.

Mi-'raltach for mi-ioraltach—not skill-  
 ful or prompt, not distinct in utterance.

Breann dalach—brindled. Ara—a kidney. Sinug—spittle. Reum—phlegm. Cubaire—a shabby, sneaking fellow. Cairidh—a fence of stakes or twigs set in a stream for taking fish, a weir; here a place for catching sheep. Geisgeil—creaking. Creis—grease. Seann-tuir—an old acquaintance, a frequenter of a place. Siobraire—a contemptible fellow.

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Iain Lom and Brian, the Assynt bard, happened to meet at one of the Inverness annual markets. Brian, having learned that the person with whom he was in conversation was a Lochaber man, asked him if he knew Iain Lom. Upon ascertaining that he did, he requested him to bring his soraidh or compliments to him. Iain Lom, stung by the words of the soraidh, replied to Brian on the spur of the moment.

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# ORAN DO MHAC MHIC-RAONUILL NA CEAPAICH.

LE IAIN LOM.

Mi 'm shuidhe air bruaich torrain  
Mu 'n cuairt do Choire na Cleithe;

Ged nach 'eil mo chas crubach  
Tha lot na's mu orm fo m' leine,

Gar nach 'eil mo bhian sracte,  
Tha fo m'aisne mo chreuchdan.

'S cha 'n e curam na h-imrich  
No iomagain na spreidhe.

No bhi 'g am chur do Cheanntaile,  
'S gan fhios cia 'n t-aite dha 'n teid mi,

Ach 'bhi 'n nochd gun cheann-cinnidh,  
'S tric 's gur minic leam fhein sin.

Ceann-cinnidh nam Braigheach  
'Chuireadh sgath air luchd Beurla.

Cha b' e fuaim do ghreigh lodain  
'Gheibhtheadh 'sodraich gu feilltean.

No geum do bha torrain  
'Dol an coinnimh a ceud laigh.

No uisge nan sluasaid  
Bharr druablas na feithe.

'S beag an t-ioghnadh leam d' uaisle  
'Thigh 'nn an uachdar ort eudail.

Sa liuthad sruth uaibhreach  
As 'n do bhuaineadh thu 'n ceud la.

Ceist nam fear thu bho 'n Fhearsaid  
Is bho Cheapaich nam peuran;

'S bho cheann Daile na mine,  
Gu Sron-na-h-Iolaire leithe.

'Se bu mhiann le d' luchd-taighe  
'Bhi 'gan tathaich le beusan.

Mu dha thaobh Garbh-a-chonnaidh  
Far 'm biodh na sonnanaich gle mhor.

Le 'm morgha geur sgaiteach,  
Frith bhacach, garbh leumnach.

Tha mo choill' air a maoladh  
Ni a shaoil leam nach eireadh.

Tha mo chnothan air faoisgneadh,  
S' cha bu chaoch iad ri 'm feuchainn;

'S nach 'eil agam dhiu tuaileas  
Dh 'fhan iad bhuam am barr gheugan.

## ORAN.

Do Mhorair Ghlinne Garadh.

LE IAIN LOM.

'S e mo chion an t-og meannmnach  
'Bu shar cheannard nan cendan;  
Fluair thu urram fir Alba  
Le do dhearbh acfhuinn ghleusda.

Mac Moire 'dhion d' anma  
 Anns gach aona bhall 'san teid thu;  
 'S na rachadh do mharbhadh  
 Gun oircheas Mhic De leat.

A shar mharcaich an steud eich  
 Ur ghleusd air dheagh inneal,  
 Le acfhuinn mhath 'sreine,  
 'S d'a reir sin do stiorap,  
 'N uair a rachadh, tu 'leum air  
 Cha bu reidh dol gad thilleadh;  
 Spainteach ghasda chruaidh gheur ort.  
 'S bhiodh ra-treut mar a shirinn.

Beus de bheusaibh a Ghlinnich,  
 Gu 'n robh sinne umad eolach,  
 Nach gabhadh tu giorag;  
 'N aile thilleadh tu 'n torachd.  
 Bhiodh an t-iubhar 'ga lubadh  
 Mar-ri fiubhaidh 'chinn storaich  
 Air a leigeadh gu h-ealamh  
 As na taifeidean corcaich.

Ach, Aonghais oig Ghlinnich,  
 Cha 'n 'eil sinne umad suarach,  
 'Nuair a thogadh tu 'n iomairt  
 Bu ghlan do chinneadh ri 'ghluasad.  
 Gu bheil cuid diu air linne  
 'N laimh an innein so 'suas bhuainn:  
 Ceud connspunn gun ghiorag  
 Nach tilleadh le fuathas.

Cha 'n fhuil fhodach no prabair,  
 Cha 'n fhuil graisge no tuatha,  
 Ach fuil ghlan an Iarl Ilich  
 A ta 'direadh ri d' ghruaidhibh,  
 'S car thu mhilidh nan cathan

A thaobh d'athar coig uairean;  
 Dh'fhag sid cruadal a'd' lamhan  
 Gus an claidheamh a bhualadh.

Nam biodh maoin air do naimhdean  
 Gu do champ' mar bu mhinic.  
 Gu'm biodh cuid diu 'nan laidhe  
 'S gun 'an lamhan ri 'n slinnein  
 'S iad gun chlaiginn, gun chluasan,  
 Ach an uaireinn ri sileadh.  
 'Sgaiththeadh 'n casan o 'n cruachamailh  
 Le cruadal a Ghlinnich.

'S mor an muiseag 'san trath so  
 Air mo ghradh de na fearaibh,  
 Mu 'n tagradh air Cnoideart  
 A bhi 'm poca Mhic-Cailein.  
 'S iomadh uisge nach lugha,  
 'S nach leigeadh claothaire thairis,  
 As an d'thug thu do chasan  
 Gu coiseachd a dh'aindeoin.

Rud a's mo orm mar churam  
 Anns an uair so 'ga eisdeachd  
 Meud ardain mo chinnidh;  
 Dia 'gan tilleadh gu reite.  
 Air bhrur tighinn gu fallain,  
 Thugaibh aire do m' sgeul-sa,  
 'S fhearr dhuibh dithisd 'san abhainn  
 Na 'bhi grathunn bho cheile.

Aimh-reite Chlann-Domhmaill  
 Leam 's neo-chomhnard a bheairt e:  
 Gu 'n do chuir e orm gruaman  
 Coig uairean 's mi 'm chadal.  
 'S ann a dh'eirich iad comhlà  
 Leis a mhor fhear so bh' againn.



E-fhein 's 'Onair Sir Seumas,  
A bha 'reir an aon aignidh.

Ged tha 'Onair Sir Seumas,  
Dhuit fhein mara ta e,  
B'ait leam Iarlachd Rìgh Fionna-Ghall  
A chluinntinn mar b' ail leam.  
Bheirinn bliadhna dhe m' shaoghol.  
'S gach ni 'dh'fhaotuinn a tharsainn,  
'Chionn do choir a bhi sgriobhte  
Bho laimh an rìgh gun dad failiun.

Mur bhi cliopaich mo theanga  
Dheanainn seanachas mu 'n cuairt duit:  
Tha do ranntaichean farsuinn,  
A lub thaitneach a chruadail;  
Cha 'n 'eil Rothach, no Barrach,  
Cha 'n'eil Gallach, no Tuathach,  
Nach bu dleas da 'bhi leatsa.  
'N am caismeachd na h-uaire.

Gura farsuinn do raantachd,  
Agus teann sa ri 'cheile iad;  
Gu bheil cuid diu gu cliuiteach  
Mu Ruta na h-Eirinn,  
Is cuid eile 'n Lochabar  
Ma 's a beachdaidh mo sgeul-sa:  
'S bu cheud feairrd thu iad agad  
An am tapadh nan geur-lann.

'Mac-Pharlainn 'sa chinneadh  
Gur leat sin an am d'fheuma;  
Is Clann-Donnachaidh bho Atholl  
Ged is grathunn bho cheile iad;  
'S gura leat Mac-an-Aba,  
Le 'aitim mhoir mheadhraich,

'S Mac-Laomuinn 's Mac-Lachuinn  
Nan glas lannan geura.

'Nuair a dheanteadh camp cruinn leibh  
'S ncart bhur n-uilnean ri 'cheile,  
Co a b' urrainn dèl eadraibh  
'Nuair nach seasadh sibh fhein e?  
Ged tha ro-mhead bhur n-uabhair  
'N cìu 'g ur buaireadh bho cheile  
'Se 'n t-aon stoc as na ghluais sibh.  
Fuil uasal Chuinn cheud-chathaich.

Co 'ni taice no tabhachd,  
No ni stath dhomh air domhan?  
Ma nitear leat m' fhagail,  
Tha mi baite 'm muir dhomhainn.  
Cha 'n teil neach d'beanadh m' eucoir  
No 'shaltradh ceum ann am ghnòthach.  
Nach tu b' urrainn a reiteach?  
Fheadh 's a dh' eireadh tu romhan.

'S mi nach iarradh mar bharant  
'N lathair barra no binc  
Ach Tighearn og Ghlinne-Garadh.  
Mo dheagh charaid glau riomhach.  
Sgeul a 's mo 'tha mi 'gearan,  
'S tha orm mar anshocair chinntich.  
Gun do shliechd a bhi 'J' aite  
Dh' fhios an la theid ceann crich ort.

Oircheas—piety, clemency. Imcan—  
hill or rock also an anvil. Prabar—the  
rabble. Uairchinn—side of the head.  
Muiseag—a threat, threatening. Rann  
relationship, ancestry, pedigree, gene-

alogy. Barant—a support, surety, safeguard, reliance. Dh' fhios—unto, to. literally to the knowledge of.

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Angus Macdonald, of Glengarry, was a son of Alastair Dearg, son of Donald Macdonald, of Glengarry. His mother, Jean Cameron, was a daughter of Allan Cameron, of Lochiel, by his wife, a daughter of Stewart of Appin. He succeeded his grandfather as chief of the Macdonalds of Glengarry in 1645. He was a devoted follower of the Marquis of Montrose, "am mor fhear so bh'againn." He crossed over to Ireland to support the Earl of Antrim against his enemies in 1647. He was elevated to the peerage in 1660, by the title of Lord Macdonell and Arross. He tried to get himself acknowledged as chief of all the Macdonalds, and thus caused the disturbance referred to in the poem. He was married to a sister of Sir James Macdonald, of Sleat. He died in 1682.

The Lord of the Isles was frequently termed Rìgh Fionna-Ghall, or king of the fair strangers. The Fionna-Ghoill, or fair strangers, were the Norwegians, who had settled among the Keltic inhabitants of the Western Isles. They were called

Fionna-Ghoill to distinguish them from the Danes, who were spoken of as Dubh-Ghoill, or black strangers. The Fionna-Ghoill married Keltic wives, learned the Gaelic language and wore the Highland dress. They became in a short time thoroughly identified with the native Keltic population.

The earldom, "Iarlachd rìgh Fionna-Ghall," that Iain Lom would give to Lord Macdonell, was that of Ross. It belonged at one time to the Lords of the Isles.

## ORAN DO MHORAIR GHLINNE- GARADH.

LE IAIN LOM.

'Cha b'è bas mo cheann-cinnidh  
'Chuir mi-fein gu trom iomairt  
Ach gun d'oighre bhi 'd' ionad 'n uair dh'  
eug thu.

Fear mor curanta laidir  
'Bh'aig gach duine mar sgathan,  
Geda tha e gun chainnt an Duneideann.

Gu 'n do chaireadh 's an talamh,  
'M fear a chonnsaich Mac-Cailein;  
Co a b'urrainn an casadh na srein' riut!

Thug thu Cnoic-eart dheth 's tuilleadh.  
'S lagh an rìgh air do mhuineal;  
Cha do chonnsaich e Muile 's an d'eug thu.

Rinn Mac-Coinnich Cheanntaile,  
Is Mac-Shimi na h-airde,  
Garbh choinneamh gu sathadh le cheil'ort.

'N uair a chunnaic an cairdean  
Nach deanadh iad stath dhiot,  
'Se gu mor leo a b'fhearr a bhi reidh riut.

## MARBHRANN DO DH'AONGHUS OG, MORAIR GHLINNE-GARADH.

LE IAIN LOM.

'S beag an t-ioghnadh mi 'liathadh  
'Si so 'bhliadhna bhual brog orm.

'N diu 's mi 'gabhail an rathaid  
'S trom a thathaich do bhron orm.

Gu'n do chaochail mi cruitheachd,  
Dh'fhag mo spionnadh 's mo threoir mi

Gur h-i dileab na donaich'  
'Tha mi 'buntuinn a' m' phocaid.

A ghrabhat 'bha mu d' mhuineal,  
'S tric i cruinneachadh dheoir orm.

Dh'fhag mi taisgte 'n Duneideann  
Na sgar o cheile mo mhorechuis.

An ciste chumhainn nan slìos-bhord  
Fo lùc nan stol reota;

Fo chasan luchd-bhriogais;  
Gur b-e mise 'th' air mo leonadh.

'S ann a chog thu 'n tur dealbhach  
Goirid gearr o Loch-Lochaidh.

Chunnaic mis' Inbhir-Gharaidh  
Muirneach, aighearach, ceolmhor.

Bhiodh an cup ann ad chearr-lainn  
Is e dear-lan gu dortadh.

'N uair a chuir' an lan strachd air,  
Gu 'm b'e 'm fath 'chumail comhuard.

'S tha 'nis do thalla mor greadhnach  
Gun solus coinne, gun cheol ann;

'S do sheomraichean geala  
Gun smuid, gun deathach, gun cheo dhia.

ORAN AN AGHAIDH AN AONAIDH  
EADAR ALBAINN AGUS  
SASUNN.

LE IAIN LOM.

Ge b'e thogas an lasair  
An am fadadh na smuide,  
'Theid an cuibhreach, mu'n chaj ull,  
Gun bhi fada fo 'gleinibh:  
Ach 'fhir a dh'eirich le gradachd  
A chur fasdadh nan lub oirr',  
Sparr thu 'n goisnean mu 'ladhar  
Mar eun clomhach an ruchain.

Bhrist thu luing anns a chrann sin,  
'S chaidh an searn damh'am mearachd;  
Na daimh oga tha 'beucaich,  
'S iad gun fheum a chum tarraim.  
'Fhir a b' abhaist an ceannasach'  
Is an tionndadh le an-iochd,  
'S e Diuc Atholl le durachd  
'Bhrist do luban a dh'aindeoin.

Ge b'e 'leanar-th gu dìreach  
Diuca firinneach Atholl,  
'S roghainn cruthaicht' thar sluaigh e  
'Bbuidhneadh buaidh mar 'rinn athair.  
Bha thu 'n aghaidh luchd-cise  
'Ghabh na mìltean mar roghainn:  
Ach fagaidh mis' iad gu h-ìosal  
'Nan laidhe shìos anns na spleadhau.

'S mor 'tha 'ghliocas na rioghachd  
Deagh sgrìobht' ann ad mheombair,  
'Bha thu foghlun as d'oige  
'Chur na corach air adhart  
'N aghaidh Bhanntairean misgeach

Bba ri bristeadh an lugha;  
 Nam biodh iad uile gu m'ordagh-s  
 Gheibheadh iad cord agus teadhair.

Na bioch ort-sa bonn airtneil,  
 Tha fir Athoill nan seasamh;  
 Luchd nan gorm lannan geura  
 Dheanadh feum dhuit 'gad fhreasdal:  
 Mar sid 's do dheagh bhraithrean  
 Luchd nan sar-bhuillean sgaiteach;  
 Fir a chaitheamb nan saighead,  
 'Sa ro ghleidheadh na cartach.

Na biodh ortsa bonn mi-ghean,  
 Tha fir do thire gle ullamh;  
 Corr mor is deich mile  
 Ged a leughainn an tuilleadh,  
 'Mheud 's a bhuinnig e 'phris dhuit  
 Chaidh e sgriobhte do Lannann;  
 Na chuireadh dragh orra an Alba  
 Gu'n robh 'nan armaibh gle ullamh.

Latha randabhu 'n t-sleibhe  
 Bha mi-fein ann is chunnaic;  
 Bha na trupanau sreine' ann  
 Bha na ceudan a' cruinneach.'  
 Ge b'e ghabhadh air 'anam  
 Gu'n robh mnathan mar dhuin' ann,  
 Gu'n rachadh saighead na airnibh  
 Gus an traigh i an fhuil as.

Mhorair *Dupplin*, gun fhuireach,  
 Dh'fhosgail uinneag do sgornain:  
 Dh'eirich roscal a'd' chridhe  
 Nuair chual thu tighinn an t-or ud;  
 Shluig thu 'n aileag de'n gheanach,  
 Dh'at do sgamhan is bhoc e;  
 Dh'fhosgail teannsgal do ghoile,  
 'S lasaich greallag do thona.



Cha b' ioghnadh sid dhuit a thachairt  
 Ogha bhaigeire Liamsaidh,  
 'Sa liuthad dorus mor caisteil  
 Ris 'n do staile e 'chnaimh tiompain.  
 Cha d'fhag e baile gun siubhal  
 Bho Chill-rudha gu Frainse,  
 Mar ghabhas sin 's an t-ord Gallach  
 Gu ruige baile Iarl Antrum.

Ogha baigeir na luirich  
 Ciod do chuis an taigh-parla,  
 Mur deach thu dh'fhoghlum a gheanaich,  
 Mar bha 'n seanair o 'n d'fhas thu.  
 Cha d'fhag e ursam gun locradh  
 Eadar Ros is Ceann-Taile;  
 Bhicdh a dhiosg-san gle ullamh  
 An am cromadh fo 'n fhar-dorus.

Tha *Queensbury* 'n trath so  
 Mar fhear straic' a cur thairis.  
 Eis' a' tarruinn gu direach  
 Mar ghearran dian ann an greallaig:  
 'S luchd nam putagan anairt  
 Lan smear' agus geire;  
 Nam bu r'his an ceannair',  
 Bhiodh 'n ceann de 'n amull air dheireadh.

Tha Diuc Atholl's Diuc Gordan  
 Gle chloiste 's iad duinte,  
 Air an sgrìobhadh gu daingeann.  
 Ach tha Hamilton dubailt',  
 Iarla Bhrathainn bhiodh mar-ris.  
 Cha bhiodh mealladh 'sa chuis sin.  
 'Toirt a chruin bhuainn le ceannach,  
 An ceart fhradharc ar suilean.

Tha Meinneireach Uaimh ann  
 Gle luaineach 'na bhreathal,  
 'Se mar dhuine gun suilean

‘Giarraidh iuil air feadh ceathaich;  
 Ach thig e fathast le umhlachd  
 ‘Chum an Diuc, ma ‘s i bheatha,  
 ‘S bidh a shannt ‘s a mbi-dhurachd  
 Anns an smur gun aon rath air.

Iarla Bhrathainn a *Seaforth*,  
 Cha bhi sith-shaimh ri d’ bheo dhuit,  
 Gu’n bi ort-sa cruaidh fhaoghaid  
 ‘N taobh a staigh de ‘n Roinn-Eorpa.  
 Ach nam faighinn mo roghainn  
 ‘S dearbh gu ‘n leaghainn an t-or dhuit  
 A stigh air faochaid do chlaighinn  
 Gus an cas e do bhotuinn.

Spleadhan, falsehoods.—Cairt—a charter.  
 Roseal—joy. Greallag—a swing in the  
 8th verse, or according to the Highland  
 Society’s Dictionary, a gut, a swingle-tree  
 in the 11th verse. Putagan anairt—pock  
 pudding. Ceannaire—a driver, a leader  
 of plough horses.

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The Union with England, which took place May 1st 1707, was exceedingly unpopular in Scotland. It was carried however, in the Scottish parliament by a hundred and ten votes against sixty-nine. Many of those who voted for it were bribed by English gold, or by promises of rank and office. James Douglas, second duke of Queensbury, was the most active agent in bringing it about. Thomas Hay, biscourt Dupplin, was in favor of it. Menzies of Weem and Uilleam Dubh, fifth Earl of Seaforth were also in favor

of it. James Douglas, fourth duke of Hamilton, opposed it, but not in such a straightforward manner as was expected of him. He could have prevented it if he had exerted himself properly. John Murray, first duke of Athol, opposed it with great zeal.

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## DOMHNALL GRUAMACH AGUS IAIN LOM.

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DOMHNALL GRUAMACH.

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A bhean nam pog meala,  
'S nan gorm-shuilean meallach;  
'S ann a tha mo chion falaich  
Fò m' bhaunan do m' ghradh,  
A bhean &c.

'Cha 'n 'eil mi' 'gad leirsinn,  
Ach mar gu 'm biodh reul ann  
An taic ris a' ghrein so  
'Tha 'g eirigh gach la.

IAIN LOM.

Air leatsa gur reul i,  
'S gur coltach ri grein i,  
'S og a chaill thu do leirsinn  
Ma thug thu 'n eisg ud do ghradh.

Bola lh uilleadh an sgadain,  
De dh' urlainn na h-apa;  
'S i 's cubaiche faidhinn  
A tha 'n taice ri traigh.

DOMHNALL GRUAMACH.

Fios bhuam gu Iain Mabach.

Do 'm bu cheird a bhi 'gadachd,  
Nach co-ion da 'bhi 'caig riun  
Is ri cabaire baird.

Am busaire ronnach.  
Fear nam pluit-chasan croma;  
Tha na cuspan air lomadh  
Gu bonnaibh do shail'.

Am pluitaire busach,  
Fear nam brnsg-shuilean musach:  
Cta 'n fhasa do thuigsinn  
Na plubartaich cail.

Ged tha thu 'm fhuil dhirich,  
Naile, cumaidh mi sios thu;  
Cha bhi coille gun chrionaich  
Gu dilinn a 'fas.

Fuigheal fìor-dheireadh feachd thu,  
Cha 'n fhiach le each 'ac 'thu;  
Chaill thu d' ingnean 's a' Cheapach  
S griobadh prais' agus chlar.

#### TAIN LOM.

Fios bhuansa dhuit, 'ille,  
Chaill thu dualchas co chinnidh:  
Gu bheil thu air maire,  
Lan de dh' inisgean baird.

Mi cho saor de na ronnan  
Ri aon beo dhe do shloinneadh;  
Naile, rinn thu breug shoilleir  
Ann am follais do chack.

Ma 's ann ormsa mar dhimeas,  
Ghabh thu 'choill as a crionaich.  
Iarr an doire na 's isle  
Bho iochdar do chlair.

Mur bhi dhomhsa inac d' athar,  
 Is ann da 'tha mi 'g athadh,  
 Naile, chuirinn ort athais  
 A tha faiste 'nad chail.

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Ba triuir mhac aig Iain Bhoth-  
 Fhionntain, Alastair, Domhnall Donn,  
 agus Domhnall Gruamach. Bha Domhnall  
 Donn 'na bhard fìor mhath. Tha e  
 coltach ris nach robh Domhnall Gruamach  
 a bheag air dheireadh air.

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## IAIN DUBH MAC IAIN MHIC AILEIN.

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John Macdonald, commonly known as Iain Dubh Mac Iain Mhic Ailein, belonged to the Clanranald branch of the MacDonalds. He was born about the year 1665. He received a good education. He belonged to the Roman Catholic Church. He received at Grulean in the island of Eigg. He fought at the battle of Sheriffmuir. He lived in comfortable circumstances. The time of his death, like that of Mac Mhaighstir Alastair, seems to be unknown. At any rate we have never seen it mentioned. There are three of his poems: "Oran nam Fineachan Gaidhealach," "Oran do Mhac-Mhic-Ailein," and "Marbhrann do Mhac-Mhic-Ailein," in MacKenzie's *Sar-Obair nam Bard*. The other poems ascribed to him in that work. "Marbhrann do Shir Iain Mac-Gilleain" and "Crosanachd Fhir nan Drimnean" were composed by Iain Mac-Ailein, of Mull.

## AONGHAS OG MAC SHEUMAIS.

Oran do dh' Aonghas Bhaile Fhionn  
laidh.

LE IAIN DUBH MAC IAIN MHIC AILEIN.

Aonghais oig mhic Sheumais,  
'Fhir ghleusd' an aigne mhoir,  
Ma dh'fhalbh thu siubhal reidh leat,  
Deagh sgeul ort leamsa 's deoin;  
Thu fhein 's do bhrathair gle mhath  
A ghlac an fheil' air dhorn;  
Cha dean mi tuilleadh pleide ruibh  
Bho 'n 's beag oirbh fein am bosd.

Leamsa gur seol eigin e  
Nach d'fheud mi 'bhi 'n 'ur coir,  
'S gu 'm faighinn sealladh eibhinn.  
Le toil De na'm bithinn beo,  
Air aghaidh Ailein Mhundeartaich,  
Bho 'n 's e san grunn mo sgeoil,  
Is fradharc sul' an tanaisteir  
A bhrathair, Raonull og.

'S gu 'm faicinn an ros fìor uasal  
A's priseile na 'n t-or,  
'S an t-eumhann gasda riombach sin,  
'S a dhreach air fianh an lo,  
Leug nam buadhan firinneach  
'S an fheinics fhior-ghlan chorr;  
'S air lionmhoireachd nan reultaichean  
Gun cheist 's tu fhein am *pol*.

Gur muirneach, cliuiteach, eireachdail  
Penelope mar ainm;

Gur nìarachd te da'n goirear e,  
 Ma leanas i do lorg;  
 Do ghionharau 's co soilleir iad  
 'S tha 'n geal a bhios air dearg;  
 'S i 'n ti so tha mi 'g innseadh dhuibh  
 An t-sicbhaltachd gun fhcirg.

Penelope 'bhan Ghreugach sin,  
 Gur buan a sgeul aig each.  
 A chionn gu 'n robh i firinneach  
 Is fìor sheasmhach 'na gradh;  
 Ach Penelope dhubh ghle-ghéal so  
 Le a ceutadh choisinn barr;  
 Cha cuigeadh bean Uiliseis i  
 Mar 'n deicheamh, cuid 's gach cas.

Lochd is gradh is fiughantas  
 An triuir a bha 's a' ghleann,  
 Is creidimh, ciall, is umhlachd,  
 Na cruintean 'bh air an ceann,  
 Tuigse, baidh, is faighidinn,  
 'S gun sgaiteachd ann an cainnt;  
 Bha 'n deichnear sin cho pusda riut.  
 'S tha 'n uir ri friamh nan crann.

Beir soraidh bhuam, ged dh'fhuirich mi.  
 Gu taigh nan uinneag ard;  
 'N taigh buadhach, stuadhach tuireid eò  
 Nach uireasbhach ri daimh;  
 'N taigh ceolmhor, olmhor, aighearach  
 'S an faighear cuirm le failt;—  
 Gu'n gleidheadh an Rìgh a cheannard  
 dhuinn  
 'S a' bhain-tigh'rna 's math ghaths.

Ged dh'fhan mi air bhur eulthaobh  
 S ann leam tha chuis ro chaillt',



Nach d'thug mi greis de'n duldachd  
 Anns a chuirte 'am biodh an danns'.  
 Ach tha n seanfhacal 'ga urachadh,  
 Ge luthor an cu cam,  
 Ge titheach air an smodal e,  
 Cha bheir e bhos is thall.

Pleid or bleid—a wheedling a cajoling.  
 Eumhann—a pearl. Feinics—the phoenix—a mythical Egyptian bird. *Pol*—the north pole. Ceutadh—pleasantness, elegance. Penelope, wife of Ulysses, is regarded as a model of conjugal and domestic virtue. Her praise was sung by Homer. Smodal—crumbs, fragments of meat, sweepings.

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Ailean Muideartach was married to Penelope Mackenzie, daughter of Colonel Mackenzie, of Tangiers. She was possessed of beauty, wit and sweetness of temper, and was highly esteemed.

## AM BRUADAR.

Oran air cor na rioghachd 'sa bhliadh-  
na 1715.

LE IAIN DUBH MAC IAIN MHIIC AILEIN.

*Luinnseag—*

Hei ho, tha mulad air m' inntinn,  
Cho trom ri claich mhuilinn  
Air lunnaibh na sineadh,  
Bho nach b-'eil a h-uile rud  
'Chunnaic mi sgrìobhte,  
Cha bheo air a chruinne  
Na 's urrainn an innseadh.

Hei ho!

Chunnaic mise 's mi 'm' chadal  
Gne de dh'aisling ro fhuath'sach,  
Ghabh mi 'leithid de dh' eagal  
'S gun do theap mi 'bhi 'm' uaigh leis.  
Thug mi sealladh 's na speuraibh  
Is ghlac maoin mi le uamhann.  
Ga'n robh Mars auns an leum sin  
'Na lan eic eadh geal cruadhach.

Ann an toiseach na ccmh-stri  
Chaidh Bellona air ghluasad;  
'S nochd sinne, 'thoirt caismeachd bhuanna.  
Ar bratach gu h-uallach.  
Bha sluagh cois' agus marcachd  
A dol seachad mu 'n cuairt duinn;  
Bha run feirg' air gach gaisgeach,  
'Se dian lasadh gu cruadal.

Thug mi suil air an fhaire,  
 'S cha bu dearmadach m' inntinn,  
 'Nuair a chunnaic mi 'gharbh luaidh  
 Is fiamh calma gach milidh,  
 Thainig smaointinn a' m' eanchainn,  
 Ma bha 'n tairgreadh 'na fhirinn  
 Gu 'm biodh cogadh is marbhadh  
 A bhiodh gailbheach 'san rioghachd.

'Nuair a chruinnich iad uile,  
 Sluagh gach lunge 's luchd tìre,  
 Bu phailt biadh ac' is lannan,  
 Cha robh gainne 'thaobh ni orr'.  
 Bha iad namhaideach fuileach,  
 Is dian guineach 'chum strithe;  
 Bho la Fhinn cha do chruinnich  
 Tric an uiread de mhiltibh.

Bu dluth chluinnteadh nan campa  
 Guth na Gall tromb' 's fuaim pioba.  
 Fairgneadh sundach na druina  
 'Cur gach curaidh gu dian theas.  
 Fhuair gach fear 'bha 'n comannda  
 Ordagh teann thun a ghnìomha,  
 'S theann an armailt ri marsadh  
 'Thoir gach namhaid fo ehis dhailh.

Labhair guth rium na briathran s';  
 "Ged's cuis-fhiamha na chi thu  
 Cha dean aon diu bonn lochd' ort  
 Mura coisinn thu 'm miorun;  
 Is an neach tha thu 'g iarraidh  
 Na bi fiafraich os 'n iosal  
 Gus am faic thu 'mhuc iasaid  
 'Ga sior stialladh aig miolchoin."

Chunnaic mise mu 'n d' dhuaisg mi

Ni chuir curam air m' inntinn,  
 Teine 'bruchdadh a canain,  
 'S bristeadh bhallachan diona,  
 Leagadh 's leadairt mu 'r bailtean  
 'S iad 'gar glacadh os 'n iosal  
 Paisdean 's mnathan a' caoineadh  
 S luchd an gaoil ann am prìosan.

Lunn—the pole of a litter or bier, a skid or pry. Mars—the God of War. Bellona—the Goddess of War. Tairgreadh—a prophesy. Fairgneadh—beating, hacking. Fiafraich or fiafruigh—enquire, ask. A mhuc iasaid—King George I.

The Jacobites, who took part in the insurrection of 1715, expected help in men and money from France. The standard of prince James was raised at Castletown, in Braemar, September 6th, 1715. The battle of Sheriffmuir was fought on the 13th of the following November. The Highlanders, who were cooped up in Preston, surrendered on the same day. The poem was composed shortly after these events.

## ORAN DO MHAC-SHIMI.

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LE IAIN DUBH MAC IAIN MHIC AILEIN.

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An deicheamh la de thus a' Mhairt  
 A ghluais an staca 's measail aite;  
 'S ait le chairdean beo.

An deicheamh la, &c.

Ged chuir naimbdean thu le anneart  
 'Null do 'n Fhraing bhuainn, neo-ar-thaing  
                   dhaibh,  
 Fhuair thu 'm ball fo d'bhroig.

Fhuair thu cuirt an sin o Luthais  
 Ghabh e curam dhiot o'n b'fhiu thu  
 Chionn do ghiulain chorr.

'S iomadh fuaran glan gun truailleadh  
 De 'n fhuil uaibhrich 'ruith mu'd ghuail-  
                   libh,  
 'Fhir a's uaisle feoil.

Cainnt gun aicheadh, ceart ri 'radh e,  
 'S tusa 's cairdiche 'm measg Ghaidheal  
 'Bha riamh air d'aite beo

Tha fuil Stiubhartaich a' chruin  
 'N deigh a dubladh a'd' chorp cubhraidh,  
 'S Iarla Weem 's Mhic Leoid

Tha fuil phriseil Iarla Seaforth  
 Air a sioladh a'd' bhallaibh rioghail,  
 Glac nach crion mu 'n or.

Cairdeas fal' thu 'Mhac-Mhic-Ailein;  
 Da uair daingeann ri Gleann-Garadh:  
 Car thu Mhac-Gilleoin.

An t-armunn Sleiteach, Mac Shir Seumas  
 Nan arm geura, dhuit 'sa'cheum ud,  
 Dha 'm biodh na ceudan sloigh.

Ceannard aigeantach nan Abrach.  
 Gura fagus dhuit am fear sin;  
 Dh'eireadh leat na seoid.

Dreagan feardha 's nath'rail searbh thu;  
 'S tu bu ghailbhiche fo d' armaibh,  
 'S ó' fhuil 'na tailbheum mor.

Leoghan ainmeil 's neimheil calg,  
 A bheithir ana-meineach gu marbhadh  
 'N uair 'chasadh fearg a'd' shroin.

An láoch garg 's am buinne borb,  
 Is deacair fhoireigheadh, triath na cal-  
                   machd,  
 Le 'm miannach mordhail chorr.

'S muirneach foirmeil an ceann airm thu,  
 Cuis a dhearbhadh o d' aois leanabais  
 'Bhi gun dearmad gleois.

Fhuair thu d'ghlacaibh ceile leapach,  
 Deagh Nic Ailpein gleidhteach sgapach.  
 Beul o'm blasd thig gloir,

Bain-tighearn dhiadhaidh, shocrach, chial-  
                   lach;  
 Crídhe fialaidh le deagh riaghailt,  
 Gnais gun iomhaigh reot'.

An neamhain shoillear 's an leug nach  
doilleir,

N ti gun choire mar sgathan gloine,  
Lan eireachdais gu leoir.

Gu ma buan do 'n lanain uasail,  
'Dh'fhas gun uabhar, air aon chluasaig  
An seirc 's am buaidh gun leon.

'Dheagh Mhic Shimi nan arm innealt',  
Slan thu philleadh gu d'dheagh ionad,  
Sid mar shirinn do.

Tailbheum, properly tuil-bheum—a tor-  
rent Neamhain or neamhnaid—a pearl.  
Ana-meineach—stubborn, furious.

Hugh Fraser, 7th Lord Lovat, married Elizabeth Stewart, daughter of the Earl of Athol, by whom he had Simon, 8th Lord Lovat. Simon married Catherine, eldest daughter of Cailean Cam, 11th MacKenzie of Kintail, and had by her Hugh, 9th Lord Lovat. Hugh married Isabella Wemyss, daughter of John, 1st Earl of Wemyss, and had six sons, Thomas of Beaufort being the fourth. Upon the death of Hugh, 11th Lord Lovat, in 1696, Thomas of Beaufort became the representative of the family. He was born in 1631, and died in 1698. He was married to Sybella, daughter of John Macleod, of Macleod, and had six

sons. Alexander his eldest son having killed a man by accident at a wedding near Inverness, had to leave the country. He fled to Wales, where he died. Simon, his second son, was the famous Lord Lovat of history. Simon's mother, Sybilla Macleod, Sir John Maclean's mother and Ailean Muideartach's mother were sisters. Thomas of Beaufort was actually the 12th Lord Lovat. It seems, however, that his right to the title had never been properly acknowledged; hence Simon was invariably designated 12th Lord Lovat. Simon was born in 1667. He studied at the university of Aberdeen, where he highly distinguished himself. He was treated very unjustly by the Earl of Athol, who endeavored to deprive him of his estate. He married Margaret Grant, daughter of Ludovick Grant, of Grant, in 1717. This is the "Nic-Ailpein" of the poem. He was beheaded in London, April 9th, 1747. He was a man of ability. He was pleasant in his manners when he liked, but selfish and full of duplicity. But whatever his character was, his execution, in the 80th year of his age, was a shameful and cruel act.



## IAIN MAC AILEIN.

John Maclean, commonly called Iain Mac Ailein, or Iain Mac Ailein Mhic Iain Mhic Eoghain, is entitled to a very high rank as a poet. He belonged to the Ard-gour branch of the Macleans. Ewen, sixth Maclean, of Ard-gour, was married to a daughter of Stewart, of Appin, and had two sons, Allan his heir and successor, and John. John was married and had a son named Allan. The poet was a son of this Allan. He was thus a great-grand-son of Maclean of Ard-gour. He lived in Mull. His place of residence was not far from Aros. His poems were taken down by Dr. Hector Maclean, who lived about a mile from Tobermory. Dr. Johnson and Boswell called to see Dr. Maclean, when travelling through the Western Islands in 1773. The doctor was not at home, but the visitors were entertained by his daughter Mary, a highly accomplished young lady. She read and translated some of John Maclean's poems for them. Boswell makes the following reference to this fact:

“Miss Maclean produced some Gaelic

poems by John Maclean, who was a famous bard in Mu'll, and had died only a few years ago. He could neither read nor write. She read and translated two of them, one a kind of elegy on Sir John Maclean's being obliged to fly his country in 1715; another a dialogue between two Roman Catholic young ladies, sisters, whether it was better to be a nun or to marry. I could not perceive much poetical imagery in the translation. Yet all of our company who understood Gaelic seemed charmed with the original. There may perhaps be some choice expression, and some excellence of arrangement, that cannot be shown in translations."

Dr. Johnson's reference to Miss MacLean's translating Iain Mac Ailein's poems for him is as follows:

"There has lately been in the islands one of these illiterate poets, who, hearing the Bible read at church, is said to have turned the sacred history into verse. I heard part of a dialogue, composed by him translated by a young lady in Mull, and thought it had more meaning than I expected from a man totally uneducated; but he had some opportunities of knowledge; he lived among a learned people."

We scarcely think it probable that Iain

Mac Ailein was not able to read. His father, we may take for granted, was in fairly comfortable circumstances, and could afford to give him some education. The poet shows a good acquaintance with the traditionary history of Ireland. It is evident that he was well versed in the bible. He was thoroughly familiar with the political events of his own day. These facts, however, do not prove that he could read.

Iain Mac Ailein was evidently in his prime in 1689, the year in which the battle of Killiecrankie was fought. He composed a magnificent elegy on Sir John Maclean, who died in 1716. His *Imric Fear Threisinnis* must have been composed about the year 1738. There is no reference in any of his poems to the events of 1745. It is probable that he died about that time. He was an old man at the time of his death.

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## ORAN.

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A rinneadh 'n uair a bha Sir Iain Mac-  
Gilleain, Triath Dhubhairt, ann  
an Carnabrug.

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## LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

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Beir fios leat bhuam do Carnabrug  
Gu deagh Shir Iain nan armunn gasd',  
Ged rinn mi caochladh maighistir  
Nach feairrd' mi mu mo mhiadh e.

Ge tric a dol a dh' Aros mi  
 A dh'ol gach boinne 'tharas mi,  
 Cha 'n ionnann's mar a b'abhaist dhomh.  
 Cha bhi mo ghair' air m' fhiacail.

Na mionnan 'thug sinn thall an sin,  
 'N uair a bha camp Mhic Cailein ann,  
 'Dheoin De cha mhisd' ar n-anam iad.  
 Ach b' aindeonach an gnìomh e.

Na'n cluinninn fhin an Bacach  
 'Thigh 'nn le chabhlach laidir acfhuinn-  
                   each,  
 Cha dearbhadh neach thar fasdaidh orn  
 Gu 'n b'fhear *protection* riamh mi.

Na'm faicinn duine firinneach  
 A chomhdaicheadh na dh' innseadh dhomh  
 Gheibhteadh 's an Leth lochdaich mi  
 'S mi comhdach mo phios iarunn.

Ged nach robh mi riamh cho tapaidh  
 'S gu 'n deanainn sealg no tacar leis,  
 Is leoir lean fhad 's a chaidil e  
 Fo 'n leabaidh far 'n do liath e.

Tacar—provision, plenty.

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Shortly after the battle of Killiecrankie the Earl of Argyll obtained a commission of fire and sword against the Macleans, and invaded Mull with a force of 2,500 men. Sir John Maclean retired to the fortified island of Kernburgh, and advised his followers to take the oath of allegiance to the new government, and accept protections from Argyll. He remained in Kernburgh until 1692.

## SGEUL AN EIBHNEIS;

Oran a rinn am Bard 'n uair a chual e  
gu'r. robh Sir Iain Mac-Gilleain beo.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Na'm faicinn gu 'm b'fhior,  
Na'm faicinn gu 'm b'fhior,  
Na'm faicinn gu 'm b'fhior,  
Sgeul dearbhte so,

Bu mhire mi-fhin  
Na caitean beag mios'  
Nan digeadh gu crìch  
An tairgineachd,

An neach so 'chaidh eug  
Am barail gach leigh  
'Thigh 'un thugaim  
'Na threun-fhear Albanach;

Mar thàice ri 'r cul  
'Sa' chath mar cheann-iuil,  
Gu 'n togamaid suil  
Bho 'r plangaidean;

Gu 'n eireadh deagh fhonn  
'S gach cridhe 'tha trom,  
'S cha 'n fhaicteadh cinn chroin  
Neo-mheanmnach oirnn.

Gu 'n tilgeamaid clach  
Ri 'r nabaidh cho ceart,  
Gus an ruigeamaid *stap*  
An t-seann duine;

Gu 'n cuireamaid baile  
Air oiribh ar cas,

Cha lealadh aon drap  
De 'r dranndan ruinn.

'S gu'n tilleamaid breug  
Air ar coimpire fein,  
'Nuair 'chuireadh e 'n eucoir  
Dhalmar' eirun.

Le fabhar a chruin  
'S le rathad an Diuc'  
Na'm faighinn do chuis  
A dhainghneachadh,

'Sa chinneadh so fòs  
Chit' iongantas mor,  
Gu 'm bu mhacanaibh og  
Na seann daoine,

'S na sgriotachain mhios'  
'Dol 'n airdead 's am miad.  
'S bhiodh iad aithghearr aig linn  
An leanabalachd;

'S gach bean dha'm bu tric  
Clann nighean mar shlioc  
Gu 'm biodh aca mic  
Gu toirbheartach.

Mar nach d'fhas e 'nad dheigh  
An airdead no 'm meud,  
'S ro mhath chinneadh am fear  
'S na garbh-chriochaibh.

'S bu lionmhor na feidh  
Nam frithearaibh fein  
'Dh' aindheoin tapachd is treinid  
Shealgairean.

Dheanadh machair is coill  
Gair' lachainn ri d' chloinn,

'S tu 'thigh'nn dachaidh fo staoileadh  
Ainmealachd.

'Tha mi guidhe gu dur  
Air an 'Ti 'th' air an stiuir  
'Ur cur sabhailt' o'n chunnart  
Chaillteach so.

Gu cala gun ghuais,  
Gun bhairlinn, gun stuadh,  
Gun trioblaid, gun luasgan  
Laimhrige,

Gu tearuinteachd nois  
Gun uireasbhuidh gleois,  
Far nach tuaig'neadh an rod  
No 'n t-anfhadh sibh.

'N sin bu mhire mi-fhin  
Na caitean beag mios',  
Na'm faicinn gu 'm b'fhior sgeul  
Dearbhte sin.

Tairgineachd — prediction. Guais—  
danger. Laimhrig—a landing-place, a  
wharf.

### NA'N DIGEADH SIR IAIN.

Oran a rinn am Bard 'nuair a chual e  
gu'n robh Sir Iain Mac Gilleain  
ann an Sasunn.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

*Luinneag—*

Na'n d' thigeadh, na'n d' thigeadh,  
Na'n d' thigeadh do sgeul,

'S gu 'm faodainn 'bhi cinnteach  
 As na dh' innseadh dhomh 'n de,  
 Gu'n tilginn as m' fhochair  
 An cochull gun fheum,  
 'S gu 'm faicteadh mi fhathast  
 Air atharrach gleus'.

Na'n digeadh Sir Iain  
 Mo chridhe 's mo chleibh,  
 Gu 'm b'eibhinn ar n-aigheadh,  
 Mar bhradan a' leum.  
 Thogadh cridhe do mhuinntreach  
 'Tha 'n cunnart dol eug,  
 'S gu 'n digeadh do m' ionnsaidh-s'  
 Mo shugradh beag fhein.

Do chinneadh 's do dhualchas  
 'Bha cruadalach treun,  
 'S bu mhath an Raon-Ruairidh  
 Mu 'd ghuailuibh 's an fheum,  
 Tha 'nis 'n am fath truaighe,  
 Mar chuagair' tha 'm beus;  
 Ged gheibh iad am bualadh  
 Cha ghluais iad am beul.

Ged tha sinn fo dhochair,  
 Mar mholtaibh mu chro,  
 Aig naimhdean fo bhaogh'l  
 'Toirt dhuinn aobhar air bron,  
 'S luchd-spuillidh ri tair oirnn  
 Mar thraill na spain bhrog,  
 Cha'n aithnicht' an teas la sinn  
 Aig airdead ar croic'.

An ealta ro gbleusd'  
 An robh eifeachd gu leoir,  
 'Bhuidh' neadh geall air gach tulaich,  
 Far an criunniceadh eoin,  
 Le'n itean corr sgeithe,  
 Le'n treine 's le 'n treoir,



Cha 'n fhearr iad air coinnimh  
Na cromanau-loin.

Na'n tilleadh a chuibhle  
Bharr iomrall a seoil,  
S gu 'n iompadh i deiseil  
N taobh deas mar bu choir,  
'S iomadh neach tha fo mhuisseag,  
'Sa cheann lubte 'na sgrob,  
'Chuireadh baile air a chasaibh  
An taisbeanadh shron.

Na 'm biodh iad dhomh fagusg  
Na bheil fad o laimh,  
Sir Iain nan caisteal  
Is Bacach a bhlair,  
'N neach do 'n d' fhuiling mi m' fhaob-  
hach,  
Mar chaora mhaoil bhain,  
Bheirinn tionndadh mar leoghann air,  
'S m' ordag 'na shail.

'S leoir truimead bhur cadail,  
Ma thachair sibh slan!  
Mur suidhich sibh cairtean  
A ghlacas cuid chaich,  
Bidh sinne fo gheur sgrios  
Le feileadh a' chlair;  
Mur faic sibh fo dhien sinn,  
Bidh dith oirnn ri 'r la.

Tha sinn tamull an iargain  
Le tiabhras ró ard;  
'S faide la leinn 'g ar pinadh  
Na bliadhna 's sinn slan.  
Am bruadar an fhaochaidh,  
Tha daoine ag radh,  
Gur tearc leigh a ní aithn' air  
Seach teannair a' bhais.

'S mor am farmad a th' again-s'  
 Ri d' aid is ri d' chleoc;  
 'S iad 'th' air grianan na maise  
 Ri glacadh an soigh.  
 Na 'm b'e m' fhortan sa tuiteam  
 'N riochd buclan do bhrog,  
 'Se 'b' fhearr mar shogh muintinn  
 Na crìochan rìgh mhoir.

'Tha mi 'guidhe le m' run  
 Is le m' dhurachd do ghnath  
 Air 'n Ti 'chruthaich air thus thu  
 'S thug dhuinn thu mar bhlatb,  
 Cur muinghin mo dhochais  
 'Na throcair ro ard,  
 Nach d' fhuair sinn ach leasan  
 Thun ar teagasg na's fhearr.

Cnagaire—an awkward, slovenly man.  
 Baoghal—peril, danger Corr—excellent.  
 Faobhaich — despoil. Faochadh — the  
 point in sickness at which one is begin-  
 ning to get well, relief. Teannair—any  
 instrument to squeeze with.

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### NAIDHEACHD AN AITEIS.

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Oran do Shir Iain Mac-Gilleain air do 'n  
 Bhard a chluinntinn gu 'n robh e  
 a' tighinn dhachaidh.

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### LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

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An sgeula so 'th' aca  
 'Ga innse le aiteas,  
 Na'm faighinn fear-ceartais

A dhearbha lh am mach e,  
 B' ionnan eirigh do m' aigheadh  
 'S mar gu 'n leumadh am bradan  
 Bho dheabhadh an aigeil le luth-chleas;

Sir Iain nan caisteal  
 Thar fograidh 'thigh 'nn dachaidh  
 Gu mor bhaile Shasuinn,  
 'S a bhanruinn 'ga ghlacadh  
 Le caoimhneas bu cheart d'i;  
 'S cha bu traoiteir air aitim  
 Do dh' oighre no *'fhaction* a cruin-s' e.

'S ann 'chaill iad na bh' aca  
 De dh' earasaid fharsuing  
 Leis gach tionndadh 'bha tachairt;  
 'N Inbher-Cheiteinn thuit Eachann  
 Is mile mu 'bhrataich  
 Gun tioma, gun taise;  
 Foill Holburn 's nam marcach 'thug cuis  
 diu.

'N ti so dh' fhalbh bhuainu air bhadhal  
 'S nach d' fhag brathair no athair,  
 'S daor a cheannaich e 'm fabbar  
 'Thug righ Seumas d'a grathunn.  
 Threig e 'chinneadh mor flathail  
 Dha 'n robh oighreachd is taighean,  
 Ragh e 'm fogar seach aighear a dhuthcha.

An Raon-Ruairidh le brughach  
 Bha do reisimeid subhach  
 'S tu-fhein maille riubha;  
 'S iomadh gruaidh 'bu ghlan rughadh  
 'Dol 'n ar n-armaibh 's 'n ar n-uidhim  
 Ann an toiseach do shiubhail,  
 'Theirt fios fuathais gu buidhinu an  
 diomba.

Ged a b' og thu 'n Dum-Chailleann  
 'S e do ghuimh nach robh clannail  
 'S ann a dhearbh thu 'bhi fearail,  
 Chuir thu geard a chuil chlannaich  
 Ri aodann a bhaile;  
 Ged thuit pairt diu gun anam  
 Chuir iad aitreabh nan Gallaibh 'na  
                   smudan.

Cha chualas gu minic  
 Ann an seanachas no 'm filidh  
 Gu 'n robh duthaich no cinneadh  
 Riamh 's a chas 's a bheil sinne,  
 Gun fhear pairte no spionnaidh  
 Ann an aite no 'n ionad;  
 Sinn gun righ, gun cheann-cinnidh, gun  
                   duthaich.

'S fad o cheil' iad air bhadhal  
 Gach fear treun a chur catha,  
 A b' fhearr feum leis a chlaidheamh—  
 Dh' fhalbh am buachaille ra mhath,  
 Dha 'n robh caoimhneas is ceannas,  
 'S dh' fhag e 'threud fo throm eallaich,  
 Gun fhear gleidhidh, no faire, no stiùidh

Dh' fhalbh ar n-aighear air fad bhuainn,  
 'S sinn mar luirich a' bhaigeir,  
 Air a tilgeadh air cladach,  
 'Na cuis bhuirt agus mhagaidh,  
 Is gun chluud d' i, 'ga pailtead,  
 Gun choig fichead fear-tagraidh,  
 'S iad 'ga reuladh, 's'ga sgapadh, 's ga  
                   spuinneadh.

Ged is trom leinn an strac sin,  
 Thoill ar peacannan barr air,  
 Gu 'n robh pobull 's an Eiphit,  
 'Bha fo bhruid aig righ Faro,

'S 'n uair a chaidh iad do' n fhasach  
 Is a chaochail iad gnathan  
 Fhuair iad comhfhurtachd adhenhor bho'n  
 sgiursadh.

Na'm pilleamaid fhathast,  
 Le cridheachan matha,  
 Bharr icmall an rathaid  
 Bu shoirbh do Rìgh Fhlaitheis  
 Gach smal a th' air laidb' oirnn  
 Gu tur dhinn a chrathadh,  
 'S gu 'm b' ionmhuinn le'r n athair ar  
 n-umhlachd.

Ged tha sinn fo aimheal  
 An deigh Mhic-Gilleain,  
 'S beag an t-ainm e r'a labhairt  
 Seach fogradh nam flaithean  
 Dna 'n robh crun agus cathair,  
 Beairt a's uamharr' r'a amharc,  
 'S gur a seirbhe e na 'n gabhann r'a  
 iomradh.

Ma 's a firinn ri 'labhairt  
 Gur h-e Seumas a's athair  
 Do na Phrionnsa a th' air faighinn,  
 Ge b'e thionnsgainn ri daithean  
 'Chur air og anns a chreathail,  
 Tha mi 'n duil gu 'n dig lacha  
 A bheir luchd a ghnìomh' ghrathail gu  
 cunntas.

'S mairg am Breatunn a tharlas  
 Nuair thig diogh'ltas a phaigheadh  
 Luchd na foille 'san ardain;  
 Ghearr iad muineal rìgh Tearlach  
 Air fìor bheagan de dh' abhar  
 Chuir iad Seumas air anradh,

'S ghabh iad Uilleam is Mairi d'an  
ionnsaidh.

Gu bheil Britheamh 'sna neamhan  
'Tha 'toirt teisteanais araid  
Gur h-e fein dha'n robh cas dhiu;—  
Chaochail siantan is laithean,  
Bhruchd gach torran gu saibhir,  
'S tha gach duine na's fhearr dheth  
Bho na thachair do 'n Bhanruinn so  
'crunadh.

Earasaid—a square of tartan cloth worn  
over the shoulders. Badhal—wandering.  
Clannach—hanging in locks. Aimheal—  
vexation. Gabhann—gall.

It was commonly, but erroneously supposed that Prince James was not the son of James II. and his wife. The Prince was born in 1688, a few months before his father's abdication. Queen Anne was crowned in 1702. Sir John Maclean returned from France in 1703. Queen Anne conferred a pension of £500 sterling a year upon him. This pension he enjoyed during the remainder of his life.

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### AN SUGRADH.

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LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

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Thoir fios bhuam gu Anndra,  
'S na dearmaid 'innseadh trath,  
Mo chompauach uasal

Ro shuaire is bu chubhaidh dha,  
 Ma's fath leis gu gruaman  
 An suairceas a dhol mu lar,  
 Gu bheil leannan 'bu ghaol leis  
 Air caochladh 's air faotuinn bais.

Bha uair ann 's bu chliuiteach  
 'S an duthaich so anns gach ait,  
 Macnas gun droch dhurachd,  
 An sugradh 's an fheala-dha,  
 A mheadhail is a mhuirn  
 O'm bu shunndach an duine slan;  
 'N diugh tha gach aon 'bheir uidh dhaibh  
 Air a chunntas mar dhuine bath.

An Aros laghach shuas ud,  
 Bha uair a chunnaic mi e,  
 Bhiodh comh-theanal uaislean,  
 'S cha b' shuarach mo chuid-s' de'n trath.  
 Bhiodh Sir Ailean 'sa chluain sin  
 'S a shluagh fhein am fagus da,  
 'S bhiodh an oidhche 'b'fhuaire  
 'S a chuantal sinn 'leinn ro ghearr.

'Nuair 'thigeadh an luchd-sugraidh,  
 An cuil cha chuireadh iad iad  
 'S ann 'bhitheadh iad gle mhuirneach  
 Fagus d' an seomraichean ard.  
 Bhiodh meas ac' air na h-orain,  
 'S bu sholasach deth na baird;  
 Is bhiodh luchd-falbh na h-Eireann  
 Gle ghleidhte le feil' an lamh.

'Nuair 'dh'fhalbhadh an geamhradh  
 'S 'thigeadh an samhradh oirnn blath,  
 Rachamaid thar chuantan  
 Dh'amharc air ar cairdean graidh.  
 Ruigeadh iad Sir Seumas  
 An Sleit o'n 's e 'b' fhaisge air laimh,

'S bheireadh iad greis eibhinn  
Air sgeulachdan 's ol mu'n chlar.

B' e a shamhailt ceudna  
Aige fhein 'gheibhteadh mar ghnaths,  
Comhlain is long ghleusda  
Leis an reubt' sruthan is sail.  
'Bhiodh a bhrathair fhein ann,  
Gille sbug 'bu gheir' na each;  
'S ged thigeadh na ceudan,  
'S e-fhein fear-cuideachd a b' fhearr.

Cha 'n fhaodadh an luchd-sugraidh  
An aon aite fad an tamh  
Gu 'm b' i 'n imrich uaibhreach e  
Glusad an uin' cho gearr.  
Ruigeadh iad Mac Ruiridh  
Nan cuach 's nan cupachan lan,  
'S b' i mhala gun ghruaman e,  
Uachdaran an deagh ghnaiths.

'Nuair 'chruinnicheadh siol Olaghair  
Bu stoirmealach meadhail an ghnaiths;  
Gheibheadh luchd an fhalbhain  
Gu soirbh bhuath gean math is daimh.  
Cha 'n fhaicteadh iad air chorra-ghleus  
Le doilgheas 's biodag 'nan laimh;  
'S ann 'bhiodh iad subhach so-ghradbach  
Le moran comuinn is graidh.

Gur deacair air an t-saoghal  
Luchd-baoiridh a dhol mu lar;  
Gach neach le neart a ghaoirdein  
Tha saothrachadh arain do ghnath.  
Tha da thrìan de'n t-saoghaol  
A'saoil-sinn gur h-e rud a 's fearr;  
Ach Caiptein Chlann Raonail  
Cha d' chaochail gu barail chearr.



Tha iognadh air na ceudan  
 Cia 'n reusan mu'n dug e 'ghradh  
 Do na leannain bheusachs'  
 'Tha deidheil trioblaideach dha,  
 An naire agus an fheile  
 Le cheile 's' am pailteas laimh';  
 Ban-seirbhisich neo-ghleidhteach  
 An teirm bli 'togail a inhaile.

Chi mi mar cheum trocair  
 D' Mhac-Dhomhnaill an aignidh aird  
 Na dilleachdain 's na deoiridh  
 A chomhnadh 's a dhion le baigh,  
 Bho 'n tha Sir Iain air fogradh,  
 Sir Domhnall an Glaschu 'na thamh,  
 'Sgun o'ghre Mhic-Leoid  
 Ach ag ol a bhrochain a spain.

'S dream dhligheil dha fhein iad  
 Nach feud e leigeadh mu lar,  
 'S bha iad fo mheas gle mhor  
 Aig geugaibh gineil a fhreumh'.  
 Dh 'fhag cach e 'na onrachd  
 'S na seoid so 'nan dileab dha,  
 Mar bha Oisean 's na cleirich  
 'N deigh Fheinn an tir Innis Fail.

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The Gilleasbuig referred to was the Ciaran Mabach. Ailean Muideartach, Caiptein Chlann-Raonaill, was one of the most popular chiefs in the highlands. Sir John Maclean and himself were first cousins. Norman Macleod, chief of the Macleods, Siol Olaghair, died in 1706. His son and heir, who was also named Norman, was born a few months after his death. This is the oighre Mhic-Leoid referred to.

## SIOL OLAGHAIR.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

'Shil Olaghair gun ainneamh,  
 B' ann d' 'ur cliu 's d' 'ur deagh allas  
 'Bhi caoinhneil d' ur caraid  
 'S 'bhi earrant' ri 'r fuathaibh.  
 Thug na h-uaislean so 'dhealaich riun  
 Aithn' agus earail dhomh  
 Mi 'dh' iomchar am beannachd  
 Gu'r bannal 's gu'r n-uaislibh.  
 Gu'n robh e orr' aithnicht'  
 Mheud 'sa fhuair iad de'r carthannachd,  
 'Reir cleachdadh nan sean daoine  
 Ceanalt' mu'n cualas.  
 Ged tha na brait ura  
 Ro sgiamhach le suilibh  
 'Se 'm brat air a chludadh  
 'Bheir dubhlan do'n fhuachd duinn.

Fhuair mise seol ainneamh  
 Gu giulan am beannachd  
 A dh'ionnsaidh an leannan,  
 Ge tamull leo uath iad;  
 Gu comunn gun aineolas,  
 Caoimhneasach, carthannach,  
 Gun fhotheid, gun fhanaid,  
 Gun eharraid, gun tuasaid.  
 Tha sean-fhacal laghach  
 'Thuirt na daoine gu seadhach,  
 Nach facas riamh meadhail  
 Na deaghaidh gun ghruaman;  
 Cainnt eile cho fìor ris,  
 Is dh'fhaithrich mi fhin e,  
 Nach b'e 'n rathad gu cinneachdain  
 An imric ro uaibhreach.

'N uair 'thainig mi dhachaidh,  
 'S rinn mi caileigin stada,  
 B' fhath ionndrainn do m' phearsa  
 Gach cleachdadh a fhuair mi,  
 Na bha mi a' seachnadh  
 De shaibhreas 'ur pailteis  
 Bha mi 'g ordachadh agam  
 Gach maduinn 'n am gluasad;  
 'S mi ri canran gun chaidrimh  
 Ri ceile mo leapa,  
 'Cur an ceill gur h-e staid-se  
 'Thug dhachaidh mi uatha,  
 'S nam bithinn air fuireach  
 Leis na fhuair mi de chuireadh  
 Gu'm bithinn gun mhulad,  
 Gun uireasbhaidh fhuathach.

Nam biodh feum anns na beannachdan  
 'S gu 'm fuasg'leadh iad fearann  
 'S ann chuirinn gu deamhainn  
 Le dealas gu tuath iad.  
 Bheirinn aithin' agus earail dhaibh  
 Taghal an Talascair  
 Aig 'n fhear 'chomhnadh mi 'm' ainnis  
 Gu carthannach, uasal.  
 'S an ceile tha maille ris  
 'S beus d'i 'bhi mathasach,  
 'S feile na mala,  
 Cha 'n aithne dh'i gruaman.  
 Gur h-alainn 'na bail' i,  
 Le surd is le dealas,  
 'Thoirt feusda gun ainnis  
 D'luchd ealain is cuairte.

# ORAN DO MHAC-LUCAIS.

Air dha maoidheadh air a Bhard gu'n  
cumadh e 'suas ceann an amuill ris.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

O marbhphaisg ort, a shaoghail,  
'S mairg aon dha bheil thu mar leannan  
Is ann dhe d' abhaist daonnan  
'Bhi blaomannach, caochlach, carach.  
Thug mise mo sheal fhein as  
Mar dheideig a bhiodh aig leanabh  
Is chunnaic mi le m' shuilibh  
Gu 'n deachaidh mi dluth 'am mearachd.

Na'n tuigeadh tu mo nadur,  
'Fhir ghraidh cha 'n 'eil thu 'nad airidh;  
Is coltach pairt de d' ghiulan  
Ri' stiubhart gun suilbheachd ra mhath:  
Gu 'n toir thu cuibhrionn dhubailt  
Do 'n umbaidh gun iul, gun aithne,  
'S air leam gur h-olc an seol sin  
'S an duine coir a chumail falamh.

Nach seall thu air Mac-Lucais,  
Cha sugair e mar mo bharail;  
Cha robh e riamh cho gorach  
'S ga'n deanadh e oran no ealaidh.  
Ged chumainn-sa le m' bhriathraibh  
'Suas sgialachd air Tuath De Danann,  
'Nuair theannamaid gu croilean  
'S e-san gu mor 'bu mho bonnach.

Gu 'n robh mi latha 'm Blath-bheinn  
Mar-ri Iain saibhir na h-Earadh,  
An comunn bhinn na clarsaich,  
Far am biodh luchd-dan 'ga leanachd.

Gu'n deanainn fhin is Ruairidh dhaibh  
 Duanagan beag' de rannaibh;  
 Is gheibheamaid deoch bhrioghmhor  
 B'fhearr leam na miadachd do bhonnaich.

Is bha mi la na Sroine  
 Mar-ri luchd eolais is aineoil;  
 'Sa chuideachd bha na sair sin,  
 Na Gaidheil dha 'n geilleadh ceannas,  
 Sir Iain is Sir Dombnall  
 'S an coirneal deagh Mhac-'Ie-Ailein.  
 'S fear eile de m' luchd-iarraidh,  
 Alastair ciar Ghlinne-Garadh.

'Nuair 'chruinnicheadh gu campa  
 Le 'r ceannardan meamnach, meara,  
 Air theicheadh rachadh bron bhuainn,  
 'S bhiodh solas a' comhuidh mar-ruinn.  
 Gu 'm faighinn fhin le m' rabhart  
 Mo phairt de na bhiodh 's ant-searraig:  
 'S cha chumadh tus' an uair sin  
 A suas rium do cheann de'n amull.

Cha 'n innis mi mo chruadal  
 Mu 'n gluais iad gun deach mi 'm mearachd;  
 Och, gur h-e falbh nan uaislean  
 A's buaine a tha mi 'gearan;  
 Gu'n robh mi mar-ri daoine  
 'Dheanadh faochadh dhomh anns a char-  
                   raid,  
 'Nuair bha thus', a Neill, a laochainn,  
 A'd' bhuachaille chaorach aig baile.

Blaoinannach—inconstant. Deideag—  
 a toy. Sugair—a merry fellow.

The Ruairidh referred to is Roderick  
 Morrison, an Clarsair Dall.

EACHDRAIDH THUATHA DE DAN-  
ANN.

According to the legendary history of Ireland, the first people that settled in that country came from Greece. They were under a leader named Partholan. They had three druids among them: Fios, Eolas and Fochmarc, or Intelligence, Knowledge and Enquiry. The Partholanian colony was almost wholly destroyed by a pestilence. The second people that settled in Ireland came from Skythia. The name of their leader was Nemidh or Nemidius. They were of the race of Magog, son of Japhet. They suffered terribly from the attacks of sea robbers, called Fomorians. The greater part of them left the country. Simeon Breac and his clan went to Thrace, Beothach and his clan went to Greece, and Britan Maol and his clan went to the Island of Mona, Anglesey. The third people that settled in Ireland were the Fir-Bolgs. They were descended from Simeon Breac and his followers. They ruled over the country thirty-six years. The fourth people that settled in Ireland were the Tuatha De Danann. They were descended from Beothach and his followers. They wandered from Greece to Germany, from

Germany to Scandinavia, from Scandinavia to Scotland and from Scotland to Ireland. They were necromancers. They could raise storms, heal the sick, and restore the dead to life. They had four talismanic articles of wondrous powers with them, namely, the Lia-fail, or stone of Destiny, Lugaidh's sword and spear, and the caldron of their king, the Daghdha Mor. They conquered the Fir-Bolgs, Fomorian and other inhabitants of Ireland without much difficulty. They ruled over the country about one hundred and ninety-seven years. The fifth and last people that settled in Ireland, previous to the beginning of the christian era, were the Milesians or Gael. They are descended from Gaidheal Glas, or Gathelus. Fenius Farsa, King of Skythia, was an eminent patron of learning. His second son, Niul, was the most accomplished scholar of his day. This Niul, who was married to Scota, a daughter of Pharoah, King of Egypt, was the father of Gaidheal Glas. The descendants of Gaidheal Glas went from Egypt to Crete, and thence to Skythia. They finally settled in Spain. Their most renowned hero was Milidh or Milesius, who ruled over the greater part of Spain. It was under the leadership of the sons of this Milidh that the Gael went to Ireland.

The following account of the landing of the Milesians in Ireland, of the manner in which they obtained possession of the country, and of the vengeance taken upon them by the Tuatha De Danann, is by Iain Mac Ailein, the poet:

Thannic Clanna Milidh as an Spain do dh' Eirinn, rioghachd a bha fo gheasaibh. Air do sgioba naoidh longan diubh teachd gu tir chruinnich sluagh na duthcha, do 'm b' ainm Tuatha De Danann, gu comhdhail a thabhairt daibh. Thubhairt iad ri Clanna Milidh nach robh anuta ach gealtairean agus baoth-oglaichean a thaobh is gu'n danaic iad air tir gun fhios. Fhreagair Clanna Milidh gu'n digeadh iad air tir le fios daibh. Thubhairt Tuath De Danann iad a dhol 'nan loingeas, agus naoidh tonnan a chur eadar iad agus tir, agus na'n digeadh iad air tir an deigh sin gu 'm faigheadh iad leth Eirinn gun tuilleadh cogaidh. An deigh do Chlanna Milidh so a dheanamh thugadh Eirinn as am fradharc le druidheachd Thuatha De Danann air achd's nach robh iad a' faicinn ach aon ghroban creige ann an dealbh muice, ni a dh' aobharaich gu'n goirear de dh' Eirinn Muc-Innis Bha am measg Clanna Milidh druidh, a bha na dheagh dhuine ealain. Thubhairt e-san riutha nach robh iad ach amaideach do bhrìgh is nach robh iad a tabhairt fainear gur h-ann ri luchd-druidheachd a bha 'n gnothach; gu'm b'i a chreag a bha iad a' faicinn Eirinn agus ge b'e a bhiodh an sin gu'm biodh e an Eirinn. Leig Clanna Milidh an sin uchd nan naoidh longan ris a' chreig, mu'n robh stuadhan anabarrach a' bristeadh. Bhathadh seiseir de 'n cinn iuil, air chor is nach deachaidh air tir ach a triuir dhiubh. B'e ainm nan triuir Eireamhon, Eibher Fionn, agus Calpa 'Chlaidheimh. Thagair Clanna Milidh a nis an cumhnant air Tuath De Danann,



Dh'aontaich Tuath De Danann leth Eirinn a thabhairt daibh, ach ceannas na duthcha uile a bhi aca fein. Cha doireadh Clanna Milidh so dhaibh, agus mar sin thoisich an cogadh. Thubhairt an druidh a bha maille ri Clann Milidh gu'm bu ghorach dhaibh a dhol a chogadh ri luchd-druidheachd; gu'm b'i a chomhairle-san dhaibh iad a bhi oidhche 's an aon bhaile ri Tuath De Danann, agus iad a dh'fhaoituinn mar gheasaibh do fhuasgladh orra gu'n leigeadh iad breith na cuise a dh'ionnsuidh a cheud fhir a thachradh orra an deigh dhaibh falbh le cheile as a bhaile sin. Rinneadh so. Air do Chlanna Milidh agus do Thuath De Danann falbh as a bhaile, 's e a' cheud duine a thachair orra an druidh. Thubhairt Aonghus Mac an-Daogha, righ Thuatha De Danann, ris. "S mor a tha agadsa r' a dheanamh an diugh, a dheagh fhir ealain." "Ciod a tha agam r'a dheanamh an diugh?" arsa 'n druidh, "ach falbh le m' chruit 'dh' fheuch co a 's fearr a bheir duais dhomh airson mo chiuil." "Tha barrachd is sin agad r'a dheanamh" arsa Aonghas; "tha agad ri Eirinn a roinn'na da leth." Na'm biodh sibh air gach taobh toileach, arsa 'n druidh, dheanainn-sa an ni a tha sibh ag iarraidh a dh'aon fhacal. Dh'innis iad dha gu'n robh iad toileach. An sin thubhairt an druidh is e so mo bhreitheanas: "Bho 'n a bha 'n leth os cionn talaimh de dh' Eirinn agaibh-se, a Thuath De Danann o chionn greise, agus gur luchd-druidheachd sibh, bidhidh a nis an leth a tha fo'n talamh agaibh, agus an leth os cionn talaimh aig Clanna Milidh; agus

dhuitsa, Aonghais Mhic-an-Daogha, bho'n is tu rìgh Thuatha De Danann, tha mi ag ordachadh a bhrugh a's fearr a tha 'n Eirinn, brugh barragheal na Boinne, agus a thaobh chaich biodh gach neach a' faighine bruighne dha fein.' An sin chruinnich Tuath De Danann a dh'fheuchaim; ciamar a dhioladh iad iad-fein air Clanna Milidh. Thubhairt Aonghas Mac-an-Daogha gu'n dioladh mar a b' abhaist daibh, le druidheachd agus le eadarnhanadh; gu 'n rachadh iad an riochd dheochannan laidir a bhiodh a cur dith ceille agus call codach air Clanna Milidh anns gach aite 's an tachradh iad riutha; gu 'n gabhadh e-san air fhein a bhi 'n riochd fiona 's an Spain bho 'n is ann as a sin a thanaic Clanna Milidh; agus gu'm biodh Cliodhna nighean Mhanannain, a bhanruinn, lamh ris ann an riochd brann-daidd 's an Fhraing. Chaidh comhairle an rìgh a ghabhail. Thainig triuir mhac Earmuinn Mhoir do dh' Alba. Chuir an ceud fhear e-fein ann riochd uisge beatha Ghlaschu; chuir an darna fear e-fein ann an riochd uisge-beatha Rois Chlann Ghill-Andrais; agus chuir an treas fear e-fein ann an riochd uisge-beatha Fhioghabhaidh, ris an abrar a nis Tiritheadh.

Tha sliochd Earmuinn Mhoir an Albainn gus an latha an diugh. Sloinnean na cinn-fheadhna a thanaic bhuaithe mar so:—

Ghin Earmun Mor Ruaimle, Aodh, agus Fiachraidh. Ghin Ruaimle Glasrach, ghin Glasrach Siream Suain, ghin Siream-Suain Bristeadh Spuaice, ghin Bristeadh-Spuaice Streup-ri-Uaisle, ghin

Streup-ri-Uaisle Milleadh-Bracha, ghin  
 Milleadh-Bracha Casgairt, agus ghin Cas-  
 gairt Lag-a-Cheobain. Ghin Aodh Aig-  
 neadh-Corrach, ghin Aigneadh-Corrach  
 Sruladh-Sporan, ghin Sruladh - Sporan  
 Milleadh-Tanach, agus ghin Milleadh-  
 Tanach Cas air Bhraghad. Ghin Fiach-  
 raidh Blialum-Blialum, ghin Blialum-  
 Blialum Seasamh-Miapaidh, ghin Seas-  
 amh-Miapaidh Lamh-air-Sgeanaibh, ghin  
 Lamh-air-Sgeanaibh Daor-ri-Cheannach,  
 agus ghin Daor-ri-Cheannach Garbh-na-  
 Nollaig.

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## FOGRADH THUATHA DE DANANN.

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LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

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Fogradh Thuatha De Danann  
 A crich an ceannais, a Fodhla:  
 'S ann de chruadhas an sgeula  
 A bhi a Eirinn 'g am fogradh.

Chaidh Aonghas og Mac-an-Daogha,  
 'Na fhion braonach 'chum taladh,  
 Gu oighreachd a bhuannachd  
 An crich uasail na Spaine.

Do chaidh Manannain neartmhor  
 Do chrich bheairtich na Frainge,  
 'S rinn deoch bhrioghmhor do Chliodhna  
 Do'n ainm staoilidh a' bhranndaidh,

Chaidh triuir mhac Earmuinn Mhoir  
 A crìochaibh Fhodhla do dh' Alba,  
 Gu 'bhi dioghailt a 'm fogradh  
 Air sliochd Scota nan garbh-chath.

Toiseach suidhe do Ruainle  
 An cois Chluaidhe aig Glaschu,  
 Air an dig sliochd ruatharach  
 Leis am buairear na claignean.

Do ehaidh Aodh am measg thuathach  
 Do Ros shuas Chloinn Ghill'-Anndrais;  
 Leis an t-sliochd a thig bhuaithie  
 Fagar uaislean gle mheanmnach.

An deigh sin do chaidh Fiachraidh  
 Do 'n airde 'n iar a chrich Fhioghabhaidh:  
 'S tha shliochd aig tobar Bafanaid  
 'Nan cuis chanrain is iorghuill.

Na tri fineachan loghmhor s'  
 'S tearc 's an Eorpa 'tha 'n samhuilt:  
 Ni iad bog an ti 's cruaidhe  
 'S ni iad cruaidh am fear sleamhuim.

Ni iad cas am fear ciallach  
 'S ni iad fiat am fear narach;  
 Ni iad neo-shanntach acrach  
 'S ni iad lag am fear laidir.

Bheir iad cruadal do 'n ghealtair,  
 'S bheir iad beairteas do 'n daibhear;  
 Bheir iad fionn-fhuachd gu so-ghradh,  
 'S bheir iad comhradh 'n fhear shamhach.

Bheir iad gruaim bharr a mhuigein,  
 'S ni iad sunndach fear tosdach.  
 'Sin na buadhannan falaich  
 'Th' air Tuath De Danann mar choltas.

Geas—a charm, a spell. Fo gheasailh  
 —under spells. Fodhla—an ancient name  
 of Ireland. Cluaidh the river Clyde.  
 Ruatharach—inaking a sudden or violent  
 attack. Eadar-mhanadh — enchantment.

## CATH ALPHUIRT.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Sir Colin Campbell, of Ardkinglass, Sheriff-depute of Argyle, sent James Campbell, of Stonefield, Sheriff-substitute, to hold a court of justice at Aros in Mull. The court lasted about six weeks. All the neighboring gentlemen were present.

According to the poet, Sir Colin Campbell, as King and commander-in-chief of the fair Gael, sent James Campbell to Aros, the Alfort of the poem, to fight against the Tuatha De Danann. General James had for his principal officers Cormac Saorchridheach or Murdoch of MacLaine, of Lochbuy, An Donn Dochaisg or Donald Maclean, of Coll, Iollain Iomsgaoilteach or Maclean, of Brolas, Eochaidh Amhuiltach or Cameron, of Glendessary, Doidim Dana or Maclean, of Ardgour, Laogh righ Lore or Macquarrie, of Ulva, an sonn bho Dhun-Annla or Lachlan Maclean, of Calgary, Domhnall Deonach, and Cailein Sochair. He destroyed all the Tuatha De Danann in Mull.

The following notes explain the origin of the battle of Alfort and the fight at Dun Dubh-linn:

“’S e ’s mathair-aobhair do chath Al-  
phuirt gu ’n danaic Seumas Caimbeul, fear  
Achanacliche, na fhearionaid Siorraim, a  
chumail moid an Aros am Muile. Bha a  
h-uile duine eadar ceann Loch-Iall agus  
h-Barradhubh h-Aidhnis an Tiritheadh ri  
freagairt aig a mhod so. Chumadh e re  
shia seachduinnean, agus rinneadh ol cho  
mor aige’s a bha ri cuimhne dhaoine ann  
sna h-aiteachaibh so.”

“An deigh do dh’ Fhear Acha na clai-  
che Aros fhagail thachair oifigich a ghe-  
arasdain air aig Dubhairt agus chum iad e  
comhla riutha. Thug e-fein ’s iad-fein tri  
lathan air an ol. ’S ann ri caisteal Dhub-  
hairt a tha ’m bard ag radh Dun Dubh-  
linn.”

Air mothachadh do rìgh Fionn-Ghaid-  
heal do ’n chron ’s de ’n chall a bha Tuath  
De Danann a deanamh air muinntir a rio-  
ghachd, chuir e a mach aon de ’ridiribh,  
do ’m b’ ainm Seanailear Seumas, a dh’  
iarraidh air uaislean na h-airde ’n iar eir-  
igh leis a chur as do Thuatha De Danann.  
Rinn iad aite coinnimh agus comhlachaidh  
an Alphort ’san Dreallainn. B’e Borb  
rìgh Bhioghabhaidh, aon de dh’uaislean  
na Dreallainn, bu riaghladair anns an aite  
sin. Ghabh e Tuath De Danann air iochd  
agus air ineach gu gleidheadh agus tear-  
mad a dheanamh orra. Air do na h-uais-  
lean cruinneachadh, thubhairt Seanail-  
ear Seumas riutha gu ’m feumadh iad a  
thabhairt fainear gur h-ann ri luchd-  
druidheachd a bha ’n gnothach, agus gun  
leigeadh leotha am mealladh. Dh’aithn  
e dhaibh gearasdan a thogail eadar iadsan  
agus iadfein. Thubhairt e cuideachd nach

b' aithne dha co d'an digeadh e a dhol a chumail faire air a cheud oidhche. Fhreasgar na h-uaislean a bha fotha e ag radh bho nach robh ard-rìgh na Dreallainn aig baile gur h-e Cormac Saor-chridheach na Maighe fear-ionaid a b'fhaisge dha, agus gu 'n deanadh e deagh fhear-faire. Thugadh an sin aithne dha faire a chumail air an oidhche sin. Thubhaint Seanailear Seumas, tha iad ag radh gu bheil iad san ris a bheil ar gnothach 'nan luchd-cuideachd math; ciod bu mhisde sinn caiptein agus bratach de shliochd Lag-a-Cheobain 'thaotuinn uaille-ruinn? Cho-aontaich na h-uaislean uile leis. Chuireadh gu grad iarrtas gu riaghladair Alphuirt e a chur caiptein agus brataich de shliochd Lag-a-Cheobain g'an ionnsaidh. Gheall iad dha gu'm paigheadh iad 's a mhaduinn eiric gach aoin nach rachadh dachaidh dhiubh. Thanaic na chuir iad a dh' iarraidh de Thuath De Danann, 's thug iad lan thoilcachadh inntinn do na h-uaislean le feabhas am fearas-chuideachd. 'N uair a chunnaic Seanailear Seumas so thubhairt e, cha mhath dhuinn Cormac Saor-chridheach a bhi bhuainn. Chuir e fios air agus dh' fhaighneachd e dheth an robh aon aige na bhrataich ris an earbadh e an fhaire fhad 's a bhiodh e-fein a' gabhail greis de chuideachd Thuatha De Danann? Fhreagair e-san gu'n robh aon aige nach d' rinn mealladh riamh air, a Thoil Fein. Dh'fhag e an toil ri faire, agus chaidh e-fein a ghabhail aighear Thuatha De Danann. Cha robh aon de dh'uaislibh na h-airde 'n iar nach robh bratach de dhilsean fein aige 'ga dhion 's 'ga theasruiginn bho

Thuath De Danann; gidheadh fhuair Tuath De Danann a staigh orra. 'N uair a dh'iarradh iad ciall 's e 'gheibheadh iad michiall, 'n uair a dh'iarradh iad cuimhne 's e 'gheibheadh iad dio-chuimhne, 'n uair a dh'iarradh iad briathran glice 's e 'gheibheadh iad briathran amaideach, agus 'n uair a dh'iarradh iad neart 's e 'gheibheadh iad laigse. Mar so dh'aithnich iad nach hiam muinntir fein a bha aca. Fhuair Tuath De Danann an gearasdan fopà fhein an oidhche sin. Moch 'sa mhaduinn thanaic fear de a bhrataich, d'am b'ainm Cuimhne, gu Cormac Saorchridheach, agus thubhairt e ris gu'n do ghlacadh an gearasdan an raoir le droch fhurachras agus gu'n robh e gu beul an latha gu buileach fo chumhachd an naimhdean. Ach, ars' e-san, tha Tuath De Danann an drast air tuiteam gu neo-ni; tha iad 'gan nigheadh fein le 'n eadar-mhanadh ann am pig-eachan creadha; agus ma bhitheas sinn tapaidh faodaidh sinn an tilgeadh a mach thar baidealan a bhaile. Rinneadh so mar leasachadh air na thachair. 'N uair a dh'innseadh gach ni do Sheanailear Seumas thug e maitheanas do Chormac Saorchridheach 'na fhailinn airson a thapachd mu dheireadh.

Mhol Seanailear Seumas an fhearaschuideachd a rinn Tuath De Danann dhaibh air an oidhche a chaidh seachad. Thubhairt e gu 'n robh dream eile dhiubh, sliochd Chois'-air-Bhraghad a b'fhearr gu mor gu fearas-chuideachd na Sliochd Lag-a-Cheobain. Cho-aontaich na h-uaislean gu'n cuirteadh fios air Caiptein agus brataich dhiubh. 'S ann air an Donn Doch-



aig, rìgh nan Colach, a thanaie an dorsaireachd air an oidhche so. Chuir e-san 'na aite fein ris an dorsaireachd a Mhianan, agus chaid e-fein a ghabhail aighear Thuatha De Danann. Ged a bha sliochd Lag-a-Cheobain math, cha robh cleasachd cheart ann gus a nis. Chuir sliochd Chois'-air-Bhraghaid cuid a ghal, cuid a ghaireachdainn, cuid a leum, 's cuid a chadal le 'n druidheachd 's le 'n eadar-mhanadh. Co a thanaie a dh' ionnsaidh an doruis, mu mheadhon oidhche, ach Tuath De Danann. Leis an eolas a bha aca fein agus Miannan an Donn Dochaisg air a cheile tuitear ann an cudthrom gaol air gach taobh. Fhuair tuilleadh de Thuath De Danann a staigh na fhuair a staigh a cheud oidhche. Dh'fhaithrich an Seanailear agus na h-uaislean am brataichean fhein 'g an tabhairt bhuapa, agus Tuath De Danann a' teachd nan aite. 'N uair a bha an Seanailear a'dol a thabhairt achmhasain do 'n Donn Dochaisg thubhairt an Donn Dochaisg ris gu 'n robh eolas aig Tuath De Danann air a mhiannaibhsan, agus gu'n robh gealladh aca orra nach biodh iad mu am fogradh bho aite 's am bith anns am bitheadh iad. 'Nuair a chual an Seanailear so thug e maitheanas da.

Air an treas oidhche thug Seanailear Seumas taing do na h-uaislean airson mar bha iad a'cur as do Thuath De Danann; ach, ars' e-san, tha dream ro bhorb ann diubh fhathast Garbh-na-Nollaig. Chuireadh fios air captein agus air brataich dhiubh. Thanaie iad gun dail, agus rinn iad a chleasachd a b' aigeannaiche a chua-

las riamh. Thubhairt an Seanailear gu 'm bu choir an geard a dhublachadh. Chaidh Doidim Dan, rìgh na Foraise Bige, agus Eochaidh Amhuilteach o'n Iospairn a chumail faire an oidhche sin. Chuir Doidim Dan Misneach 'na aite fein, agus Eochaidh Gliocas, agus bha an dorsaireachd a dol leotha gu math. 'N uair a chunnaic Cormac Saorchridheach agus an Donn Dochaisg mar a bha iad a' faighinn air aghaidh thubhairt iad gu 'm bu mhasladh dhaibh-san an dorsaireachd a dhol leotha so 's gun i'dhol leotha fein, agus thigear agus cuireir ceangal nan trì chaol air na dorsairibh 's leigeir a staigh sliochd Gharbh-na-Nollaig mar a thogradh iad tighinn. Ann an uine ghoirid chuireadh an seanailear agus na h-uaislean gu h-ionn-lan air ruaig do 'n t-Suain. 'N uair a fhuaradh air ais o'n t-Suain iad thanaic Borb rìgh Bhioghabhaidh a thagairt eiric Thuatha De Danann bho nach robh a h-aon a lathair diubh. Fhuair e sin. Chuir Seanailear Seumas air fhacal e nach robh a h-aon diubh am falach aige. Thubhairt e nach robh innse-sgeoil no tuairisgeul ri 'fhaotuinn orra anns a bhaile. Ghabh Seanailear Seumas a nis cead de dh' uaislibh na h-airde 'n iar, agus ghluais e gu dhol dachaidh. Air a thuras da thachair riaghladair Dhun Dubh-linn ris, agus dh'innis e dha gu'n robh bratach no dha de shliochd Thuatha De Danann a staigh aige-san, agus mur cuirteadh as daibh gu'm faodadh iad siolachadh 's an rioghachd. Chaidh e staigh gun chuideachadh ach a gheard, agus b'e sin latha cho teth

's a fhuair e re a thurais, ach bhuadh-  
aich e.

'N uair a chaidh Seanailear Seumas  
dachaidh thug e lan chunntas mu 'thuras  
agus mu 'shoirbheachadh do Shir Cailein,  
an t-ard Sheinailear. Gheibhear an cum-  
tas sin anns na rannan a leanas:

SEUMAS.

Faill ort, a Shir Cailein reachd-mhor,  
Saoidh na feile;  
Fear ionadais rìgh nan Gaidheal,  
Triath dha'n geilleam.

SIR CAILEIN.

An t-aon ceudna dhuit sa, Sheumais,  
An deigh do chomhraig;  
Feuch gu'n robh do thuras buadhach  
An tìr na Dreallainn.

SEUMAS.

Buadhach mo thuras ri aithris,  
Ghlaoth mi sìochaint  
Eadar ard Thuath De Danann  
'S Clanna Milidh.

SIR CAILEIN.

Gach lamh 'bu chruaidhe 's an iorghuill,  
Deap dhomh aithris,  
Chum 's nach bi an duais a's miosa  
Aig an t-sluagh bu bhraise.

SEUMAS.

Mar fhuaim chruit fo aon ghuth teud  
Le ceol labhar,  
Sin mar bhiodh an stoirm le cheil'  
Gu borb 'cu' catha.

## SIR CAILEIN.

Air gradh d'einich innis, a Sheumais,  
 Air snas firinn',  
 Cia gach neach 'bu chruaidhe lamh  
 An ar nam miltean.

## SEUMAS.

Cormac Saorchridheach na Maighe,  
 Le sar dhichioll,  
 Mharbhadh leis-san de shliochd Ruamle  
 Tuairmeas nìle.

An Donn Dochaisg anns an iorghuill  
 Bu gharbh doineann;  
 Chuir e as do dh'fhine Fhiachraidh,  
 'S fiach e 'mholadh.

Iollain Iomsgaoilteach sin eile;  
 Mac rìgh Dreallainn,  
 Mharbb e ceud gach la catha,  
 'S e-fein an comhlan.

Eochaidh amhuilteach o'n Iospairn,  
 'S Doidim dana,  
 Chuir iad as do fhine lionmhor  
 Chois' air-Bhraghad.

Laogh rìgh Lorc, rìgh nan abhcaid  
 Fhuair e tair ann;  
 Mharbhadh leis bratach no dha  
 Air Milleadh Tanach.

An sonn solta bho Dhun Anna  
 Le 'lainn ullainn,  
 'S tric a thug e 'Thuath De Danann  
 Cath no cumasg.

Mac-Aisgibhir, Domhnall Deonach,  
 Counspunn eile,

Gheibhteadh 's gach cearn de'n chruaidh  
     chomhrag  
 Stoirm a lainne.

Cailein Socair a Port Onaghail,  
 'B ann de'chleachdadh  
 'Bhi 'na namhaid do shliochd Ruaimle  
 Ri uair aiseig.

Cha robh dhomhsa an Cath Alpuirt  
 Cas no cunnart  
 Seach an deannal a thug each dhomh  
 Air lar Duu Dubhlinn.

'S deagh sheirbheisich Tuath De Dauanu,  
 Ealanh cuirteil,  
 Ach mar mhaighstirean tha iad suarach,  
 Buailteach, bruiteach.

Ma thogas iad, a Chailein reachdmhoir,  
 Cean an deigh so,  
 So mo lunnh gu'm faigh sinn seol  
 Gu'm fogradh 'dh'Eirinn.

Ineach—hospitality, generosity. Eadar-  
 mhanadh—enchantment, sorcery. Na tri  
 caoil—the neck, the wrists and the ankles.  
 Eineach—a good name, bounty, genero-  
 sity. Comhlan—a hero. Abhcaid—a jest.

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## CROSANACHD FHIR NAN DRIM- NEAN.

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LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

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Tha bith ur an tir na Dreallainn.  
 'S coir dhuinn aisneis;

Tha moran deth 'tigh 'nn am bitheant'.  
 Rì gnaths Shasuinn.  
 Nì bheil duin' uasal no iosal,  
 Nò fear fearainn,  
 Leis nach b'aill, gu moran buinig,  
 Ceird a bharrachd.  
 Tha ceird ur aig Fear nan Drimnean  
 'Th' air leinn cronail;  
 B'aill leis fein a dhol an aite  
 Mhaighstir-sgoile;  
 An t-oide sin fein a rinn fhoghlum  
 Le gloir Laidinn,  
 Ghlacadh leis, gun chead a chairdean.  
 'Cheird a bh'aige.

'Se 'n t-aobhar a thug do dhaoine aire a thoirt do shannt an sgoileir so, an uair a mhiannaich e a cheird a bha aig oide-foghlum, nach laimhsicheadh e i mar laimhsicheadh an t-oide-foghlum i; oir, an uair a ghabhadh an t-oide-foghlum air a dhaltachan 's ann a ghabhadh e air na leanabanan, ach 's ann a ghabhadh an sgoileir sanntach so air na daoine arsaidh; agus an uair a ghabhadh an t-oide-foghlum air a dhaltachan 's ann a ghabhadh e air na ciontaich, ach 's ann a ghabhadh an sgoileir sanntach so air na neo-chiontaich. Is ann uaithe sin a dubhradh,—“Saoilidh am fear a bhios 'na thamh gur h-e e-fhein a's fhearr lamh air an stiuir;” ach cha mho gur h-e.

Cha'n ionusaich e clann no leanabain,  
 Mar bu choir dha,  
 Gus am bi iad 'nan daoine' arsaidh  
 Fo 'n lan fheosaig.  
 Cha dugadh an Cill-ma-cheallaig  
 Breith 'bu chlaoine  
 Na 'n ni 'rinn an ceann a b' airde  
 'M mas 'ga dhioladh.  
 Gabhail le crios an aois arsaidh  
 Air mas sean-duin',  
 'S fada mu'n ionnsaich an gnìomh sin  
 Ciall do theanga.  
 Ge b'e labhras ris an fhear ud  
 Coir no eucoir,  
 Gabhar air a ghiort le stracaibh  
 De chrios leiridh.

Agus b'fhior do'n duine sin. Cha d'  
 fhuaradh riamh rud, a dh'ionnsachadh  
 teanga droch mhuinte, 'bu mheasa na  
 gabhail air na masaibh ann an aobhar na  
 teanga agus an teanga bhi tuigsinn gur  
 h-ann na h-aobhar-se e fhuair am mas am  
 mor ghleusadh sin. Mur deanadh sin a  
 ciall na bu mheasa cha deanadh e idir na  
 b'fhearr e. Uaithe sin a dubhradh,—  
 “Am fear nach ionnsaich lamh-ri glun cha  
 'n ionnsaich lamh-ri uilean.”

Crosanachd—a poem in which two or  
 more persons are represented as speaking.  
 Bith—custom, habit. Aisneis, aithris—to  
 relate, to make known. Arsaidh—old.  
 Giort — buttocks. Leireadh — inflicting  
 pain.

This poem is published in "The Highland Bards" by the Stewarts, where it is correctly ascribed to Iain Mac Ailein. We have given only the first half of it. The rest of it will be found in *Sar-Obair nam Bard*.

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Bha Tearlach Mac-Gilleain, Fear nan Drimnean greis air luing-chogaidh ann an laithibh oige. Bha e 'na dhuine crosda. Chuir e am maighstir-sgoile a bha aige na theaghlach uair a dh'iarraidh paidhir bhrog air a ghreusaiche. Thuirt an greusaiche ris nach deach a phaigheadh airson nam brogan mu dheireadh a rinn e dha. Dh'innis am maighstir-sgoile so dha. Thug e am maighstir-sgoile leis, agus dh'fhalbh e far an robh an greusaiche. Mhionnaich is bhoidich an greusaiche nach dubh-airt e riamh an ni a bha am maighstir-sgoile a' cur air. Chreid fear nan Drimnean e. Rug e air a mhaighstir-sgoile, thog e am feileadh-beag aige, agus ghabh e air le crios a ghreusaiche. Bha an "ciontach sabhailte, ach an neo-chiontach bu chraiteach e." Bhual fear nan Drimnean uair eile dorn air Mac-Leoid air sraid Dhuneideann.

Ged a bha Tearlach nan Drimnean cho crosda agus a bha e, bha e 'na dhuine measail. Thuit e ann am blar Chuil-Fhodair a' cogadh air taobh Thearlaich. Anns an leabhar thaitneach sin, Eachdraidh a' Phrionn-sa le Iain Mac-Coinnich, tha an t-ìomradh a leanas againn air a bhas:—"Nuair a bha fear nan Drimnean air ti



teicheadh le 'bheatha as an araich chunn-  
aic e dithist dhe a chuid mac air an leon  
agus chaidh innseadh dha gu'n robh an  
treas fear 'na laighe marbh air a bhlar.  
"Cha bhi sin gu'n dioladh," ars' e-san,  
agus ged a bha an t-uasal so cho aosda is  
nach robh roine fuilt air a cheann, ruith e  
air ais thun na h-araich, mharbh e aon  
trupair agus leon e fear eile, ach ann an  
tiotadh an deigh sin thuit e fein gun eirigh  
tuilleadh le lainn thri trupairean sathte  
'na chorp." S i nighean do Thearlach  
nan Drimnean 'bu mhathair do dh'Ailein  
an Earrachd.

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## CLEIRSINNEACHD FHIR NAN DRIM- NEAN.

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LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

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Beir fios bhuam 'dh' ionnsaidh Thearlaich  
Gu tom taimh na da pheighinn deuga,  
Gu bheil mis' air mo narachadh  
Mar bhios e 'ghnath ri leumraich.  
Gu'n iomaireadh fear aosmhoireachd  
Tigh'nn a nis gu caochladh ceille;  
'S gun bhi' leanntuinn air na gnathaichean  
'Rinn brathair do Mhac-Leig dheth.

'S iomadh ceird air 'n do thoisich e  
Bho 'n la a b' oigear gleusd e;  
Re treis' bu mhaighstir-sgoile e,  
'S cha robh onair dha 's a cheum sin.  
Bhiodh an ciontach sabhailte  
Cha bheanadh cas no beud dha;  
Ach an neochiontach bu chraiteach e  
Le stracaibh de chrios leiridh.

Cuid eile de'chuid ghnìomharan  
 Cha deid mi fhin a dh'eigheach,  
 Mu'n gabh e fearg no mìothlachd rium  
 'S mi titheach air bhi reidh ris,  
 Gur sgeul nach d' fhan os 'n iosal air,  
 Gu 'n cuala mìle ceud e,  
 'S gu'n d' theap e dhol 's na gasaidibh,  
 A gnìomh air sraid Dhuneideann.

Chluinn mi 'nis gu'n d' thionnsgainn e,  
 Gun churam air mu dheibhinn,  
 Air lamh a chur le danadas  
 Am pairt de chuid na cleire.  
 Gu 'n d' thog e a leoir dioghaltais  
 An umhladh Mhìe-a-Chleirich,  
 'S gun bhi de chomhdach cuise ann  
 Ach gu'n d' bhean a ghlun d'a h-eudach.

C'arson nach robh thu runail  
 Gu ceartas cuirte eubhach,  
 Is foirbhich ghlice shuil-bheachdach ann  
 Gus a chuis a reiteach'.  
 Thuirt *parson* na Leith Iochdaraich  
 'Mo mhìle beannachd fein air  
 A chionn gu'n robh e dioghaltach  
 Mu'n ghnìomh a bha 's an eucoir.

Ma tha 'n sgeul so 'dh' innseadh air  
 Na fhirinn is nach breug e,  
 Ge b'e 'bhios ann am mìorun ris,  
 Cha bhi mi-fhin 'an deigh air;  
 Bheirinn pairt de m' stiopuinn bhuam,  
 Ge prìseil mi mu dheibhinn,  
 'Chionn coslas fear a ghnìomharan  
 'Bhi agam fhin 'na chleireach."

Umhladh or ubhla—a fine, a penalty.  
 Foirbheach or foirfeach—an elder.

## TURRAGAN FHIR NAN DRIMNEAN.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Tha mi 'g innseadh do gach duine  
 An turas a thug mi o'n bhaile,  
 Dh' fhaotuinn aisig air Chaol Muile  
 'Thoirt freagairt a chuiridh do'n Bharan.  
 Thuirt oglach a thachair shios rium  
 Cha 'n 'eil thu crionnta 's tu d' sheanduin';  
 'S docha dhuit amas ri turraig  
 No buidhinn thoirt as a charaibh.

Thuirt mi ris gu 'n robh e miomhail,  
 'S nach robh bonn firinn' na bharaile;  
 Gur mi fhin a b'eolaich'mu'nadur  
 Eadar bhi arsaigh 's 'na leanabh;  
 Gu'n dugainn-sa dheth le 'shliogadh  
 Pairt de gach aon ni 'bu mhath leam;  
 Gu'm faireadh e-san ri 'sgriobadh  
 A cheart cho miomhail ri gearran.

So fein an t-aite 'n robh'shinnsreadh  
 A'falbh fo gniomharan allail;  
 Bhiodh iad caoimhneasach ri'n cairdibh  
 Ach dh'fhaireadh an naimhdean iad fearail.  
 Nam biodh e-san air an reir-san  
 Dheanadh e 'n ceumanan a leanachd;  
 'S b' fhearr leis na tamailt fhulang  
 Dol an cunnart 'na luath-dheannaibh.

Cha 'n 'eil iad buidheach de 'ghiulan,  
 Aon duil tha de shliochd a sheanar,  
 Nach biodh e faighidneach reimeil,  
 A reir 's mar a bha na sean daoin'.  
 Ach thanaic iomadh rud 'na luib-san  
 A bha 'g a dhusgadh gu carraid;  
 Mur faireadh iad air bhi 'na dhuine,  
 Mo mhionnaibh-sa chailleadh e 'fhearann.

Tha e 'nis a tabhairt bairlinn,  
 Eadar Ghaidhealaibh is Ghallaibh,  
 Iad a sgur de bhi 'ga sgriobadh  
 'S gur sìochaint an nì 'bu mhath leis.  
 Mu'm faigheadh iad leud na h-ara  
 De'n fhearann a dh'fhag a sheanair,  
 Bu nì cho cinnteach 'sam bas dhaibh  
 Gu'm biodh a charnan-sa mar-ris.

Turrage—an accident, a mishap. Ar-  
 saidh—old. Allail—illustrious. Reimeil—  
 even-tempered, persevering, authorita-  
 tive. Bairlinn—warning, summons of re-  
 moval, an enormous wave. Of course the  
 first of these meanings is that of the word  
 in the poem. Ar or ara—a kidney. Carn  
 —a pile of stones raised over a man's  
 grave.

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## RANN.

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LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

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Bha trì leumannan Mhic-Leug  
 Ann am shuilibh fhein fìor olc,  
 Ach dh'iomair fear na da pheighinn deug  
 Air an doigh cheudna a phrop  
 Chuir e a chairdean an cruaidh chas  
 Ga shabhaladh fhein o spot;  
 Bhual e *boosa* air Mac-Leoid,  
 S ruisg e mas an duine bhochd.

## RANN.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Bha trì leumannan Mhic-Leig  
 Ann am shuilibh fhein fìor olc,  
 Ach dh'iomair fear na da pheighinn deug  
 Air an doigh cheudna a phrop  
 Chuir e a chairdean an cruaidh chas  
 Ga shabhaladh fhein o spot;  
 Bhuail e *boca* air Mac-Leoid,  
 S'ruisg e mas an duine bhochd.

## AN SALACHADH-FUINN.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Chuireadh nì air chor eigin a chaidh a  
 ghoid air fonn no talamh Mhic-Cuaire, an  
 dochas gu'n rachadh a choire a chur airsan.

'S beag m' fhaoilt an diu 'tighinn  
 Do'n chuid so de 'n tìr;  
 Cha taoghail mi 'n Aros  
 Far 'm bu mhuirneanach mi;  
 Cha chluinn 'mi 's cha 'n fhaic mi  
 Na thaitneadh ri m' chridh';  
 Mur falbh thu gu tearaint'  
 Bidh searsadh a'd' nì.

Ma 's e so an ceart milis  
 'Thug an siorra do'n tìr,  
 Cha mhor gura fearr e  
 Na'n gnaths 'bh' againn fhin.  
 Ma thogas e paigheadh  
 'S na dh'aireamh e 'sios,

Gur h-ìomadh fear toice  
Air bhochdainn a bhios.

Tha lagh Chill-ma-Cheallaig  
'Ga leanailt gu nuadh,  
'N uair chroch iad an gearran  
Gu h-amaideach truagh,  
'S Mac Cuair 'bha 'n Ulbha.  
Gun chuillbheirt, gun ghuaid,  
'Dol 'dh' fhulang a chreachadh  
Le neartmhorachd sluaigh;

Is sìochaint 'ga nasgadh  
'N fhear bhracairneach ruadh  
'Bha shìos an Aird-Tuna  
Lan chuireid is chuag.  
'Sa's tric a rinn innleachd  
'Cur liontan mu'n cuairt,  
'N uair 'mhathadh an nì dha,  
Bu bhinn sin bha cruaidh.

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Faoilt—delight, cheerfulness. Toic—  
wealth, riches. Bracairneach—dusky.  
Cuireid—trick, wile.

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## DO DH'ANN DRA MAC AN EASBUIG.

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LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

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Thoir an t-soraidh so bhuansa  
Gu h-uaigneach do 'u lagan ud shìos;  
Gu fear ionaid Mhic-Cuair  
Ris na shuathadh am breannas tha 's tìr;  
Gun am bardan beag, beadaidh,  
A bhi tilgeadh a cheapaig an nìos;  
'S nach bu choir dha 'bhi 'tathaich  
Air an fheill air nach faigheadh e sìon.

Cha b'i comhairle 'cheartais  
 A chinn agaibh 's an lagan so shios;  
 'Nuair bha sionnach na foille ann  
 Dh'fhag e coir an fhir eile 's an lion;  
 Dh'fhag e d'aghaidh ri comhrag  
 'S gun do chladheamh air doigh gu do  
     dhion;  
 'S dh'fhag e sud air bun d' fheamain  
 Mar nos mhadadh-alluidh mu'n im.

Mise tha fiosrach mar dh'fhas thu;  
 Bha mi treis air do chairdibh an run;  
 Cha b'i Sine do mhathair,  
 'S cha mhac Easbuig no sar-dhuine thu;  
 Cheil a bhan-altrum dhan orr'  
 An leanabh 'bha ailleachd 'na ghnuis;  
 'S thilg i thusa 'na aite  
 'S cha chomhnard a dh'fhag i do shuil.

Soraidh—compliments, a blessing, also  
 a farewell. Ceapag—a verse or verses  
 composed impromptu.

## GEARAN AIR FEAR-TEAGAISG.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Gabhaidh mi sgeula de 'm shagairt  
 Ged nach geill e dh'aidmheil a' Phapa,  
 'Bheil moran cron' ann do dh'anam  
 An fhir fbalaimh dol air faighe;  
 Is cionnas is coir do'n fhear bheairteach  
 A chleachdadh ri staid an fhir dhaibhir,  
 A bheil e laghail d'a bhi 'na mhuigean  
 Is dorn duinte 'dheanamh ri 'bhrathair.

'S ann a dh' fhairich mi 'm fear-teagaisg  
 'Na fhear-leatruim' orm 'sgach aite;  
 'S eian bho 'n thoisich e ri m' thagar  
 Mu'n chulaidh aisig a thug each dhomh,  
 'S eigin dhomh 'n dochair so innseadh  
 Do sheanadh fìor-ghlic Earaghaidheal,  
 Gu'n dug mo mhinisteir sgìreachd  
 Dhìom mo chisean le lainh laidir.

Cha bhuin e do mhinisteir pupait,  
 Mara glutair air bheag naire e,  
 'Bhi 'g iarraidh gu biadhannan sultmhor,  
 Mar tha mucan is buntata,  
 Feumaidh luchd-teagaisg 'bhi faicleach,  
 'S iomadh neach dhaibh 'na fhìor-namhaid;  
 Cha'n 'eil annt' ach daoine feolmhor,  
 Ged tha foghlum 's eolas ard ac'.

Faighe—an asking of aid in corn, wool,  
 and sometimes cattle. Pupait—pulpit.  
 Glutair—a glutton.

## RANN.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Tha gach cnocan orm na chuith,  
 'S tha gach uchdan orm na mham;  
 Tha fuifean air mo cheann-tiar  
 Le olcas diollaid an eich bhain.  
 Fhuair mi ron an so mar bhiadh  
 Is leighis e mo chliabh gu h-ard;  
 'S gu de 'm fios nach deanadh am bian  
 An ni ciadna ri mo mhas.

Fuifean, or fuithein—a galling, a blister.



## BEANNÁCHADH TAIGHE.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Failt air taigh mor nan seachd uinneag  
 'Rinneadh le ogha Thearlaich Mhic-Ailein;  
 Mor-thaigh a's fearr air a chumadh  
 Eadar uinneag, stuadh, is bhalla;  
 Far am faigh luchd falbhain cuireadh  
 Fial gun chrine, gun ainnis.  
 Gheibh iad ol le ceol 's le furan  
 Mar bu dual dha o bheus ath'reil.

Chum a cheaird ris na chuir e  
 'Dhol am buidhinn le gradh caraid:  
 Cha chuir e dorn dhiot air uilinn  
 Thu thoirt dhuinne rud beag drama:  
 Ach ma thionndas tu rium uile  
 Is do lamh rium cruaidh an ceangal  
 Cha deid mi na's fhaid' air m' aghaidh;  
 'S ro-mhath m' urrainn nighean Chailein.

Cha chuir mi a mathair an duileachd.  
 B'fheaird' i-fein a beus a leanailt;  
 Cha dug i dram riamh do dhuine  
 Gun a thuladh a bhi mar ris.  
 Sid mara dh' iarras mi cuireadh  
 'Nuair a bhios mo phoca falamh;  
 Gach aon ni dh' fheumas mo mhuineal  
 'Bhi 'ga bhuidhinn leis an teanga.

## RANN.

Air do 'n Bhard cuach de cheud leann  
 na bliadhna 'fhaotuinn.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Is coir dhuinn failte 'chur air an leann,

Meammas cridhe 'm fear a th'ann;  
 Gu'n cuirinn gu h-innealt an suim  
 Gur h-e 's ceann-cinnidh do 'n dram.  
 An t-oganach so' thainig do 'n tir  
 Tha corr is bliadhna bhuainn air chall;  
 'S math leam d'fhaicinn, an crann-coill'  
 'S do scop geal maiseach mu d' cheann.

### RANN.

Air do 'n Bhard gloinne de dh' uisge  
 beatha 'fhaotuinn agus siucar ann.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Nach innis sibh dhomhsa 'chairdean  
 Ciamar a ni mi so ceart.  
 Tha'n gloinne so luchdmhor lionte  
 Ach 's ann 's a chuid a 's isle tha 'm blas.  
 Ma dh'olas mi 'chuid a's airde  
 'S aobhar naire sin air a'chd;  
 'S mar faigh mi a chuid a's isle  
 Cha'n fhaod mi mo mhiann a chasg.

### IMRICH FEAR THERISINNIS.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Failte do bhur n-imrich Luain,  
 Eadar fhearaibh, chuain, is chlann;  
 Slainte dhaoine 's rath air buar  
 Thugaibh sin mar bhuaidh an nall.  
 Thig so gu'r buidhinn ri uair,  
 Cha 'n imrich uaibhreach a th'ann;  
 Ach fearann 'ur sinnsre 'thoirt bhuaibh;  
 Le miorun, 's cha chruadal lann.

'S oil leam sgapadh 'dhol 's a bhuain  
 Do nach bu dual 'bhi meata mall;  
 Cuid de'n airde deas daibh bhuainn,  
 'S cuid de 'n airde tuath an nall.  
 Ma's cead leat, a Bhreithimh an t-sluaigh,  
 A chuidhticheas gach guais 'na am  
 Cum slat ar smachdachaidh 'd' lainh fein,  
 'S na fag sinn am meim muinntir feall.

Cuain—a litter. Buar—cattle. Oil—  
 vexation, grief, pain.

### The Macleans of Treisinnis.

Ewen, second Maclean of Ardgour, had three sons: Allan, his heir and successor, John, the first Maclean of Treisinnis, and Hector, the first Maclean of Blaich and Achnadale in Lochaber. John, of Treisinnis, was succeeded by his only son, Donald, who died without issue. Hector of Blaich had three sons: Donald, known as Domhnall Dubh a' Chaisteil, Ewen, and Hector. Ewen was the first Maclean of Cornaig in Tiree. Hector, Eachann Odhar, was the progenitor of those Macleans in Mull and Tiree who were known as Sliochd Eachainn Uidhir. Domhnall Dubh a' Chaisteil, who was Captain of the Castle of Kernburg, succeeded his cousin Donald in Treisinnis. He was a bold and rough sort of man. He was

thoroughly faithful to his chief. He had six sons: Hector, Eoghan Uaibhreach, John, Lachainn Fionn, Lachlan, and Donald. Hector succeeded his father in Treisinnis. Eoghan Uaibhreach succeeded his grandfather in Blaich. John settled in Achnadale. He was chamberlain of the estate of Garbhdhabhaich in Lochaber, which at that time belonged to Maclean of Duart. Lachainn Fionn was the first Maclean of Heighnis in Tiree. He was a bold and resolute man. He was very wealthy. He had nine sons. John Maclean, Am Bard Mac-Gilleain, was one of his descendants. Hector, fourth Maclean of Treisinnis, was succeeded by his son, Ewen; Ewen, by his son John; and John, by his son, Ewen. Ewen the seventh Maclean of Treisinnis, was a distinguished warrior under Montrose. He was killed in the battle of Inverkeithing, in 1651. He was succeeded by his son, Hector. Hector died in 1793, and was succeeded by his only son, Ewen. Ewen had four sons, Hector, John, John, and Allan. Hector was minister of the Island of Coll, and was one of those who received a visit from Dr. Johnson. The first John succeeded his father in Treisinnis. The second John was minister of Kilninian in Mull. He was an excellent poet. John, the tenth and last Maclean of Treisinnis, was dispossessed of his property by the Duke of Argyll, in 1738. Imrich Fear Threisinnis must have been composed at that time. John died in 1756.

## ORAN.

Do dh-Ailean Mac-Gilleain, Mac Fear  
Bhrolais.

LE MAIREARAD NIGH'N LACHAINN.

Chunnaic mise thu, Ailein,  
Is tu amaideach, gorach.  
Mu 'n do ghlaic thu 'n gnìomh fearail,  
Is mu 'n d'rinneadh dhìot coirneal;  
Marcach ur nan steud brasa,  
Tha 'n diu 'n tasgaidh 'sna bordaibh;  
Och is mis' 'th'air mo sgaradh  
'Caoineadh Ailein 's nach beo e!

Fear t' aogais cha 'n fhaic mi  
Ann am faicheachd no 'm foghlum;  
Bu mhath cumadh do shleisde,  
Is do bheil is do shroine.  
Gu 'm bu cheannard air feachd thu  
'Thoir dhaibh smachd agus ordaigh;  
'Fhir nach leughadh a' ghealtachd,  
'S tu nach seachnadh an comhrag.

'Ogha brathair Shir Lachainn,  
'S e mo chreach nach do phos thu;  
Sin a dh' fhag sin cho galach,  
'Dheagh mhic Lachainn mhic Dhomhnaill;  
Mhic an fhir a fhuair urram,  
'S nach cuireadh duin' air an fhogradh-  
B' e sin Lachainn na ceille,  
Mar bha 'n treun-fhear bha comhl' ris.

Air an dol do Dhuneideann  
Thug iad reite leo dhachaidh;  
Ghlac Diuc Seumas air laimh iad,  
'S dh'iarr a bhan-diuc a steach iad.  
Cha robh Gall 's cha robh Gaidheal

N seombar claraidh no 'n easteal,  
Nach do sheas air a' chabhsair  
Aig meud an geall air am faicinn.

'N uair a chunnacas na h-armuinn,  
Na fìor Ghaidheil gun fhìotus,  
Is nach d'iarr iad de dheise orra  
Ach breacan is cota,  
Is sgiath bhreac nam ball iomad  
Air an slinnein gu comhrag,  
'S ann a thubhairt gach duine,  
Sid a chulaidh tha boidheach!

Cait an robh iad 'san t-saoghal,  
No an taobh so de fhlaithneas,  
Mac-samhail nan daoine ud?  
Cha 'n fhaodar am faighinn.  
Mach o ghathaibh na greine  
Ann an speuraibh an adhair;  
'S cha 'n iarramaid airson sgathain  
Ach bhi 'n aite 'gan amhar.

Thuirteach morair a b'airde  
Gun robh 'n ait 's an taigh-lagha:  
Co a dhiobradh gu brath iad  
Is gun ghraim air an aghaidh?  
Gur h-e 'n teachdaire dan  
'Bha 'gabhail tainh 'sa cheann-adhairt  
A dh'fhag sinne mar tha sinn,  
'S nach robh dh'adli oirnn an gleidheadh.

Gur a cairdeach thu 'Lachainn  
'Thug an t-each a Strath-Lochaidh,  
A thug umhlachd bho 'n mharcach,  
A thug 'ad is a chleoc dheth;  
Ach cha b' fhiach leis an gleidheadh,  
Ged bhiodh deiltreadh de'n or orr',  
Ach am mathadh d'a ghilleann  
'Dheanamh iomairt is oil leo.

Sin 'n uair chruinnich na h-armuinn  
 Is na Gaidheil gu huile,  
 Luchd nan clogaidean stailinn  
 'S nan lann spainteach geur, guineach.—  
 An am tilleadh o'n bhlar dhuibh  
 Bu leibh failt' agus furan,  
 Is piob roimhibh a' marsadh,  
 Is nach b'aill leibh an drum.

An am tilleadh o'n bhlar dhuibh  
 Gu 'ur n-aiteachan comhnuidh,  
 Chluinnteadh fuaim air an dannsa,  
 'S fion is branndaidh 'gan ol leibh,  
 'S uisge-beatha nam feadan  
 Leis an leagteadh na geocaich;  
 'S air an urlar 'nan seasamh  
 Bhiodh luchd-freasdail gu leoir dhuibh.

'S car a dh-Iarla nana pios thau  
 A bha 'n Ile ri stroiceadh,  
 Lachainn Mor a bha priseil,  
 Sin 'chuir mi 'gad shior fheoraich.  
 C' ait a bheil iad an Albainn,  
 No thall ann san Olaint,  
 Leithid cinneadh mo mhathar  
 'Mach o ardan Chlann-Domhnaill ?

Ach 's e aobhar mo ghearain  
 An drast eallach Fear Bhrolais;  
 Co a sheasas ri 'ghuallainn,  
 'S e 'san uair so 'na onrachd,  
 Bho na dh'fhalbh bhuainn a bhrathair.  
 An tus ailleachd is oige,  
 Gun am mac 'theid 'na aite;—  
 Leam is craiteach an dobheairt.

'S fhir dha'n robh a ghnuis alainn  
 Fo chul tlath nan ciabh or-bhuidh',  
 Com 'bu ghile na'n canach,

Is na meail-shuilean modhar,  
 A dh'fhas deas, foimnidh, fearail,  
 'S b' fhad' a leanadh an torachd,  
 'S e do bhas eadar Ghallaibh  
 A dh'fhag galach le bròn sinn.

'S e do bhas eadar Ghallaibh  
 'Chuir sinn tanull 'gad ionndrainn,  
 'S nach robh 'n sin agad caraid  
 A theannadh gu d' ionnsaidh,  
 No gu d' charadh 's an anart  
 'N uair a dhalladh do shuilean,  
 Ach t' fhagail 'san t-seombar  
 Is a chomhl' air a dunadh.

Ach na'm biodh tu 'n sin aca,  
 Far an racht' air do thorradh,  
 Ann an talla na h-Innse  
 No an I far 'm bu choir dhuit.  
 Ann an reilig nam Manach  
 'Sa bheil na barantan mora  
 'Dhol air tir air an Ealaidh,  
 Cha bhiodh tu fad' ann ad onrachd.

Ach na'm biodh tu san tir so  
 Far am biodht' air do thorradh,  
 Ghluaisleadh Murchadh na Maighe,  
 'S Mac-Gilleain nan ro-seol,  
 Mac Mhic Eoghain 's mac Eachainn  
 Bho shiol Arcaig 's bho Lochaidh.--  
 Och, mo thruaighe do bhrathair!  
 Is do mhathair 's i 'bhronag.

Ach a Thi 'thug an sgrios oirnn,  
 'S ann 'tha sin air a sgrìobhadh;  
 Na crainn mhor' air am bristeadh  
 Mu 'n do dh'fhiosraicheadh dhinn iad.  
 Na crainn mhora bhi brist'  
 Thug dhinn ar n-iteach s ar linnidh;



Thuit a phaire 'san robh 'n t-abhall,  
'S fhrois an snodhach 'bu phriseil.

Mi mar Oisean 'u 'ur deaghaidh,  
Bho 'n riuneadh taghadh nan caor' oirbh;  
Chaidh gach aon mar a b' fhearr dhibh  
'Thoirt a fasach an t-saoghail s'.  
Ach a Thi a ghabh toirt diu,  
'S a dh'fhag goirt-cheannach daor sin,  
Seall an nuas oirnn an trocair,  
'S maith ar bron dhuinn 's ar caoineadh.

Clann-Ghilleain nan cruaidh-chath,  
Dh'fhalbh iad bhuainn mar an raineach;  
Fhroiseadh ubhlán a' gharaidh  
Gus an d'fhagadh e falamh.  
'S ann 'tha 'n t-oighre air fogradh  
'S e gun seol aig air fanailt:  
Och, a Mhoire, mo leon  
Gu bheil a choir aig Mac-Cailein

'S tric a' faighneadh gach aon neach,  
Ciod e t' aois, a nigh'n Lachainn?  
Ciod an fath dhomh sin innseadh.  
'S nach creid sibhs' e 'n lorg m' fhaicinn?  
Cha 'n 'eil fiacail a' m' dheudaich  
Nach do leum as mo chlaigeann,  
A' sior iargain nan daoine  
Ris an gloidhteadh na gaisgich.

Donald, first Maclean of Brolas, was a brother of Sir Lachlan Maclean, of Duart. He had two sons, Lachlan, second Maclean of Brolas, and Hector Og, who was drowned whilst going to Barra in a small open boat. Lachlan married Isabell, daughter of Hector, second Maclean of

Torloisk, and had two sons, Donald, third Maclean of Brolas, and Allan, an officer in the British army. This is the Allan whose death is lamented in the poem. He died at Stirling in 1722.

Lachlan, second Maclean of Brolas, and Lachlan, third Maclean of Torloisk, visited Edinburgh on business connected with Sir John McLean's estate in 1676. They were received very kindly by James, Duke of York, afterwards King James II. They were both men of high character and good ability. The former died in 1686 and the latter in 1687.

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## CUMHA DO LACHAINN MAC-GILLEAIN.

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LE MAJREARAD NIGH'N LACHAINN.

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Gur h-e mise th'air mo leonadh  
 Mu dheibhinn na h-oigridh!  
 An am dol do 'n taigh-osda  
 Gu 'm bu leam na fir oga:—  
 Tha mo dhiubhail 'na fheoil fo na beistean.

Mo cheist ogh' bhrath'r mo sheanar  
 'S e 'tha mis' an diu 'gearan;  
 'S e mo dhith 'thug thu 'Chana;  
 Bu tu sgiobair na mara  
 Ged nach danaic thu fallain no gleidhteach.

Och, mo thruaighe do mhathair!  
 'S daor a cheannaich i phairtidh,

'N nair a bhristeadh do bhata  
'S a bha biaigh air gach traigh dh'i:—  
Bha mo dhiubhail mu 'n charn gun chead  
eirigh.

'Ach, mo thruaigh' i 's thus Eachainn.  
Le do mhaocheirigh mhaduinn.  
Ri siubhal gach cladaich.  
'S nach d'fhuaras leat Lachainn;  
Og ur a chuil chleachdaich mar theudan.

'S ann aig bun na dubh sgeire  
'Chaill thu 'n coisiche beinne.  
Air nach d'fhuaras riamh deireadh:—  
Bu ro chinnteach do pheileir:  
Gu 'm bu mharbhadair eilid is feidh thu.

Mur bhi dhomhs' 'bhi og, Jeanabail.  
Is nach h-eol dhomh do sheanachas  
Bheirinn umad lan ionradh;  
Ach cha b'fhulair dhomh aimsir  
'Chur do ramntachd, oig mheanmaich, ri  
'cheile.

Gur a cairdeach mo run-sa  
'Mhac-Gilleain nan luireach  
Leis an eireadh na fiurain,  
Is do dh' Iarla sin Antrum,  
Marcach allail nan curs-each a Eirinn.

Tha do sheanachas ri 'labhairt  
Ri Murchadh na Maighe.  
'S ri Mac-Fhionghain an t-Sratha.  
'S tu ro dhileas 'thaobh t' athar  
Do chlann Eoghain o'n leathad le 'cheile.

Tha do chairdeas ri 'rusgadh  
Ri tighearna Mhuideart.

Ri Mac-Neill o na turaibh  
 Aig am biodh na fir ura,  
 'S gur dearbh charaid mo run do Shir  
 Seumas.

Gura cairdeach thu 'Lachainn  
 Bho Ros riabhach nam badan  
 'Dh'fhag fir Ile nan cadal  
 'S a thug dith orr' an Asgaig;  
 Thug e dioladh 's na bh'aca anns an  
 eucoir.

Gur a h-ogh' thu do dh' Ailean  
 'Thug an long o Mhac-Cailein  
 Ris an oidheche ghil ghealaich,  
 Is a luchd innt' chrodh ballach,  
 Ged nach b'ann gu cro earraich a gheum-  
 raich.

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### ORAN.

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Do Shir Iain Mac-Gilleain, Triath Dhu-  
 bhairt.

---

LE MAIREARAD NIGH'N LACHAINN.

---

Dh'fhalbh mo chadal a' smaointinn  
 'S mi ri tigh'nn air na daoine  
 Nach h-eil againn air faotuinne;  
 Chuir sin mise air faontrath 's air fogradh.  
 Chur sin mise, &c.

Sir Iain cha d' fhuirich;  
 Cha do dh'fhaodadh a chumail  
 Air bhord ann an Lunnainn,  
 No a feitheamh air furan righ Deorsa.

'S beag an t-ioghnadh e 'thachairt,  
 Thu 'bhi ardanach, beachdail,

'N uair a lionteadh le reachd thu,  
Is a liuthad fuil bhras a bha 'd'phoraibh.

Bu tu ogha Shir Lachainn,  
Iar-ogh' Ruairidh nam bratach  
'Th'ann sa chiste chaoil ghlaiste,  
'S fionn-ogh' Chailein nan lasgairean  
crodha.

'S ann a tha do luchd-muinntir'  
Mar ghaoir sheillean 'gad ionndrainn,  
Tha iad iargaineach, tursach;  
C'uin a thig thu 'gan ionnsaidh le comh-  
nadh?

Luchd nan leadanan cul-bhuidhe,  
Nan clogad 's nan luireach,  
'S nan sgiath bhreac air dheagh chui-  
neadh,  
Aig am b' iomadach ionntas is stòras.

'S iomadh bean agus nighean  
A thogadh e 'n cridhe  
Na'n deanadh tu tighinn  
Mar a b' ait leinn a rithist le solas.

Mur a deachaidh mi 'm mearachd,  
Bu tu dalta mo sheanar  
'S nighean Ruairidh 's na h-Earadh;  
Cha b'e anaghlas a bhainne a dhol thu.

Och, a Dhe, dean ruinn tionndadh;  
Thoir dhuinn fabhar gun diultadh,  
'S sinn ri feitheamh do chuirte,  
Ged nach h-eil sinn cho muinte 's bu choir  
dhuinn.

GED IS STOCHD MI 'N DEIGH  
CRIONADH.

Oran do Shir Iain Mac-Gilleán.

LE MAIREARAD NIGH'N LACHAINN.

Ged is stochd mi 'n deigh crionadh,  
Cha 'n 'eil miorun air m' aire  
Do na fir a bha 'n ruaig orr',  
Dh'an robh 'n cruadal aig baile.  
An ceann-cinnidh 'bu phriseile  
De 'n fhior fhuil 'bu ghlaine  
As a' choill a b'fhearr cnuasach  
Rinneadh fhuadach thar mara.

Tha do chinneadh an cruaidh chas,  
Tha iad truagh dheth 'gad ghearan;  
Bha iad roimhe so sar mhath,  
'Nuair a dh'fhagadh thu 'd' leanabh.  
'Nuair a thug thu dhaibh solas,  
Ghabh thu fogradh a d' fhearann;  
Tha do dhuthchannan bochd dheth,  
Lan de ghort is de dh'ainnis.

Gur h-e m'aighear is m' eudail,  
Marcach ur nan steud meara.  
Gur mac-samhailt do 'n reul thu,  
Do na ghrein no do 'n ghealaich,  
Laigh dubh-smal air na crìochan  
O'n la 'strioched thu o'n bhaile.  
Bu tu iuchair nan Gaidheal  
Ann an garadh 's an dainginn.

Gur h-e aona mhac Shir Ailein,  
An flath ceanalta daicheil;  
Cha bu chularaibh coimheach  
'Bhiodh mu d'chomhair an sgathan;

Ach gruag chleiteagach chleachdach  
 Mu ghruaidh mhaisich 's math dearrsadh;  
 Fiamh an oir air a h-uachdar,  
 'S i 'na cuachagaibh fainneach.

'Se do thalla 'bha rioghail,  
 Gheibhteadh fion ann air bhordaibh,  
 Agus feadagan fiadhaich,  
 Is gach ianlaith 'ga choir sin,  
 Bhiodh ann sar uisge-beatha  
 'Ga chur seachad gu h-ordail;  
 Is le eagal an iota  
 Bhiodh leann brioghmhor is beoir ann.

Bhiodh fir ghasda ri freasdal,  
 Moch is feasgar 's trath-noine;  
 Bhiodh an comunn lan eibhneis,  
 Rachadh eislean air fogradh.  
 'H-uile dram mar a thigeadh  
 Chuirteadh sid ann an ordagh,  
 Ann am broinn nam fear fialaidh  
 Nach do liath an deigh posadh.

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### ORAN.

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Do dh-Ailean Mac-Gilleain, Fear Bhro-  
 lais.

---

LE MAIREARAD NIGH'N LACHAINN.

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Mo run an t-Ailean, marcach allail  
 Nan steud meara, 's nan lann tana,  
 'S fad air d'aineol 'tha thu 'fanachd  
 Gun tigh'nn thairis 'dh ionnsaidh d'  
 fhearainn dhuthchasaich.

Fear ard coltach, calma, toirteil,  
 'N lathair cogaidh, an tus troide:

'S mairg a bhrosnaicheadh gu olc thu  
An am nochdadh, 's boineid sgrogt' air d'  
urla-sa.

Fear mor garbh de 'n fhine bhorb thu,  
Bu mhor ainm an Innse-Gall,  
'S a b'fhearr 's an am 'san robh iad ann;—  
'N uair thogt' am fearg, a rìgh, bu shearbh  
gach sugradh bhuap.'

Bha thu cairdeach do 'n t-sliochd laidir  
A fhuair ait' am measg nan Gaidheal,  
Bu mhath geard a dhol 's na blaraibh,  
Measail adhmhor fhad 'sa bha iad curam-  
ach.

Ann an Dubhairt bhiodh luchd-siubhail,  
'S chosdteadh riubha mar bu chubhaidh:  
An diugh 's dubhach mi 'gan cumha;—  
Laoich na cumhachd, fath mo phudhair  
spuinneadh iad.

Nach cluinn thu 'n spreidh le 'n osnaich  
gheir  
A' cur an ceill am mullaid fein;  
Is eoin nan speur tha 'g radh ri 'cheil'  
Nach bochd an sgeul mar dh'fhalbh na  
trein 'bu chliuitiche.

Bu fhras ghabhaidh ghreas gu traigh sinn;  
Dh'fhag i craiteach sinn gun slainte;  
Thuit na h-ard-chroinn mhaiseach alainn  
Bha 'n ar garadh 's fhrois gu lar na h-  
ubhlán diu.

Tha mise fann 's gu bheil mi dall;  
Cha leir dhomh falbh gun duine a'm'  
laimh  
Gu 'n d'fhas mi mall bho 'n chaidh ur call,



A threin nan lann, 's gun ghloir a'm'  
cheann a dhuisgeas sibh.

Pudhar—hurt, harm, loss.

---

Allan. 4th Maclean of Brolas, was the only son of Donald, 3rd Maclean of Brolas, who died in 1725. Allan was a long time in the army. He became chief of the Clan Maclean in 1750. He died at Inch-Kenneth, in Mull, in 1783.

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### CUMHA.

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Do dh-Eachann Og Mac-Gilleain a Tir-  
itheadh a bhathadh air a' chuan  
Bharrach.

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### LE MAIRI NIC-PHAIL.

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Gur h-e mise 'tha fann,  
Tha mo shuil gu bhi dall,  
'Caoidh an fhiurain gun mheang;  
Chaill mi ubhlan mo chraim,  
'S chuir sin buaireadh a' m' cheann ri m'  
bheo.

'S chuir sin buaireadh, &c.

Cha bu sgeula gun fhios  
Mu 'n dug m' eudail orm sgrios;  
Gu 'n do sgaoil e mo shic,  
'S tha mo chridhe 'na lic,  
'S e mo ghnaths bhi air mhisg gun ol.

Air an eadradh Di-mairt

Fhuair mi greadan mo chraidh;  
 Sin a leag mi gu lar  
 Is a leadair mo chnamh;  
 An t-sleagh dhireach tha satht' a' m' fheoil.

'S ann aig t' athair 'bha ghibht,  
 Aig na Gaidheil bha fios;  
 Cha bu thacharan mic  
 Nach deachaidh fo lic;  
 Dh'fhag sin e-san na sgriot'chan broin.

A mhic aoibheil an fhiu,  
 B' alainn sealladh do shul';  
 'N uair a chrathadh tu 'null  
 Do ghruag dhualach, dhonn, chuil  
 B' ard a thogadh tu 'ruin an t-sron.

A mhic mbaisich gun fheall,  
 B' alainn cumadh do bhall,  
 Calpa cuimir neo-cham  
 'Dhol a shiubhal nam beanu;  
 Bu tric buidheann gun mbeang a' d' choir.

Na 'm bitheadh tu thall  
 Ann an coinnimh nan Gall,  
 'Siomadh fear 'bhiodh mu d' cheann  
 'S iad a tarruing ort teann;  
 'Righ, bu taitneach leo cainnt do bheoil.

Gu'n robh gabhail mhic righ  
 Air deagh dhalta mo chich,  
 Tus an latha 'dol sios,  
 Air a chuairt dhe nach till,  
 Ann an trusgan caol, min gu leoir.

Gu 'n robh cuilein mo ruin,  
 Fear nan camagan dluth,  
 'S e a' seoladh ri d' ghluin,

Gu's 'n do dballadh a shuil.  
 'S an dug mire nan sugh bhuaith' 'n deo.

---

B'i Mairi Nic-Phail muime Eachainn  
 Oig. Chaidh a mac a bhathadh comhla.  
 ris. 'S ann uime a tha i a' labhairt 's a'  
 cheathramh mu dheireadh.

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### ORAN.

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Do dh'Eachann Mac-Gilleain; tighearna  
 chola.

---

LE DOMHNALL MAC-GILLEMHOIRE.

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Aithris bhuamsa gu soilleir  
 Gu Tighearna chola  
 Gu 'n do chaill mi le coraich mo sheol.

Aithris bhuamsa, &c.

'S a mhic Iain na feile  
 Guidheam comhnadh Mhic Dhe leat;  
 'S tu nach deanadh an encoir le d' dheoin.

Thug an duin 'ud dhomh bairlinn  
 Ann an lathair mo chairdean,  
 Mura fuiling thu tamailt bi falbh.

Thug mi corr is coig bliadhna  
 'Ga cur thui'g' air a fiaradh,  
 'S cha do ghiulain i riamh dhomh an cors'.

Gloir do Chrìosd mar tha cuisean,  
 Gean 'nam chridh' biodh a' dusgadh,  
 Tha mo thighearna duthcha-sa beo.

'Nuair a chaidh thu do Shasunn

Ann an cuideachd Shir Eachainn,  
Ghabh an rìgh moran tlachd dhe do ghloir.

An am tilleadh o'n chuirte duit  
'S iomadh morair is diuca  
A bha 'labhairt mu d' bhiuthas mu 'n bord.

'Nuair a bhiodh tu 'measg cuideachd  
'S tu ri ol air bol *puinnse*,  
Gu 'm biodh each 's iad ri tuiteam mu 'n  
bhord.

Ann an am dol air d' each dhuit  
Bhiodh ort botuinn is casag,  
Ad de 'n t-sìod' agus *les rithe* 'n or.

Gruag cho geal ris a chanach  
Air an urla 'bu ghlaine,  
Air do chulaobh an ceangal le spòrs.

Gu 'm bu shlan a bhean chiche  
'Rinn do chuislean a lìonadh,  
Cha 'n fhacas riamh sgith thu 'n deigh oil.

'S tu mo choinneal an laimntear,  
'S tu mo threise ri ainneart,  
Ged a leiginn beun ann thar na coir'.

'S tu mo chadal 's mo dhusgadh,  
Ann am laidh' tha mo shuil ort,  
'Fhir a's flathaile gnuis a tha beo.

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Hector, 11th Maclean of Coll, succeeded his father in 1729. He died in 1754.

Donald Morrison lived in Tiree. He seems to have been a native of Coll.

Bhiodh do pheileir a' gluasad  
Troimh dhamh uallach an astair.

Bu tu'n sgiobair neo-chearbach  
Air muir ghailbheieh nan cas-shruth;  
Bha thu mion-shuileach cinnteach  
Foinnidh, innsGINEACH, tapaidh;  
Bha thu fearail ri d' innse,  
'S bha thu fìor ghasd ri d'fhaicinn;  
'S air naile bhuidhneadh tu eis  
Air iomairt dhisnean nam bhreac-bhall.

C'uime 'n ceilinn an fhirinn? \*  
Dh'fhaotuinn innse gun sgrubadh  
Nach robh idir 's na crìochan s'  
Aon nach b'fhiach leis 'bhi'd chuideachd.  
'N uair a tharruingteadh do shith  
'S an am do mhi-run tigh'nn thugad,  
'S tu nach soradh am fion oirnn,  
No aon ni 'bhiodh am buideal.

Cuidseal—a cudgel. Taca—support,  
substance, solidity. InnsGINEACH—sprightly,  
lively.

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### MARBHRANN.

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Do Dhomhnall Mac Raonail Mhoir,  
Fear Thir-na-Drise.

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LEIS AN TAILLEAR MAC ALASTAIR.

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'S e 'mheudaich m' airtneal gu geur  
Is campar caisteal mo chleibh,  
A chainnt' a bh' aca an de ag ol,  
Mu 'n fhiuran sgiobalta gharg  
'Bu mhath misneach is dealbh;  
Bu neo-ghliogach fo d' arm thu 'sheoid,

Mu 'n leoghann chrìos-gheal gun sgath  
 'Bha 'n Tìr-na-Drise 'na thamh;  
 Is mòr am bristeadh do bhas thigh'nn  
 oirnn.

Bu tu 'n curaidh gun sgath  
 'Dhol an cunnart nam blar;  
 Bhiodh airm ghuineach a'd' laimh, fhir oig.

Bhiodh sgiath bhreac nam ball dluth  
 Air gairdean gaisgeach mo ruin,  
 'S paidhir dhag ort nach diult ri ord.

Bhiodh lann thana gheur ur  
 'S i gun smal oirr' o'n bhuth,  
 'Gearradh chlaighean is smuis is feol'.

Is cha b'e 'n t-iasad a bh' ann  
 Ach fuil nan rìghrean o'n Spainn  
 Dha 'm bu lionmhor sgiath 's ceann-bheirt-  
 oir.

'S e 'n mheudaich m' airtneal 's mo ghruaim  
 Na cinn-fheachd' a dh-fhalbh bhuainn,  
 Na fir ghasda 'bu chruaidh 'san toir.

B' ann diu Alastair treun  
 Bho Cheapaich nam peur;  
 Bha e barraicht' thar cheudan sloigh.

Sìol nan colla 'bha treun,  
 'Stiuireadh luingeas fo bhreid;  
 'S ard a shloinninn thu 'n ceum na dho.

Lean thu 'n duthchas bu dual,  
 Dhol gu dluth ann san ruaig,  
 Bho 'n t-sìochd chluitich le 'n gluais-  
 teadh srol.

'S ann a'd' theaghlach nach crìon  
 Chluinnteadh gleadhraich nam pios;  
 Bhiodh fir mhor' ann 'cur strìth ag ol;

Ag eisdeachd eachdraidh nam bard,  
 Agus caismeachd luchd-dain,  
 Gur h-e chleachd thu 'bhi 'd' laimh an t-or.

Donald Macdonald was the eldest son of Raonall Mor Thir-na-Drise, who was the second son of Gilleasbuig na Ceapaich. He was a major in Prince Charles' army. He was taken prisoner by accident at the battle of Falkirk, Sliabh a Chlamhain, January 17th, 1746. He was beheaded at Carlisle on the 18th of the following October. His head was stuck on one of the gates of the city, where the barbarism of the age allowed it to remain several years. He was married twice. By his first wife, a Miss Mackenzie, he had one son and three daughters, Ranald, Isabella, Mary and Catherine. By his second wife, a daughter of Macdonald of Killichonate, he had two daughters, Sarah and Juliet. Ranald was about eight years of age at the time of his father's death. He began studying for the priesthood, but died before completing his course.

Alexander Macdonald, of Keppoch was the eldest son of Coll of Keppoch, who was the eldest son of Gilleasbuig na Ceapaich. He was a brave and chivalrous man. He fought and fell like a hero at the battle of Culloden, April 16th, 1746. Donald, his only brother, was killed in the same battle. The macdonalds, as a whole, won no credit for themselves at Culloden. The conduct of the noble chief of Keppoch was a brilliant exception.

## CUMHA.

Do Domhnall Ban Loch-Iall a chaochail  
'san Fhraing 'sa' bhliadhna, 1748.

LEIS AN TAITLEAR MAC ALASTAIR.

A' cheud latha 'n bhliadhn' uir  
Ni mi labhairt an tus  
Air Sir Domhnall nan curs-each gorm.

A cheud latha, &c.

Fhuaras sgeula do bhais:  
Sid an sgeul 'rinn mo chradh:  
'S lionmhor fear air an d' fhad e deoir.

An t-og misneachail treun  
Dh'an robh gliocas le ceill,  
Chualas cinnteach gu'n d'eug 's nach beo.

An t-og uasal b' fhearr beachd,  
Sar inharcach nan each,  
'S tu gu'n dioladh gu pailt an t-or.

Leat a dh'eireadh an sgriob  
Da thaobh Lochaidh so shios,  
Fir a' chladaich gu d' dhion mu'n chro.

Thig mu'd bhrataich gu dian  
Fir Loch-Airceig 's Lochiall,  
'S thig bho 'n Mhorairne ciad no dho.

Thig fir Nibheis nan laogh,  
'S Dhoch-an fhasaidh nan craobh,  
Agus fir Ghlinne Laoigh 's an t-Sroin.

Thig bho 'n Bhraighe so shuas,  
Bho Spiathain 's bho Ruaidh,  
Na fir reachdmhor a bhuaileadh stroic.



Fo 'n cheann-feadhna nach b' fhann  
 Dh'eireadh gaisgich nan lann;  
 Bhiodh iad leat anns gach am 'sa choir

'S leat na h-Abraich gu leir  
 'N am leat togail gu feum,  
 Le 'n airm aisnich 's le 'n geur loinn ghorm.

Le an claidheanan cuil  
 'Gan iomairt gu dluth,  
 'Ghearradh claignean le luths nan dorn.

'S mairg nochdadh riut strith  
 'N taobh s' a dh'armailt an righ,  
 'N uair a thogteadh leat piob 's breid sroil.

Thu air toiseach do shluaigh,  
 'S toirm feadain 'nan cluais,  
 'S mairg namhaid a bhuaileadh oirbh.

Cha 'n 'eil an t-achd so ach cruaidh,  
 'N deigh na breacain thoirt bhuainn,  
 Chuir sinn briogaisean 'suas de'n chloth.

Gu 'n seol 'n Righ Mor thu 'n nall,  
 Thu 'thigh'm thugainn gun dail;  
 'S mi gu'n oladh deoch slaint' 'phrionns'  
 oig.

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Sir Ewen Cameron, of Lochiel married Isabel, daughter of Sir Lachlan Maclean, of Duart, and sister of Hector Roy, who fell at Inverkeithing in 1651. John, his eldest son by this marriage, married Isabel, daughter of Alexander Campbell, of Lochnell, and had five sons; Donald, known as Domhnall Ban Loch-Iall, his heir and successor, John, of Fassiefern, Alexander, a priest, Archibald, a doctor, and Ewen, a planter in Jamaica. John

died in Flanders about the beginning of the year 1748. Donald, of Lochiel was a man of noble and chivalrous character. He took a prominent part in the rebellion of 1745. He died at Borgue, in France, on the 26th of October, 1748.

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## ORAN.

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### LE DUGHALL RUADH CAMSHRON.

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Tha mo leaba 's an fhraoch  
 Fo shileadh nan craobh,  
 'S ged a tha mi 'sa choill  
 Cha do thoill mi na taoid.

Tha mo leab' air an lar,  
 'S tha mo bhreacan gun sgail,  
 'S cha d'fhuair mi lochd cadail  
 Bho na spad mi Culcharn.

Tha mo dhuil ann an Dia  
 Ged dhiobair Lach-Iall  
 Fhaicinn fhathast na choirneal  
 'N Inbhir-Lochaidh so shios.

Bha thu dileas dha 'n Phrionns'  
 'S d'a shinnsreadh bho thus;  
 'S ged nach dug thu dha t'fhacal  
 Bha thu ceart air a chul.

Cha b' ionnan 's Mac-Leoid,  
 'Tha 'n drast aig Rìgh Deors',  
 'Na fhogarach soilleir  
 Fo choire 'n da chleoc.

A Mhic-Dhomhnaill gun sgoinn  
 'S ann a chomhdaich thu 'n fhoill;  
 Ged a gheall thu bhi dileas

'S ann a dhiobair thu 'n greim  
 Tha ball-dubh ort 'san t-sroin  
 A's misd' thu ri d' bheo;  
 'S cha 'n fhearr thu na 'm baigeir  
 'S a bhata 'na dhorn.

Cha b' ionnan 'san laoch  
 Bho Cheapaich nan craobh,  
 'Chaidh 'sios le 'chuid ghaisgeach,  
 'S nach robh tais air an raon.

Na fir acfhuinneach chruaidh  
 Bho Spiathain 's bho Ruaidh  
 Chiadh a sios fo 'n cheann-feachda  
 'B' fhearr a bh'ac' 'san taobh tuath.

'S cha b' e caigneachadh lann  
 Chuireadh bristeadh nan ranc,  
 Ach frasan nam peileir  
 'Tigh'nn bho theine nan Gall.

Ach 'n uair thig am Prionns' Og,  
 Is na Frangaich 'ga choir,  
 Theid sgapadh gun taing  
 Ann an campa Rìgh Deors'.

Theid Diuc Uilleam a cuirt,  
 Theid a thilgeadh air dun,  
 'S cha 'n eighear gu brath air  
 Na 's airde na 'n cu.

'S ged tha mis' ann am froig  
 Tha 'm botul a'm' dhorn,  
 'S gu'n ol mi 's cha 'n aicheidh  
 Deoch-Slainte Phrionns' oig.

---

Sir Robert Munro, of Fowlis, chief of the Clan Munro, was a distinguished soldier. He was born in 1684. He commanded the Black Watch at the battle of

Fontenoy, May 11th, 1745, and won high honor for himself and his country. He fought on the side of King George in the rebellion of 1745. He was colonel of the 37th regiment. In the battle of Falkirk his men fled and left him alone. He was attacked by six of the prince's men. He killed two of them. One of the remaining four, Calum na Biondaige, a Macgregor, fired at him and killed him. All the Highland chiefs deeply lamented his death. The gallant Keppoch purchased a coffin in which to bury him. Six pipers followed his remains to the grave, playing Cumha Fear Folaiss. Prince Charles and all the chiefs in his army attended the funeral. Captain George Munro, of Culcairn, was Sir Robert's brother. He was born in 1685. He was a very excellent man. He was the first Munro of Culcairn.

Dugald Roy Cameron was a native of Lochaber. He had suffered some grievous wrongs at the hands of a cruel officer of the name of Grant. According to one account, Grant shot his son in cold blood. According to another account he set fire to his house, and turned his wife and children out in the snow. Grant generally rode a white horse. On Sunday, August 31st, 1746, Captain Munro borrowed his horse. Whilst passing along the shores of Loch Arkaig Dugald Roy, mistaking him for Grant, fired at him and killed him on the spot. Munro was an excellent man. He was in the 61st year of his age. Dugald Roy was never arrested. He became a soldier in the British army.

## ORAN

Do dh-Alastair Domhnallach, Mac  
Raonaill oig na Ceapaich, a bha 'na  
oifigeach ann san arm.

## LE PADRUIG CAIMBEUL, PARA PIOBAIR.

Ged is fad' tha mi 'm chadal,  
'S mithich dhomh a bhi dusgadh.  
Gur h-e dh' fhag mi fo airsneal  
Ceannard feachda na duthcha  
Bhi gun oighreachd aig baile  
Bho na chaicb thu a d' dhuthchas,  
Ach na robairean meallta  
'Gabhail foill air gach tubh dhìot.

Mìle buaidh do an armunn  
A tha thall thar na linne,  
Ann an cogadh na Frainge.  
Gur h-e tharmaich mo thrioblaid  
A bhi chuinntinn gach la  
Gu bheil dail ri thu thighinn,  
'S cian 's gur fada leinn bhuaime thu.  
'S do chuid sluaigh air am milleadh.

'S mor an naidheachd tha 'n drasda  
Ann 's gach àit a bheil fios air,  
Mac Mhic-Raonaill o 'n Bhraighe  
Bui o 'n aros bu dligeach.  
Tha sinn uil' air ar bualadh  
'S air ar gluasad na 's trice,  
Bho na chairadh 'san uir  
Am fear nach lubadh a mhisneach.

Cha b' ann mar sgonsair no traoitair,  
No mar shloighteire cealgach  
Dh' eireadh suas air do chiuneadh  
Do' an iemairt nan armaibh.  
Nuair a thogteadh leibh bratach

Fo fhraoch gaganach meanbh-bhreac  
 'S mairg a tharladh 'sa bhaiteal  
 Ri 'r n-aodann brass 's sibh fo r n-aineas.

Siol nan Collanan rioghail  
 Bheireadh sith as an aisith.  
 C' air an facas no 'n cualas  
 Riamh cinn fheadhna bu bhraise?  
 Le an lannan cruaidh duth-ghorm  
 'Sgathadh chruachdan gun athadh,  
 'Bhiodh air deas lainh us buannachd  
 Dol a bhualadh le claidheamh.

An dream a 'thanaig le firinn  
 A fuil rioghail na Spaine,  
 Bha ur suaicheantas seillear  
 Tigh 'nu le follais do dh-Alba.  
 Long, leoghann, is bradann,  
 'S lamh nach 'tais air thus blaraibh;  
 'S bhiodh ur piob mhor 'ga spreigeadh  
 Dol an coiminn an namhaid

'S og a rinn iad ort tailceas,  
 'S tu gun taice mar leanaban;  
 Ghabh iad cothrom le foill ort,  
 'S gun do *ghuide* a bhi lathair.  
 Cha b' i 'n eccoir bu dligheach  
 Do dh' fhear ionaid do larach,  
 Ach gach uair a' toirt ceartais  
 Do chlann gun athair, gun mhathair.

Ole no math leis na Toisich,  
 Ged tha choir air a bristeadh,  
 Thug sibh latha 'gam bualadh,  
 'Chuir an ruaig air an cinneadh,  
 'S mor an call air an righ.  
 An am a rioghachd bhi 'u trioblaid,  
 Nach eighteadh bho Ruaidh thu,  
 'S moran sluaigh leat nach tilleadh.

'S ioma buaidh ort le cruadal  
 Dol a bhualadh le claidheamh,  
 Gur h-i d' inntinn nach strìochdadh  
 Dol a sìos air thus catha,  
 'Toirt a mach an ratreuta  
 'S tu nach eiradh *aibhansa*;  
 Cha bhiodh iomral a' d' colas  
 Dol an oidagh fo d' bhrataich.

Gheibhtheadh sid ann a' thalla  
 Mar a b' fharasda ghaitinn,  
 Pìob mhor nan toirm fh-adan,  
 'S beus a' freagairt a manain.  
 Bhiodh fir ur' ann is fleasgaich,  
 'S b' ann de 'm beadradh 'bhi 'g abhachd,  
 'Tigh 'nn gu d' bhalla le aighear  
 'N am bhi 'gabhail mu thamh dhuit.

Teaghlach mheadhrach ro phriseil,  
 Bu mhor eis d' ur luchd-lamhain  
 A bha fiughantach, fearail,  
 S' cha b' i 'n ainnis ur n-abhaist.  
 Bhiodh daoine' uaisle 'g ur tathaich  
 'Tigh 'nn a steach as gach aite;  
 'S bu cheann-uighe nan ceud sibh  
 'Dol na oidheche gu 'r n-aos.

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### AN T-SABAIÐ SHALACH.

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Air do Dhomhnall Mac-Aonghais, tail-  
 lear a bha ann an Cola, an daorach a  
 ghabhail aig tìodhlacadh. chaidh e-fein  
 agus fear-cumidh dha a leum air a cheile.  
 Bha an daorach vir an fhear eile cuideachd.  
 Bha Brog Chocte aig sluagh mar fhrithe-  
 ann air an taillear. Rinneadh an t-eran  
 le Alastair Domhnallach. Air do 'n  
 Chubair Cholach a chluinntinn chuir e

na ceithir cheathrannan mu dheireadh ris.

Bu ghraimeil an cleachdadh a bhi ag ol aig torraidhnean. Tha e 'na aobhar taingealachd gu bheiltear air sgar dheth.

FONN.—Mo run geal og.

Ach a Dhomhnaill Mhic Dhughail  
Bu tu 'n diunlach 'bha treubhach;  
'S iomadh aite 'n robh ainm ort  
Eadar Albainn is Eirinn.  
Mur a digeadh ort Ibhrig  
Bhiodh tu striochdte air dhroch ghreidh-  
eadh;

'S ann a dh' fbag iad thu 'd' shineadh  
Air Cnoc-sgriob ann a' feithe:

Mo Bhrogag Chron.

'S math 'thig brog dhuit an coeadh  
Agus osan air fhiaradh,  
Ann ain meadhon na cosgais,  
'S tu nach b' olc mar fhear-riaghailt,  
Sar dhrobhair nam mart thu  
'Theid do Shasun gu h-easgaidh;  
Agus sgiobair na mara  
Ri la greannach, fliuch, fiadhaich.

'S iomadh gomas is bideag,  
Agus sgriobadh air shronaibh,  
Agus glanadh le fiacraibh,  
Is cur ingnean an ordagh,  
'B h' agad fein is aig Aonghas  
Ann an iorghuill na doruinn,  
'S sibh a leum air a cheile  
Mar choin dhreineach gun eolas.

A Chlann-Aonghais na Morairne  
Gu 'm bu gharbh sibh 's a chomhrag;  
Bha sibh foghainteach, calma,



Laidir, ceann-bheairteach, dornach:  
 Bha sibh math ann an Sasunn  
 'Chur bhuir neart le Rìgh Deorsa,  
 Ged a theabas bhuir tachdadh  
 A tìgh 'nn dachaidh bharr torraidh.

Na' n robh thusa fuar, fionnar,  
 Bha do spionndh mar b' abhaist:  
 'S maing a thachradh roimh t' aodann  
 Ann an caonnaig nan armunn  
 Ged fhuair Aonghas le buathadh  
 'S an droch uair ris an lar thu,  
 Mu 'n dig deireadh na cuise  
 Bidh e dubailte paighte

Ged tha 'chuis ann an teagamh,  
 Tha mor eagal air m' inntinn  
 Gu 'n deid Aonghas a bhreabadh  
 Mura a teasraig mi-fhio e.  
 Ma bhios Iain an lathair,  
 Gu 'm bi tlamadh ann 's cireadh;  
 'S gu 'm bi cnapadh air shuilean  
 Aig a Chunradh 's aig Ibhrig.

Ach thoir thusa fios bhuamsa  
 Gu Ruairidh 's gu 'mhathair  
 Gu bheil a bhrogag air sgaoileadh  
 Agus feomach air caradh.  
 Chinn i farsuing 's an uachdar  
 Agus chuag i 's na sailtean,  
 Thanaig toll air na fraochain,  
 'S laigh an t-aobran air lar aisd'.

*Cuid a chubair a toiseachadh.*

'N raor a chuala mi 'n taisgeal  
 A chuir gaiseadh a 'm' leirsinn  
 Gu 'n robh drobhair nam mart aca  
 Fo 'n casaibh 'na eigin.  
 Gur e 'fhuair dhaibh an t-urram

'S a bhuidhinn an streup dhaibh,  
 Do chul 'bhi gun taice,  
 'S mac-na-bracha 'bhi 'leum ort.

Bha thu 'n fhine nach strìochdadh,  
 Dhaindeoin mi-run luchd-Beurla,  
 Bha iad ainmeil 'an Sasunn  
 'Chur an neart le Rìgh Seumas;  
 Luchd nan geur lannan glasa  
 'Chuireadh bras an raireanta:  
 An am bualadh nam buillean  
 Gu 'm bu bhuidhinn 'bhi reidh riu.

Bu tu sgiobair a bhata  
 'Chuireadh bailinn fo shiasaid.  
 'S gur tu 'n giomanach gunna  
 'Dhol do 'n mhunadh a dh' fhiadtach  
 'N uair a rachadh tu 'n fhireach  
 Bhiodh do ghillean 's do thriall leat;  
 Bhiodh do mhial-choin air loidhainn,  
 'S cha bu ghuothach tigh 'nn fìar ort.

Bu tu iasgair na h-abhann,  
 'S cha b' i chabhail 'bu bheus dhuit  
 Ach am morgha geur sgaiteach,  
 'S craun snaidhte air a reir sin.  
 'S i do lamh nach deid mearachd  
 Mur dean goinead an leis e;  
 Bradan tarr-gheal 's glan lannir  
 Cha bhi 'chion air do cheile.

---

### ORAN.

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Do Niall Caimbeul Dhun-Statlennis, le  
 Seumas Caimbeul an I-Chalum-  
 Chille.

### LUINNEAG.

'Tha na gillean grinn fo'n armaibh;  
 'S gur boidheach leam fhin

Thig an t-ordach dearg dhaibh.

Biodhmaid sunndach, eutrom,  
Seinneamaid gu h-eibhinn  
Cliu an fhiurain ghleusda  
Dha 'm beus a bhi ri armachd.

'S e mo run sa marcaich,  
Nan each cruithaich tart'rach;  
Ni thu 'n t-er a sgapadh  
Ann sna bailtean margaidh.

'N uair rachadh tu 'mharcachd  
A'd' dhiollaid mar chleachd thu,  
B'e do mhiann 's do thaitneas  
Each aigeannach meanmnach.

'Righ, gu'm meal thu'n oighreachd  
A fhuair thu mar staoileadh,  
Dun-Stathinnis chaoimhneil  
Ann am boinn neo-chearbaich.

Do shuil mar na dearcan,  
'S do dheud mara chailce;  
'S i do cbeile leapa  
'Fhuair am mairist' ainmeil.

Do cridhe mar dhaoimean,  
No mar reul 'san oidhche,  
No mar ghrein gu caoimhneil  
A boillsgeadh 'san anmoch.

'S e mo dhochas cridh'-sa  
Gu'n dean t' oi\_hre cinntinn;  
B'aighearach leam fhin sid  
'S leis na ni ort leanmhuinn.

---

### TORRADH IAIN LUIM.

'N uair a chuireadh Iain Lom fo 'n  
falainh shubhairt Alastair Domhnallach,

Alastair Mac Aonghais, agus e 'n 'a  
sheasamh aig ar uaigh:—

Chunnaeas ceann-crich' air m' fhear-  
cinnidh,

'S e 'n deigh a phasgadh an Tom-Aingeal:  
Ughdair nan dan, a rìgh nam filidh,  
Gu 'n deanadh Dia sìth ri t' anam.

An Rìgh Mor thoirt mathanas dhuit  
Airson fhad 's a dhioladh tu 'n t-olc;  
Thr gaol an leoghainn 's tuath an tuirc  
Ann san uaigh 'sa bheil do chorp.

B' fhuath leat Uilleam, b' fhuath leat  
Mairi,

B' fhdath leat na thanaig de shìol Diar-  
maid,

'B fhuath leat gach neach biodh rioghail,  
'S gu'n innseadh tu-fhein e gun iarraidh.

# GED THA 'N OIDHCHE 'N NOCHD FUAR.

Ged tha 'n oidhche 'n nochd fuar,  
'S beag air cada! mo luaidh;  
'S cha 'n e tainead no fuairiad m' eudaich;

Ged tha 'n oidhche, &c.

Ach an naidheachd so fhuair  
Mi 's a mhadainn Di-luain;  
Gur a fada 's gur buan dhoinh 'h-eislean.

Chi thu, 'Rìgh, 's beag mo luaidh  
'Dhol do'n doire so shuas,  
Far an goireadh a' chuach 'sa cheitean.

'S iad mo chinneadh a bh' ann,  
'S iad mar choluinn gun cheann,  
No mar thobar an gleann air deubhadh.

Gur a mise tha tinn,  
'S bochd 's gur tursach 'tha mi,  
Is' nach faicear 'san tir fear t' eugais.

Gur a mis' tha fo sprochd,  
Cach mu t' fhearann a' trod,  
Is nach suidh thu air cnoc g' 'an reiteach'.

Gur a mise tha fo bhron  
Mu mo mhaighistir coir.  
'S e 'na laighe fo 'n fhoid gun eirigh;

Ann an ciste nam bord,  
N deigh a sparradh le ord.  
'Ghraidh, cha duisgear le ceol nan teud  
thu.

Chumnaic mise do thur,  
'S e gun mhire, gun mhuirn,

Is do chinneadh 's gach cuis an deigh  
laimh.

Chunnaic mise do bhord  
'S e gun iomairt, gun ol,  
Agus innis a cheo is fear troimp'.

Tha do bhaile gun stath,  
'S e gun sabhall, gun ath,  
Ach na fhiadhainean bana, feurach.

Piob sgallach nan dos  
Bhiodh mu d' thalla gle mbeach,  
Le ceol caithreamach, bras, luath, eibhinn.

Thigeadh boineid o 'n bhuth,  
Air chul bachlach mo ruin,  
'S cota Lunnaineach dubh-ghorm eutrom.

Bu tu namhaid a bhruic,  
'Thig o bhruachaibh an t-sluic,  
Is a bhradain air uisg' a leumadh.

Bu leat sinteag nan carn  
Leis an cinneadh an t-sealg,  
'Bheireadh fuil air damh dearg na ceire;

Leis a chuillbheir chaol ghlas,  
Nach diultadh an t-srad,  
Leagteadh ultaiche bras an t-sleibhe.

Gu 'm b' fhear bogh' thu nach b' olc  
Dhol a thomhas nam prop,  
Bhiodh do shaignead 'sa' phloc 'g a reu-  
badh.

Tri chrainn fhichead is corr  
Nach b' fhurasd idir a leon,

'S ann a bhrìst thu le t' ordaig fein iad.

An taigh-lagha nan tur  
Gu 'm bu fhradharcach thu,  
Cha bu chladhaire' chunntadh feich ort.

Am measg Ghaidheal is Ghall,  
Far an eisteadh do chainnt,  
Gheibhteadh Laideann is Fraingis 's  
Beurla.

'S ann an Sasunn fo 'n uic  
Dh'fhag mi tasgaidh mo ruin,  
Ann an caibeal nan turaibh gle gheal.

'M Baile Lunnainn nan cleoc,  
Dh'fhag mi u'ra mo loin;  
Leat bu duilich e, 'Dhomhnaill Shleitich !

Och! fhir chridhe mo ghaoil  
Do'm bu shuaicheantas fraoch,  
'S e mo chreach nach do dh-fhaod thu  
eirigh.

---

In the manuscript from which we have copied this work it is termed, "Oran do Mhac-Iain Aird-nam-Murchann, le gille a bha aige fhein." In D. C. Macpherson's Duanaire, which contains thirteen verses of it, it is termed, "Cumha Raonaill Oig, le Iain Lom."

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### BIODH AN UIDHEAM SO 'TRIAL.

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Biodh an uidheam so 'triall  
Gu ceann-uidhe nan cliar  
Far 'm bu chuibhe 's'm bu mhiann le  
seoid;

Gu tur meadhrach nach crìon

Nan cinn-fheadhna 's glan fiamh;  
Cuir ghreadhnach bho 'n rioghail stoirn;

Gu Aros mo ruin  
'S an cluinnt' clarsaichean ciuil  
'S iomairt thaileasg air chruinntibh oir.

Bhiodh mnai aillidh 'n fhuilt reidh  
'Gabhail dana le teud,  
Sior chur seachad na seisteachd leo.

Bheir mi 'n ruathar so 'null  
'Shealltainn oighre Dhun-tuilm,  
Gu 'm meal thu 'n staoileadh bho thus ri  
d' bheo.

Iuchair ghliocais nach bath,  
'Chuir a fhradharc thar chaich;  
'S tu gu 'n taghainn de 'n al s' tha beo.

Mach bho Mhorair nan steud,  
Le 'n cluinnt' oragan nan teud,  
'S tu a b' fhoirmeala beus trath-noin.

'S leat Sir Domhnall bho 'n Chaol,  
'S leat Clan-Domhnaill, na laoiach;  
Sid a bhuidheann nach maom 'san toir.

'S leat Mac-Mhic-Ailein bho 'n chuan,  
Le luingeas daraich lom luath;  
Luch nan leadan le 'm buailteadh stroic.

'S leat Mac-Mhic-Alastair fheil'  
Bho Ghleann-Garadh nan geug;  
Buidheann bharrail nach geill fo sgod.

'S leat fir Eirinn a risd,  
'Chuir thu fhein air do thi;  
'S iad gun'n eireadh le strith mu d' shrol.



Thig Clann-Chamshuibh oin an nall  
 Ort, o bhraighe nan gleann,  
 'S iad cur fhiudhaidh 'n an deann an feoil.

Gur leat urram gach seilg,  
 Le d' cheol druma 'g a sheinn,  
 Roinn d' gheard Muileach nach meirbh  
 san toir.

Macant, maigdeanail, ur,  
 Faicheil, faidhreachail, ciuin;  
 Marcaigh greadhnach nan crudheach gorm.

Bhiodh eich sheanga 'nan leum,  
 'S iad nan deannaibh cur reis,  
 'S fir a sreamadh na sreinn ri 'm beoil.

We have copied this poem, except the 12th verse—the verse about the Camerons—from Dr. Maclean's manuscript. The 12th verse is not in the Doctor's work. We have taken it from Turner's collection.

Turner's version of this poem will be found at page 111 of his collection. In the third line of the first verse Turner has, Far 'm bu shubhach's 'm bu mhiadhail seoid; in the second line of the sixth verse, he has, Chuireadh adharc thair chaich; and in the first line of the ninth verse he has, 'S thig Aonghas ardanach treun. Then Turner has three additional verses. We have given one of them already. The remaining two are these:

Chuir mi ceannard an t-sluaigh,  
 Le dha leanabh san uaigh;  
 Fath mo theannaidh 's mi fuasgladh  
 dheoir.

Fuireach Raonall a ris,  
 Cuis a's misde mi m' dhith,  
 Chuir sid m' aigheadh a' sìos triath-noin.

Dr. Maclean, contrary to his general practice, gives no heading. It is probable he had no information to give about the poem. Turner styles it *Iorram le Eachann Bacach*. We have no doubt that *Iain Lom* was the author of it.

In September, 1675, Angus Macdonell, of Glengarry, then Lord Macdonell, of Lochiel, and Archibald Macdonald, of Keppoch, went over to Mull, with an armed force, to assist the Macleans against the Earl of Argyll. It is altogether probable that *Iain Lom* accompanied them, and it is possible that it was during the journey to Aros in Mull that he sang "*Biodh an uidheam so triall*." If this was the occasion on which the poem was composed, we might expect that it would be partly about the Macleans of Duart, and partly about Glengarry, "*morair nan steud*," and other chiefs. Still, no matter what the occasion was, the poem, as we have here given it, must contain some verses that do not really belong to it.

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## ORAN DO MHORAIR GHLINNE- GARADH.

---

LE IAIN LOM.

---

Bidh an uidheam-sa triall  
 Gu ceann-uidhe nan cliar,

Far 'm bu chubhaidh 's 'm bu mhiann le  
'r seod.

Gu tur meadhrach nach crion,  
Am bi cinn fheadhna 's glan liomh:  
A chuir ghreadhnach 'an rioghail gloir.

Mi fada mu theath  
Gu'n lion fadachd mi 's gruaim,  
Cha chadal dhomh uair air choir.

Theid mi shealltainn a nunn  
Air nigninn Sheumais nan tur,  
Gu 'm meal thu 'n *stuoidhle* sin puid' ri d'  
bheo.

Gu mnaoi aillidh 'n fhuilt reidh:  
Cir de 'n airgiod 'g a reir,  
Agus coimlean de 'n cheir 'g a coir.

Gur tu 'n iuchair nach bath,  
'Chuir do fhradharc thar chach;  
'S tu 'thaghainn de 'n als' 'tha beo.

Mach o Mhorair nan steud,  
Nan organ 's nan teud,  
'S tu b' fhoirmeala beus tra-noin.

Theid eich sheanga 'n an leum,  
Dol 'n an deannaibh 's an reis,  
'Fhir a theannaicheadh sreìn inu 'm beoil!

B' fhearail 't fhaicinn air sraid,  
Le d' chiabh-fhalt cleachdach gu lar,  
'Urla mhaisich, 's neo-thaireil oirnn.

B' ait leam torman do phiob',  
Creach 'g a togail le strith,  
Le mac aignidh bho 'n rioghail stoirm.

Leat dh' eireadh na laoiach,  
 Clann Domhnail an fhraoich.  
 Sid na connsbuinn nach faoin 's an toir.

Bu leat Banaich o thuath,  
 Clann-'Ill-Andrais nan tuagh,  
 Agus Rothaich le 'm buailtibh bho.

Thig Mac-'Ic-Ailein o'n chuan,  
 Le 'loingeas daraich dubh luath,  
 Buidheann bharrail le 'm buailteadh stroic.

Buidheann alloil no rum,  
 Cha laigh smal air an cliu,  
 Leis an Alastair uiseil og.

The above poem is taken from "The Scottish Celtic Review," a valuable work, especially in Keltic philology, by the late Rev. Alexander Cameron, LL. D. It will be found at page 77. Dr. Cameron states that it was from a MS. collection of Gaelic poems transcribed from an older MS. by Ewen Maciachlan, of Aberdeen.

It is evident that the 4th verse cannot be correct. Lord Macdonell was married to a sister of Sir James Macdonald, of Sleat, not his daughter. If the whole of this poem is addressed to Glengarry, who is Morair nan steud? Mackenzie, of Kintail, was Earl of Seaforth in Iain Lom's day, and there was no Lord Macdonald of Sleat until 1766.

ORAN DO DH-AONGHAS MAC RAO-  
NAILL OIG.

---

LE IAIN LOM.

---

Biodh an uidheam so 'triall  
Gu ceann-uidhe nan cliar,  
Far 'm bu shubhach 's 'm bu mhiadhail  
seoid;

Biodh an uidhean so, &c.

Gu tur meadhrach nach crion  
Nan ceann-feadhna 's glan tiamh,  
Cuirte ghreadhnach 'm bu rioghail stoirm:

Gu taigh ainmeil mor-fheil'  
'S an cluint' toragan nan teud,  
'Fhir a b' fhoirmeala beus trath-noin.

Ann an aros mo ruin  
Chluinnteadh clarsaichean ciuil,  
'S iomairt thaileasg air chruinntibh oir.

Fuaim na fìdhle mu seach,  
Toirm air piob 'bu mhath blas,  
Fion spainteach dearg datht' ann 's beoir:

'S uisge-beatha nam pios  
'Rachadh t' airgiod g' a dhiol;  
Chit' an gloin' e mar ghriog an oir.

Bhiodh mnai aillidh 'n fhuilt reidh  
'Gabhail dhana le teud,  
'Sior chur seachad na seisteachd leo;

Coinnlean aca de 'n cheir

'S iad an lasadh gu gear;  
 'Urlar farsuing mu 'n eight' an t-ol.

Macant, maighdeanail thu,  
 Faicheil, faidhreachail, ciuin.  
 Marcach greadhnach nan cruidh-each  
 gorm.

Bhiodh eich sheanga 'n an leum,  
 'S iad 'n an deannaibh 'cur reis',  
 'S fir a sreamadh nan sreinn ri 'm beoil.

'N uair a rachadh tu 'mach  
 'S ard a chluinnteadh do smachd,  
 Bhiodh Iain Muideartach leat 's Mac-  
 Leoid;

Mac-Mhic-Ailein bho 'n chuan  
 Le loingeas daraich lom, luath;  
 Luchd nan leadan le 'm buailteadh stroic.

Thig Aonghas ardanach treun,  
 Bho Ghleann-Garadh nan geug,  
 'S na fir ghasda nach geill fo sgod.

'S leat Sir Domhnall bho 'n Chaol  
 Is Clann-Domhnaill, na laoch,  
 Sid a' bhuidhean nach maom 's an toir.

Thig Clann-Iain an nall  
 Bho dhubhar nam beann,  
 'Chuireadh iubhar 'n a deann am feoil.

Thig fir Eirinn a risd,  
 'Chuir thu fhein air do thi;  
 'S iad a dh' eireadh le strith mu d' dhorn.

Thig Clann-Pharlain nan sgiath

'Bh'aig fear t' aite-sa riamh,  
'S Mac-an-Aba le 'chiad fear mor

Bu leat fir an taciobh tuath,  
Fir a' Bhraighe so shuas,  
'S deagh Mhac-Griogain bho Ruadh-struth  
chno.

'N uair a bhiodh tu 'n Loch-Treig  
Bu dluth 'tholladh tu beinn;  
Bu tu maibhaiche 'n eisg le leois:

Agus coisiche 'chairn  
Leis an cinneadh an t sealg,  
'Bheireadh fuil air damh deagh nan eow

'N uair a ranaig mi 'Chruach,  
Bha mi t' ionndraichinn bhuan;  
'S e do mhulad 'bha tuair gnea thom.

Fha do chinneadh mor fhein  
Fo mhulad a' d' dheigh,  
Mhic' an fhir o Loch-Treig an fheoin.

'Sann an torachd nan each  
'Dh'fhag mi 'n t-og a b'fheurr dreach;  
Cha do dhiobair a' chlach an t-ord.

Sann 'n a Shineadh 'san allt  
Bha clann-taighe mo ghraidh,  
Ged a thuit thu le dearmad leo.

Cha bu spuilllear air tuath  
Dha 'n do ruisgeadh an uaigh;  
Bho mo dhirbhail air ghualnibh sluaigh.

Chaireadh ceannard an t-sluaigh  
Le 'dha leanabh 'san uaigh;  
Fath mo ghearain 's mi fuaigladh dheoir.

In the year 1640 the Macdonalds of Keppoch and the Macdonalds of Glencoe entered Breadalbane and carried off a large number of cattle. As they were passing Stron-a'-Chlachain on their way back, the Campbells attacked them, but suffered a severe defeat. James Menzies of Culdres, who happened to be with the Campbells at the time of the fight, got a stronger bend of them together, and pursued the victorious Macdonalds up Glenlochay. He overtook them, defeated them, and brought back the cattle that they were taking away. Menzies was a brave and experienced soldier who had fought under Gustavus Adolphus. He was known by the nick-name of "Cruaair Ruadh nan Clearc." Mredonald of Keppoch and Macdonald of Glencoe were both killed. It seems from the line, 'Sann an torachd nan each, that it was in the second fight the former fell.—*The Killin collection of Gaelic songs, with music and translations,*" page 54.

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### MARBHRANN.

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Do Ëhir Seumas Mac-Dhomhnaill, a  
Chaochail 'sa Bhliadhn 1778.

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### LE IAIN IOM.

---

Gur a fad' 'tha mi 'm thamb,  
Thuit mo chridhe gu lar,  
A Rìgh, 's deacair dhomh tamh 's mi beo.

'S e do thuras do 'n Dun  
A dh'fhag snigh air mo shuil,



'S a bhi faicinn do thuir gun cheo.

Tha do bhaile gun speis,  
Gun eich 'gam modhadh le sreinn;  
Dh'fhalbh gach fasan le Seumas og.

Bhiodh do ghillean mu seach,  
'Lionadh dibhe 'b'fhearr blas,  
Fion Spainteach dearg ac' is beoir.

'S uisge-beatha nam pios,  
'Rachadh t' airgiod g' a dhiol,  
Gheibht' an glain' e mar ghriog 'an or.

Bhiodh muathan og 'n fhiult reidh  
'Gabhail dhan daibh le 'm beul:—  
Ann ad thalla gu 'n eisdteadh ceol.

Coianlean geala de 'n cheir  
Bhiodh an lasadh gu geur;—  
Ular farsuing mu 'n eigh' an t-ol.

'Nuair a rachadh tu 'strith  
Ann an aemait an righ,  
Bhiodh do dhiollaid air mil-each gorm.

'Nuair a rachadh tu 'mach  
B'ard a chluinnteadh do suachd.  
Bhiodh Iain Muideartach leat 's Mac-  
Leod:

Thig Clann-Chamshroin an nall,  
O bhraighe nan gleann,  
'Chuireadh iubhar le srann an teoil.

Thig a Atholl an nios  
Comhlan gasda gun sgios,  
Ceannard rompa 's e fineaut', og.

'S leat Mac-Farlain nan eliar.

'Bh' aig fir t' aite-sa riamh,  
'S Mac an-Aba le chiad no dho.

Buidheann eile mo ruin,  
Air nach eualas mi-chliu,  
Thig le Alastair sunndach, og.

Gu 'm faiceadh mo Dhia  
Do mhae air an t-sliabh  
Ann an duthaich nan cliar 's mi beo.

'Fhir a dh' fhuiling am bas,  
'S a dhoirt t' fhuil air ar sgath,  
Na leig mulad gu brath 'n ar coir.

'Nis bhø 'n sgithich mo cheann  
A' sior thuireadh mu 'r call,  
Bidh mi sgnr ann san am is coir.

---

This poem was originally published in Turner's collection. We have omitted the following verses:—

'S leat Mac-Dhombnaill a ris,  
Nam bratach 's nam piob,  
Crunair gasda nan righ-bhrat stoil.

'S ann 'n a shineadh san allt  
Tha deagh cheann-taighe an aigh.  
Ged a thuit thu le dearmad leo.

Buidheann eile mo ghaoil  
Dha 'm bu shuaicheantas fraoch,  
Och mo chreach! nach d' fhaod iad bhi  
beo.

---

Mil-each, a war-horse; not to be confounded with mile each, a thousand horses —Cliar, a brave man, a poet, an ecclesiastic, a society, a troop.

# CUMBA GHILLEASBING NA CEAP- AICH.

LE IAIN LOM.

Moch Di-Sathairn', mo bheud!  
Ghluais claidheamh fo m' sgeith;  
'S tric leam caradh nan treith fo 'n fhoid.

Moch Di-Sathairn' &c.

Tha leann-dubh air mo chradh,  
'Chuir mo shugradh gu lar,  
Ged is subhaltach each ag ol.

Mo cheann-taighe 'n robh feum,  
Dha 'n robh labhairt le ceill.  
Tha 'n a shineadh fo dheile bhord;

An ciste ghiubhais chaoil, bhain,  
An deigh a h-uidheam aig each,—  
An taigh-fiodha fo bhlath nan ord.

'Nuair a bha thu gu tinn,  
Gu 'n robh t' aigneadh air leinn,  
Mar aigneahh 's mar inntinn lob.

Bha do lamhan a' suas,—  
An deigh do labhairt 'choirt bhuaite,—  
Ris an Athair 's ri Uan na glair'.

Cha bu spuilllear air tuath  
Dha 'n do ruisgeadh an uaigh;  
Bha mo dhiubhail air ghualnibh sloigh.

Tha do chinneadh gu leir  
Lan tiom' as do dheigh,  
'Mhic an fhir o Loch-Treig an fheoir.

A Cholla, cuimhuich 's gach gnìomh

Ulu do shinnse bho chian:  
Seas do righ, agus Dia, 's a' choir.

Archibald Macdonald of Keppoch died in 1682, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Coll.

## ORAN.

Atr feachd Rìgh Seumas a' gluasad gu  
Blar Raon-Ruairidh.

'S mithich dhuinn marsadh as an tìr  
Bho 'n chuir sinn dìth air feoil man mairt:  
Tamull an ordagh dhuinne 's d' ar mor  
shluagh

Dh' imich ar n-oigridh bhuainn am mach.  
A chuilein ghrinn oig, ma tha thu leointe.  
Gu 'n seall an Rìgh Mor riut anns gach  
beart;

Air madainn Di-mairt rinn sinn mar-  
sadh,

'S facal gach seirdsin a' ruith oirnn mu  
seach.

Aig leith-tabh an t-saile tharruing na h-  
armainn

'Suas 'n am bragadaibh dan' gu ro cheart:  
Mu bheul an annoich shuidhich sinn  
campa,

'S dh' imich ar ceannard bhuainn am  
mach.

Facal ar Coirneil ri Sir Domhnall

Mar ri ar n-ordagh 'bhi 'n ar glaic;—

“Na leigibh boun dail' a' seasamh a  
'gheaird

Is ennaibh 'ur naimhdean bhuaibh am  
mach.”

Bu fhliuch a' mhadainn a thog sinn ar  
 breacain,  
 'S a chaidh sinn air astar gus an taigh  
 d' an robh chairt  
 'N uair 'rinn sinn eirigh gu 'n d' rinn sinn  
 ar n-eideadh,  
 Is chaidh sinn 'n ar leum fo na cnapanan-  
 saic.  
 'S bu lughaid ar n-airtneal 'n uair 'than-  
 aig am feasgar,  
 'N uair 'loisgeadh an lasag 'bu lionmhor  
 srad;  
 Bho cheann Loch-Iall gu 'n d' rinn sinn  
 triall,  
 'S 'n uair chrom a' ghrian gu 'n d' rinn  
 sinn stad.

Aig Loch-Lochaidh shuidhich sinn campa,  
 La roimh Dhi-domhnaich 's da la 'n a  
 dheigh;  
 Chruinnich ar cairdean uil' air an laraich,  
 'S thog iad an lamhan an lathair Mhic  
 Dhe.  
 Bu bheag a' speis do dh-airgiod no spreidh,  
 'S gu 'n d' fhag sinn 'n ar deigh ar mnath-  
 an 's ar clann;  
 'Cheart aindeoin gach lochd, ged chiuirt'  
 againn corp,  
 Cha dean sinn bonn clos gus an cosgrar  
 leinn Goill.

Labhair an Greumach a b' fhearr nadur,  
 'Chlanna nan Gaidheal, na faiceam bhur  
 gruaim;  
 Togaibh 'ur n-inntinn, thanaig an tim  
 dhuibh,  
 'S mithich dhuinn marsadh do 'n tir so  
 shuas.

Dh' fhalbh slua am mach inntinneach,  
 statail,  
 Gus an do ranaig sinn braighe Ghlinn-  
 Ruaidh,  
 'Mach ri Gleannturaid 's monadh 'sin  
 Dhrumain.,  
 Dh' imich gach duine 'bha guineach 'san  
 ruaig.

'Mach monadh Dhruim Uachdair dh'  
 imich na h-uaislean  
 A bu mhor cruadal is 'bu bheag sgios;  
 'N uair 'ranaig sinn Atholl cha d' fhuair  
 sinn ach mnathan;  
 Chaidh fir as an rathad mu 'n gabhteadh  
 dhiu eis.  
 'N deigh mheadhon latha 's sinn a 'falbh  
 air ar n-athais  
 Air leith-taobh na h-abhunn ghabh sinn  
 a sios;  
 Thanaig marcach a steach air beulaobh a  
*phass*  
 'Dh-innis' gu 'n danaig am prasgan 's an  
 Coirneal Mac-Aoidh.

B' aithghearr a' cheilidh rinn muinntir  
 Rìgh Seumas,  
 Leith-taobh an t-sleibhe ghabh iad a' suas;  
 Bu lionmhor fallus a sios leis gach mala  
 A' dìreadh a bhealaich an taobh mu  
 thuath;  
 Ceann na cuimhne dh' imich roimh  
 'mhuinntir,  
 Pairt d' ar n-ionndrainn e bhi bhuainn;  
 B' aigeannach sporsail aigeadh chlaun-  
 Domhnaill,  
 Ged fhuair iad an leonadh bu deonach leo  
 'n uair.

Ghluais gach fine gun tlaths, gun tiomadh,  
Gun sgath, guu ghiorag 'n an ionadaibh  
fein;

Chaidh sinn gu statail am broilleach ar  
namhaid,

'S cha tilgteadh crann sathte an la sin gun  
fheum.

Aig deireadh an leth a gu 'n d' tharruing  
sinn claidheamh,

Bha toiseach ar sgathaidh 'u am laighe  
do 'n ghrein;

'Cheart aindeoin an sparraidh, ge bu  
laidir am barail,

Gu 'n chaill iad am fearann 's an t-anam  
n' a dheigh.

A cheannaird an aigh gu 'n d' thuit thu  
sa' bhlar,

'S bu sgathach do lamh gus an danaig an  
uair;

'S e do bhas a Dhundithe 'dh' fhag ormsa  
trom lighe,

Chuir toll ann am chridhe 's dh' fhag  
snigh' air mo ghruaidh.

Bu bheag airson t' eirig na thuit de na  
beisdean

An cogadh Rìgh Seumas, ged dh-eirich  
leinn buaidh;

Ach sgapadh nan cuileag air muinntir  
Rìgh Uilleam,

Tha sinne fo mhulad ged chuir sinn iad  
bhuan.

Coirneal Ramsaidh bu mhor anntlachd

Ann san am ud 'tighinn a steach;

Bha sinne cho aingidh, 's guineach gu 'r  
naimhdean,

Greim air Gall cha leigeamaid as.

A Choirneil Bhalfuir, a dhuinne gun diu,

Fhuair thus' tha mi 'n duil na dh' iarradh  
tu 'n chath;  
Bhris iad do chrùn is t' ad air do shuilean,  
'S ghearr iad do bhutainn air eulaobh do  
chas.

---

This poem was composed either by Iain Lom or by his son. The author speaks as one who had taken part in the battle. Iain Lom of course was not in the battle, but his son was. We are upon the whole inclined to think that the latter was the author. Iain Lom's son was killed in a duel fought with Domhnall Donn Bhoth-Fhiuntain, about the year 1690. They were both poets. The duel took place near High Bridge, an Drochaid Àrd.

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### IAIN LOM AGUS MUIREACHAN.

---

Bha Iain Lom uair air thuras ann san Toiseachd. Chaidh e a' staigh do thaigh ann san robh e dol a dh-fhuireach ri a dhinneir. Bha balach ann san taigh da 'm b' ainm Muireachan. Cha robh tlachd aig a ghille so ann an Iain Lom, agus cha robh e ag iarraidh gu 'm fanadh e ri 'dhinneir. Dh' iarr Iain Lom air dol am mach a shealltainn air na h-eich aige. 'N uair a thanaig e a staigh dh' fhaighneachd am bard dheth am fac e na h-eich. Fhreagair Muireachan e mar so:—

Chunnaic mi 'n t-each ban  
'S a cheann 'san fhodar,  
'S chunnaic mi 'n t-each donn  
Air 'n do tholl am bod-chiann.



Thubbairt Iain Lom,—A Mhuireachain,  
a Mhuireachain 's ann a gheibhteadh do  
dhan gu h-ullamh 'n uair a bhiodh do  
mhathair a' fuineadh nam bonnach.  
Fhreagair Muireachan e,—

Iain Luim mhic Dhomhnaill mhic Iain,  
'S mor do dhiol bidhe is cadail;  
Dh' itheadh tu uibhir ri dithisd  
Leis an amhaich fhior fhada,

---

Bod-chrann—a crupper, the tail beam  
of a girt saddle.

---

## RANN LE DOMHNALL GRUAMACH.

---

Bha Domhnall Gruamach agus Iain  
Lom gu searbh an agaidh a' cheile.  
Labhair Domhnall Gruamach mar so mu  
Iain Lom:—

Thugadh greis air Greumaich leit  
Gu 'n euchdan a chur suas;  
Is thugadh greis air Duibhnich leat,  
'S air muinntir an taoibh tuath.  
Cha 'n fheil feum do Dhomhnallach  
Ri bheo bhi ort a' luaidh;—  
'S e donnal a' choin bhadhail ud  
'Dh' fhad bodhar mo dha chluis.

Cha chuala sinn fragairt Iain Luim uile;  
ach thoisich e mar so,—“A shean chraidh-  
neach mhor nan smugaidean.” 'S e 's  
docha nach robh a' chuid eile ro mhath.

---

Cu badhail—a wandering dog. Craidh-  
neach—a skeleton.

# MARBHRANN.

---

Do Shir Seumas Mor Mac-Dhomhnaill,  
Triath Shleite, a Chaochail 's a'  
Bhliadhna 1678,

---

LE GILLEASBUIG DUBH MAC MHIC-DHOMH-  
NAILL.

---

An nollaig air 'm bu ghreadhnach sinn  
Ormsa rug an dith 's an call;  
Tha m' iulchairt 's na clair fo dhion,  
Ceann-sithe fir Innse-Gall.

Gun fath toireachd air an ti  
'Chaidh dhinn am feasda nan trath,  
'A n gorm thulaich eadar dha thir  
Tha pailte gun chrine 'n tamh.

'S mor mo smuainte. 'chach cha leir,  
Leam fhein 's mi 'gabhail inu thamh;  
Dhe 'n t-saoghol so 's beag mo speis,  
Thigeadh an t-eug 'n uair a 's aill.

Cha 'n iarrainn latha gu brath  
De leasachadh thrath theachd orm,  
Na 'm b' e 's gu 'n deonaicheadh Dia  
Mi dhol gu dian air do lorg.

Cha 'n iarrainn tuilleadh dhe 'n t-saogh 'l,  
Laighinn ri daolaibh na foid;  
Ann an leaba chumhaing, chaoil,  
Sinte ri taobh do chuid bord.

Chaidh mi iomrall air an aois,  
Am muinghin an namhaid tha mi;

'S beag mo dhochas a bhi ard,  
'S tu 'n claraibh druidte ga mi' dhith.

Ormsa rug an an t-annrath cuain,  
Chaidh mo riaghailt bhuam air chall;  
Mo sgeul duilich 's mo chas cruaidh,  
'S ni buan gun bhuinnig 'tha ann.

Dhiomsa thog an t-eug a' chis;  
'S leir dhuit, a Rìgh, 'mar a tha;  
Ormsa rug gair thonn nan sian,  
Gun sìth ach doruinn gu bas.

Cha robh stiuir, no seol, no slat,  
No ball beairt' a bha ri crann  
Nach do thruis an aon uair bhuainn,  
Mo thruaighe—sa 'n fhras a bh' ann.

Taigh mòr a thathaicheadh na sloigh,  
Gun ol, gun aighear, gun mhiagh,  
Gun chuirn 'g a caitheamh air bord,—  
Mo dholas, 'Athair nan sian!

Gunchaismeachd, gun chomh-strith theud,  
Gun dan 'ga leughadh air clar;  
Gun fhilidh ri cur an ceill  
Euchd do chinnidh—sa gu brath.

Gun treun-fhir ri dol an ordagh,  
Gun taileasg, gun chorn, gun chuach;  
Mo bheud dhuilich 's mo chreach mhor,  
Fo 'n fhoid a thuirich an duais.

Gun eirigh moch thun nan stuchd,  
Gun chu 'g a ghlacadh a' m' laimh,  
Gun mheanmna ri clastinn ciuil,  
Gun inhuirn, gun mhacnus ri mnaoi.

Gun oigridh ri siubhal shliabh,  
 Gun mhiagh air iarraidh an roin,  
 Gun mhialchein a' teannadh iall,  
 Is samhach an nochd fiadh an stoir.

S iomadh beinn is gleann is enoc,  
 Ceann obain, loch, agus traigh  
 A shiubhail mise leat fo mhuirn,  
 'S luchd-ciuil ri aighear gun phramh.

---

Iul-chairt—a mariner's chart. Ceann-sithe a pacifier, a peace-maker. Riagh-ailt, in 7th verse—a mariner's compass. 'Athair nan sian—father of the elements, an expression of the same nature as a Dhia nan dul. Oban—a small bay or creek.

---

The Archibald Macdonald who composed this elegy seems to have been the Ciaran Maboeh. It is true he is called Gilleasbuig Dubh, whilst in a poem by Iain Lom the Ciaran Mabach is called Gileasbuig Ruadh. But the one or the other of the two words, Dubh and Ruadh, may have been written by mistake.

The Ciaran Mabach was a brother of Sir James Macdonald of Sleat, not his son. That he was his brother is evident from a poem by himself and also from a poem by Iain Macailein.

## CUMHA.

Do Ghilleasbuig Caimbeul, Iarla Earra-  
 Ghaidheal, a chaidh a dhith-chean-  
 nadh an Duneideann 'sa bhliadhna  
 1685.

LE IS AN AOS-DANA, MAC-ITHICH.

Tha sgeul agam, 's cha chuis ghaire,  
 Dhuibh r' a innseadh;  
 Gu 'n d' chuireadh ceann-taichd nan Gaid-  
 heal  
 Au staid iosal.

Co 'chumas coir ris an anfhann,  
 'S e 'n a chruadhaig?  
 No 'chumas casg air gach anaghath  
 'Tha teachd nuadh oirnn?

Co 'chumas coir ris an eaglais?  
 Dh' fhas i dorcha;  
 No 'chumas a suas luchd-teagaisg  
 Ris na borbaibh?

Co 'chumas an creideamh catharr'  
 Suas gu treorach?  
 'S nach d' fhuair Gilleasbuig cead eisdeachd  
 An taic corach.

Co 'chumas taigheadas greadhnach  
 Gu buan, faoilidh?  
 'S nach tadhail an t-Iarla Duibhneach  
 'S an Duu-Aorach.

Roghainn nan Albanach uile,  
 De 'n ard fhine!  
 'Dhaoine, na 'm biodh speis de dhuine,  
 'S bend a mhilieadh.

Iarla duaismhor Earraghaidheal,  
 Garg an leoghanu!  
 Bu mhor an cridhe 'dh fhearaibh Alba  
 'Fhuil a dhortadh.

'Dhaoine, ged a fhuair sibh aite  
 Os cionn rioghachd,  
 'S ole a chuir sibh gliocas Alba  
 Gu surd millteach.

Ged a strac sibh coir gun cheartas  
 'N taic bhur mioruin,  
 Theagamh gu 'n dig la nach fhasa  
 Dhuibh 'g a dhioladh.

Mo thruaighe 'n nochd do luchd-lean-  
 mhuinn,  
 'S faoin an seasamh!  
 Tha gach duine 'gabhail geill dhiu,  
 Dh' eug Gilleasbuig.

Dh' fhalbh an tuigse, dh' fhalbh an aithne,  
 Dh' fhalbh an ceannsal,  
 Dh' fhalbh an crann dligheach, treun,  
 talmhaidh,  
 Dh' fhalbh an ceann math.

Beannachd le t' anam am Paras,  
 'S fiach do chuimhne:  
 Gu 'n togadh Dia suas bhur n-alach,  
 A dhreim Dhuibhneach.

Dream bheadarach, bhuadhach, bhaghach,  
 Mheadhrach, mhuirneach,  
 A labhradh gu foistinneach, fìor ghlic,  
 Brìgh gach cuise.

Sid a' chlann a 's uaisle fine,  
 Na trein urrant';  
 Reidh-bheartach an iul 's an aithne,  
 'Chlann ud uile.

Ge b' e dh' aithriseas an seanachas  
 Le mion chuimhne,  
 Co 's mo tuigs' air dhruim talmhuinn  
 Na Clann-Duibhne?

Blath a dh' fhas os cionn gach fine,  
 Gniomh gun ghainne;  
 Ceann cille, cleir', agus sgoile  
 An leibhidh uile.

'S iomadh leoghann, is triath duineil,  
 Is ceann buidhne  
 De 'n t-sliochd Iarlail a shliochd Dhiar-  
 maid  
 Mhic O' Duibhne.

Bho Dhiarmad a thanaig sibh uile,  
 Sean am fine !  
 Clann a b' fhearr a b' fhiach am moladh  
 A chuala sinne.

'S iomadh cridhe bras 'tha bronach,  
 Rosg tha deurach,  
 Luchd-oifig 's am bas ri bualadh,  
 Tha 'n creach deunte.

'S iomadh bruth soluis fo thursa,  
 Air dreach meirgte;  
 'S mnai ghreananta gun ghean, gun ghaire,  
 'S cridh' fo thromachradh.

Bhasaich luchd-ciuil gu buileach,  
 Co 'ni 'm farraid?  
 Cha 'n fheil stath dhuinn bhi ri foras,  
 Chaidh 'n taom tharainn.

'S fuathasach a' ghaoth so 'thanaig,  
 Ghluais i 'n fhiubhaidh,  
 'S ruaig i na h-eoin le stoirm ghabhaidh  
 Bho 'n choill dhumhail.

Ach tillidh na h-eoin uiseil, aillidh,  
 Da 'n coill chaomhail.—  
 Gu 'n togadh Dia 'suas bhur n aireamh  
 An staid naomha.

Is cruaidh an cas seoid 'bu phailte  
 'Shearg' gun chionta:  
 Cha d' fhuaradh abhar 'n 'ur n-aghaidh  
 Ach meud bhur tuigse.

Thanaig braghadh oirbh gun fhios duibh;  
 Leam is duilich;  
 Ma dh' fhalbhas a' chlann so buileach,  
 'S mairg a dh' fhuirich.

Cuiribh-s' bhur dochas 'san Ard-Rìgh,  
 A chlann cheillidh;  
 'S e sid an Breitheamh gun fhallsa,  
 Nach dean eucoir.

An Ti 'chruthaich sibh an toiseach  
 An staid cheutaich,  
 Tha E fhathast dhuibh cho grasmhor  
 'S a bha 'cheud uair.

'S iomad marcaich luthmhor, laidir,  
 'Thuit gu h-ìosal,  
 'S a dh' eirich gu socair, sabhailt  
 Suas 'n a dhiollaid.

Mar stiuir Maois a mhor-shluagh lionmhor  
 'S iad 'n an eigin,  
 A mhac-samhuil tarladh dhuibhse  
 Ri uair feuma.

Ri uair feuma tha Dia neartmhor,  
 Ceann gach cuise,  
 A dheanamh d' ur naimhdean treuna  
 Cairdean ciuine.



Cruadhag—distress. Catharra—strenuous, earnestly contending. Ceannsal or ceannsgal—rule, government, authority. Baghach—kind, friendly. Foistinreach—calm. Reidh-bheartach—harmonious, agreeing. Leibhidh—a race, a generation. Rosg—the eye, an eye-lash. Greannta—near.

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#### THE CAMPBELLS.

According to the valuable manuscript of 1467, the Campbells are descended from a Highlander named Duibhne, who lived about the year 1050. They are thus properly Clann-Duibhne, or the descendants of Duibhne. The Macarthurs belong to the same stock; indeed they claim that they are an older branch than the Campbells. Every Campbell is a Mac-Duibhne; so is every Macarthur. Duibhne resided at Lochow.—*Collectanea De Rebus Albanicis*, pages 54 and 360. *Skene's Celtic Scotland*, Vol. III, page 458.

The later traditions of the highlands confounded Duibhne of Lochow with Diarmad O' Duibhne. Hence we find the Campbells called Siol Diarmaid and Clann O' Duibhne. Diarmad was a nephew of the famous Fionn Mac Cumhail. He was the best-looking man of his day. He was, like Achilles, invulnerable in all parts except one spot on the sole of his foot. He killed a wild boar that no one else would venture to attack. Unfortunately, whilst measuring the length of the boar, some of the bristles entered the vulnerable spot, and he bled to death. The in-

vulnerable Diarmad is of course to be classed with the heroes of the Arabian Nights. At the same time it is probable that there was a man named Diarmad O' Duibhne. He must have lived, however, as far back as the year 283. *Prof. O'Curry's Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of Ancient Irish History*, page 313. All the fabulous stories about Diarmad will be found in the late J. F. Campbell's *Leabhar na Feinne*.

According to some modern writers the Campbells are descended from a Norman warrior, who was known as the Knight of Campo Bello, or the beautiful plain, and who came over to Britain in the time of William the Conqueror. This knight wandered up to the Highlands, married Eva the only child of Paul O' Duibhne, and got the lands of Lochow, Loch-Odha, with her. This absurd theory has not a particle of foundation. Opposed to it are the facts that there was no Norman family of the name Campo-Bello, that there is no reference to a knight of that name in any historic document, that the earliest mode of spelling the name Campbell was Cambel or Cambell, and that the author of the manuscript of 1467 had never heard of Paul O' Duibhne or any other Scottish O' Duibhne.

We have no doubt that the origin of the Campbells is correctly given in the MS. of 1467. Duibhne, their ancestor according to that manuscript, had a son named Gille-Calum, or Malcolm, who was known as Gillicalum Mac Duibhne. Gille-

calum had a son named Gilleasbuig. Gilleasbuig had a son named Duncan. Duncan had a son named Dougald. This Dougald who was known as Dougald Cambel was the progenitor of the Cambels or Cambells, or, as the name is now spelled, Campbells. Why he was called Dougald Cambel we do not know. It may be that he had a cam bheul or crooked mouth, or that he lived in a place called Cam-bel or something like that. Duncan Mac Duibhne it is said had a son named Ivor. He was younger than Dougald. The Macivors claim him as their ancestor. Gillespie Cambell, Dougald's son, is a witness to a charter in 1265. Cailean Mor, Gillespie's son, was knighted by Alexander III. Sir Neil, Sir Colin Mor's son, was a brave and patriotic man, and was fortunate enough to obtain the hand of Mary Bruce in marriage. Sir Colin, Sir Neil's son, got a charter of the lands of Lochow and Ardskeodnich, from his uncle, King Robert Bruce in 1316. In this charter he is designated *Colinus filius Nigelli Cambel, militis*.

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### ORAN.

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Do Lachainn Mac-Gillean, 'le a ph-  
iuthar, agus i a cumha a h-ighinne an  
deigh a bais.

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Gur a cianail bochd m' adhart,  
Chaill mo shuilean am fradharc,  
'S mi 'm onrachd a' feitheamh do ghruaige.  
Gur a cianail, bochd &c.

Tha i dualach tiugh cleachdach,  
 'Na suiomhainean casa,  
 'S leir do m' Rìgh gu 'm bu tlachdmhor  
 do shnuadh-sa;

Suil 'bu mhiogaiche sealladh  
 Fo chaoile na mala,  
 Mar gu 'm biodh an t-ol leana air na cuachan;

Beul tana dearg daite.  
 Mu'n deud 'bu leoir ceartais,  
 Suil chorrach ghorin ghlas gun bhi luaineach.

'N uair a rachadh tu 'n chlachan  
 Is a shileadh an sneachda,  
 Bhiodh t' aghaidh bhruich mheachair gun fhuachd oirr'.

Cha 'n fheil leine mhic tighearn  
 A chuireadh e uime  
 Nach deanadh mo nighean-sa fhuaigh-eal.

Gur h-e mis' 'th'air mo churadh,  
 Tha do phobul leam sumhal,  
 Nach robh tional na duthcha 'dhaoin' uaisle ann.

'S mise chaill na deagh bhraithrean,  
 Chuir mi uile gu traigh iad;  
 'S i 'n aon nighean a chraidh mi 'san uair so.

Gur a lionmhor dhuit caraid  
 Ann am blar sin na fala,  
 'Bheireadh giulan gu h-allail gu uaigh dhuit.

Ach a Lachainn a Muile,  
 'S cian 's gur fada leam t' fhuireach;  
 'S ann a ghlaodhadh iad curaidh roimh  
 shluagh dhìot.

Dh'fhag thu 'm marcaich san fheithe,  
 'S e 'na chlachan fo cheudan,  
 'S gu'm bu bheag sìd dhe t' euchd mar a  
 chualas.

'N uair a chaidh thu 'san achdair,  
 Cha do choisinn thu masladh,  
 Bheireadh Ruairidh nam bratach do luach  
 ort.

Chaidh thu 'n lathair Mhic-Cailein,  
 Fhuair thu airm 's gu'm b'e t' airidh;  
 Sin an t-Iarla rinn aithne air do chruadal.

Gur a cairdeach thu 'l ghaisceach  
 'Rinn an Eirinn an tapadh,  
 'Thug a chreach ud gun fhaicil bho  
 thuath as;

'Rinn a chreach air Mac-Guine,  
 'Chuir a cheann ann an cunnart.  
 Agus moran de' mhuinntir an cruadal.

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### ORAN GAOIL.

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Is ann feasgar Di-haoine  
 'Dh' fhalbh mo ghaol thar a mham.  
 'N uair a ghabh mi mo chead dhìot,  
 Bha m' aigneadh fo phramh,  
 Ort a bhruadair mi 'm chadadal  
 Air lota 's taigh bhan;  
 'S nuair a dhuisg mi sa mhadainn  
 Bha thu fad' bhuam, a ghraidh.

Ach ged chaidh tu orm thairis  
 Gur mor mo bharail 's mo dhui!  
 Gu 'n till thu riom fhathast  
 Le aighear 's le muirn,  
 Gu 'n doir thu bhe 'n chleir mi  
 Le ceutadh 's le cliu;  
 'S nach doir thu cion falaich  
 'Nighean barain no diuc'.

Cha ruig thu leas a bhi 'm barail  
 Gur h-e do bharantas cuil,  
 Bheireadh dhomhs' a bhi 'm barail  
 Gu 'm bu leannan dhomh thu,  
 Ach thu bhi 'shiol nam fear mora,  
 'S tu cho boidheach 's cho cuimt';—  
 'S mi gu' n deanadh do phosadh  
 Ged bhiodh do stòras air crun.

Ach mur h-'eil do ghaol agam  
 Tha mi fad' ann an call;  
 'S mor is misde mo phearsa  
 'N gaol beachdaidh so 'bh' ann.  
 Ged bu leamsa de bheairteas  
 Siorrachd Pheairt 's Innse-Gall,  
 B' fhearr leam cumhnanta t' fhacail  
 Na gach pailteas fo m' laimh.

'S ma 's a beag leat mo thochradh  
 Gu bheil m' fhortan aig Dia;  
 Gur a lionmhor mo chinneadh  
 Gus na shireadh tu 'dhiol  
 Ma 's e lughad mo nichean  
 A bhrìst orm do ghradh,  
 'S mairg mis' 'thug cion falaich  
 Dhuit-sa thairis air chach.

'S daor a cheannaich mi 'n grinneas  
 Bha air inneal do lamh;  
 'N uair a chunnaic mi 'n gille

Chaidh mi 'n iomairt mo bhaïs.  
 Le ro mheud 's thug mi thlachd dhuit,  
 Leig mi seachad orm each;  
 'S tha mi 'g inns' ann am chomhradh  
 Gur tus', 'Dhomhnaill, mo ghradh.

Chunna mise do chinneadh  
 Anns gach iomairt a bh' ann,  
 'S bu neo-choltach ri gillean  
 Na fir ghlinneach gun mheang;  
 Ged a bhiodh na *dragoons*,  
 'S an ranc dubailte, thall,  
 Rachadh sgapadh 'sa chleith  
 An am dhuit eigeach adbhanns.

Tha 'm fear bho 'n d' fhuair sinn an t-  
 oran so ag radh gur h-ann do Dhomh-  
 nall Donn Bhoth-Fhionntain a chaidh a  
 dheanamh, agus gur h-e nighean do  
 'Thighearna Ghlinne-Moireastan a rinn e.  
 Tha e ag radh ruinn cuideachd gu 'n do  
 thogach Dòmhnall Donn an teaghlach  
 Dhiuc Gordan, gu 'n robh e 'n a chlarsair  
 fìor mhath, agus gur h-i a chlarsach a  
 tha air a ciallach le inneal a lamh.

## ANN' EUDMHOR NIGH'N AILEIN.

LE MR IAIN MOR MAC-DHUGHAILL.

### LUINNEAG.

Ann' eudmhor, nigh'n Ailein,  
 'S neo-bheusach a' bhean i;  
 Ann' eudmhor nigh'n Ailein,  
 'S i-fhein 'thog an all' oirn.

Cleas na muic' air dhroch bhiathadh,  
 Rinn a bhiast air an leanabh,

'N uair a mhuch i fo 'cot' e,  
'S e gun deo ann de 'n anail.

Ach na 'm faighinn san Ròimh thu  
Ann an seomar nan cailleach,  
Naile, chumainn ri d' bheo  
An cainbe bhroin thu ri aithreach'.

Cia mar gheibhinn bho nadur  
Gun bhi baigheil ri Anna,  
Nighean brathair mo mhathtar?  
'S beusach narach a' bhean i.

Tha i banail, ciuin, ciallach,  
Tha i fialaidh, glic, ceanalt,  
'S ris gach bochd tha i pairteach;—  
'S bean gun naire 'thog all' oirr'.

Tha da Anna air an ainmeachadh sa  
òran, Anna nighean Ailein agus Anna  
nighean brathair mathar Mhr. Iain.

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### ORAN.

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Do Dhonnachadh agus do Ghilleasbuig  
Caimbeul, Clann Baillidh Thirith-  
eadh.

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LE GILLEASBUIG MAC-PHAIL.

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FOUN.—*Mo ran geal og.*

Gu bheil sinne fo churam  
'S neo-shunndach a ta sinn,  
Bho 'n la 'dhealaich ruinn Domhnall,  
'S Baillidh og 'thigh'nn 'na aite,  
Tha ar nadur ro mhuchte,  
'S bagradh ur 'h-uile la oirnn  
Bhi 'g ar cur, feadh an t-saoghail,



'S gun fhios cia 'n taobh ann san tann  
sinn.

Mo run geal og.

Bha sinn roimhe so socrach,  
Lan cothroim 's toil-inn!inn,  
Fo 'n deagh uachdaran aghmhor,  
A bha blath-chridheach, direach  
Aon a bheireadh dheth 'i. t-urram,  
Anns na b' urrainn e 'dhioladh,  
Cha robh b'ichiont' r 'a fhaotuinn  
An measg dhacine 'san rioghachd.

'S iomadh aon a bha dolum,  
'Sa thoisich am bochdainn,  
Gun bhi aige de storas  
Na cheannaichadh brogan no stocain,  
A dh' fhag sibhse gle shabhailt',  
Gun churam mal 'thoirt a stoc air;  
Bhiodh an t-airgiod nam poca,  
Is iad solasach, socrach.

Gu 'm bi sinne le durachd  
Air ar n-urnaigh mar 's gnas duinn,  
Gu 'm fuireadh do theaghlach  
Ann an saod mar a tha e,  
Gu 'm biodh agh air do shliochd-sa,  
Le deagh mhisnich 's na blaraibh.  
Gu seasamh ri cruadal,  
'S a thoirt buaidh air an namhaid.

Gur h-e Donnachadh 's Gilleasbuig  
Na fleasgaich a 's aille,  
'S fearr a sheas air balt broige  
Le an cotaichibh sgarlaid.  
Sibh nach leughadh a ghealtachd,  
Bha sibh cleachdte ri blaraibh;  
'S an am leanailt na ruaige  
Gu 'm biodh leibh-se buaidh-larach.

Ach a Dhonnachaidh oig Chaimbeil,  
 Gu 'm bu cheannard roimh cheud thu;  
 Is gu 'm b' airidh air mil' thu  
 'Dhol do stri nan gnìomh euchdach.  
 Claidheamh caol a chinn airgid  
 Bhiodh gu garbh a toirt bheuman;  
 'S' lionmhor corp 'bhiodh gun anam  
 'Call na fala lan chreuchd bhuait.

Mar ghaoith ghuinich a' seideadh  
 Bharr nan sleibhtean gu laidir,  
 Bhiodh tu dian ann sa' bhaiteal  
 A cur as do gach namhaid;  
 Mar threun sheabhag 'feadh eal'taun,  
 'S tu 'gan sgapadh 's gach aite.  
 No mar pheileirean teine  
 'Gan sior leagadh 'san araich.

Na 'm biodh agad 'san teas sin  
 Gilleasbuig do bhrathair,  
 'S e a chuireadh gu dian leat,  
 'S e ri gnìomharan dana,  
 Ursann-chatha 'n am cruadail  
 'S tric a bhuannaich le 'chabhhlach;  
 'S ann aig *Admiral* Nelson  
 A bha 'm meas os-cionn chaich air.

Gu 'm biodh Frangaich is Spaintich  
 Fo do shailtean 'nan sineadh,  
 'S iad a gladhach riut dail 'thoirt  
 Daibh o 'n bhas, gu 'n do stirochd iad.  
 Cha b' fhiach leat a radh  
 Gu 'n b' e sin la an ceann-criche;  
 'S ann a bheirteadh le adh iad  
 'Staigh an lathair an rìgh leat.

'S iomad naidheachd r' a h-iniiseadh  
 Mu do ghnìomharan sgairteil,  
 Bho 'n la chaidh thu thar saie

Dè nar blair a bha sgaiteach.  
 Bha thu sgairteil, treun, meaninnach,  
 Laidir, calma, fìor bheachdail;  
 'S tu nach tilleadh gun sìochaint  
 Is nach strìochdadh 'le gealtachd.

Bu bheag an t-ionghnadh lean fhin sìd,  
 Buaidh na strìth bhi 's gach ait oirbh;  
 B' fhiach an ìre as 'n do bhuaineadh  
 Na h-armuinn uasal 'bu chairdeil;  
 Bha Loch-nan-Eala air thus leibh,  
 Agus Diuc Earraghaidheal;  
 'S sibh do 'n chrùn 'cheart cho dìleas  
 'S a bha 'n ing ris a phaiper.

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### CUMHA.

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Do Mhairearad Nic-Cnuimhein, Bean a  
 Chaolais Cholaich.

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LE GILLEASBUIG MAC PHAIL.

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Gur h-ann annoch Diardaoin  
 Thanaig sgeul thar a chaoil 'b' oil lean  
 fhin,  
 Nach bu bheo Bean a Chaolais;  
 Dh' fhag sìd iomadach teaghlach gle  
 sgith.  
 Chuir e mnathan gu caoineadh  
 'S fìr gu mulad mu d' dheibhinn 's tu  
 b' fhiach,  
 'S iad ri caoidh na mna uaisle  
 A bha fiughantach, suairce, ro-ghrinn.

Bha thu fiughantach, flatthail,  
 Ard an cliu is gach maise ort thar chaich;  
 Baigheil, dleasanach, diadhaidh,  
 'S b' e bhi tabhartach fialaidh do ghnaths.

Gur tu dh' aithnich an saoghal  
 Fhad 's' a bha thu air faotuin le gradh;  
 Cha do choisinn thu fuath ann,  
 Bha gach tlachd air do ghluasad ri d' la.

Fhad 's a rinn mi de dh' astar  
 Feadh na duthcha cha 'n fhaca mo shuil,  
 Aon bhean idir 'thug barr ort  
 No a lean a' d' dheagh ghnathachadh thu.  
 Gu 'n robh buadhan thar chaich agad  
 Is eireachdas naduir mhaith, chiuin;  
 Is na' m faigheadh tu laithean  
 Bu leat urram 's gach cas os an cionn.

Agad fhein bha phears' alainn,  
 'S bu ghlan soilleir an sgathar do ghnuis;  
 Gorm shuil mheallach, chiuin, bhaigheil,  
 Fo d' chaol mhala ghil aillidh gun ghnuig;  
 Beul binn, sugach a mhanrain,  
 'S deud mar dhisnean geal, cnamha,  
     cruinn, dluth;  
 Cha do choisneadh riamh grain leat,  
 'S iomad aon 'bha gle chraiteach 'gad  
     thurs'.

'S beag an t-ionghnadh do cheile  
 A bhi dubhach fo eislean gach la;  
 Chaill e 'chlaisteachd 's a leirsinn,  
 'S gu 'n do thuit cuid de dheudach gu lar,  
 Leis a chrith 'chaidh 'feadh fheola  
 'N uair a righeadh air bord thu gun chail;  
 'S cruaidh an eas an robh 'chridhe  
 'N uair nach b' urrainn thu bruidhim  
     thoirt da.

Bha do pheathraichean truagh dheth,  
 'S bha do bhraithrean a' suathadh nan  
     dorn;  
 Is a bhean a rinn t' arach

Gur h-e 'h-obair gu brath 'bhi ri bron,  
 'S e so gnothach a 's cruaidhe  
 'Thanaig oirre ged fhuair i gu leoir;  
 Dh' fhag e toll goirt na cridhe  
 Nach gabh leigheas le lighich' 'tha beo.

Tha do leanaban og alainn,  
 'Nan cuis-bhroin is am mathair fo 'n fhoid;  
 Ged tha acasan saibhreas  
 Gu 'm b' fhearr ise 'bhi' 'n lathair gu mor.  
 Ged b' le Murchadh an saoghal  
 Air a sgriobhadh le 'mbaoin dha an coir,  
 'S luath a liubhradh e bhuaith' e  
 Ach an te 'chaic'h air ghluasad 'bhi' beo.

Ged a theid e do 'n leaba  
 'S gann gu 'm faigh e priob chadail no  
 tamh;

'S ann bhios smaointinnean bronach  
 'Tigh 'nn fainear dha 's ga leon anns gach  
 ait.

'S bochd nach b' urrainn e 'n diobradh,  
 Gur h-e gnothach gu cinnteach a b' fhearr;  
 Am Fear a fhuair i 's leis coir oirre,  
 'S gu bheil ise ann an solas nan gras.

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### UMHHA.

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Do dh-lain Domhnallach, a bha 'na  
 'Mharsanta an Tiritheadh.

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LE GILLEASBUIG MAC PHAIL.

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FONN.—*Cumha Fear Ile.*

Leam is duilich, a Dhomhnaill,  
 Am bron so 'th air t' inntinn  
 Ri ionndrainn an oganaich  
 Bhoidhich, ghlain, shiobhalt,

A bha ceanalta, caoimhneil  
 Gun fhoill 'na laimh-sgrìobhaidh:  
 Bu deagh fhear-ceartais ri tuath e.  
 'S e a' gluasad 'san fhirinn.

Cha chualas do chunntas  
 Riamh a dublachadh ainbhfhèich,  
 No 'dol' mearachd air duine,  
 'N aon ni b' urrainn e sheanachas.  
 B' e do chleachdach an ceartas,  
 Gun dol seach air le dearmad.  
 Gur h-ann agad tha 'bhuannachd,  
 Tha deagh dhuais air chionn t' anama.

Tha sinn uil' ann an dochas  
 Laidir mor ann ar n-inntinn  
 Gu bheil t' anam am paras  
 Ann am fardach na Trionaid,  
 Comhl' ri ainglean an eolais  
 Is an t-solais nach crìochnaich;  
 Ann an comunn an t-Slanaigheir,  
 Sin an t-aite 'tha priseil.

Gur a dubhach do mhathair,  
 Tha i craiteach mu d' dheibhinn  
 'Caoidh an laigh 'rinn i 'arach,  
 Culaidh stath' agus fheum' dhi.  
 'Nuair a dhealaicheas an t-og ruinn,  
 Bidh sinn bronach fo eislean;  
 Gur h-e 's coireach a ghoraich';  
 Nach robh coir aig Mac Dhe air?

Cha bu chunatasan cearbach  
 A bhiodh cealgach no foilleil,  
 'Chuireadh Iain gu daoine,  
 An t-og aoidheil 'bu loinneil,  
 Bha thu measail ro ehluiteach  
 'Feadh na duthcha, 's gun choire,

Cha robh duine air an t-saoghal  
 'B' urrainn t' fhaotainn 'san doille.

Ehad 's a bha thu air faotainn  
 Gur h-e daonnan 'bu ghnaths dhuit  
 A bhi tarraing luchd-gaoil ort  
 As gach taobh le d' dheagh nadur.  
 Bha thu tuigseach, ciuin, tlachdmhor,  
 Aoidheil, taitneach, ro bhaigheal,  
 Bha thu carthunnach, fialaidh,  
 Co nach iarradh do chairdeas?

Gur h-ann shios aig a Bhaca  
 'Fhuair thu 'n acaid a leon thu,  
 Cha robh cobhair a'd' thaic ann  
 Is bha 'n sachd agad lodail.  
 Sgaoil do chuislean is t' theithean  
 As a cheile fo d' chota,  
 'S fhuair am bas thu fo 'chumhachd,  
 Fath ar cunha 's ar dorainn.

'S truagh nach mise bha d' thaice,  
 'S mi gu 'n cleachdadh mo dhichioll  
 'Dheanamh cuideachaidh leatsa  
 Leis an t-sachd sin a mhill thu.  
 'Sgain an cridh' 'an robh 'n daonnachd  
 'S bha t' fhuil chraobhach 'gad dhiobradh;  
 'S iomadh aon leis 'm bu chruaidh e,  
 A ro luath 's a chaidh crìoch ort.

## ORAN.

Do dh-Eoghan Mac-Gilleain, Ceannard  
da fhear dheug, 's an treas reisimeid  
de Mhilisi Earraghaidheal.

LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

FONN.—*Gur h-i bean mo ghaoil an spain-  
nteach.*

'S math a' s aithne dhomhsa 'n t-oigear  
'Tha sunndach, solasach, eibhinn,  
Eoghan Mac Eachainn an Cornaig,  
Fear an eolais is na ceille.  
Tha thu fearail mar bu du dhuit.  
'S mor do bhiuthas, 's math do bheusan;  
Ni mi facail dhuit de dh'-oran,  
'S mar is coir dhomh cha 'n ann breugach.

Freagraidh sin air fear do naduir,  
Fear do thalantan 's do cheutaidh;  
'S mor an onair dhomh ri raitinn,  
Gur h-aithne dhomh pairt dhe d' bheu-  
san.

Tha thu cliuiteach far an tamh thu,  
Tha thu narach gus an eigin;  
Sgoilear measail, fiosrach, daicheil,  
'S misneachail 's gach ait an deid thu.

'S math leam gu bheil agad misneach  
Agus fiosrachadh d' a reir sin,  
Is comas thu fhein a ghlusad  
Am measg uaislean is luchd-beurla.  
Gu ma fada fallain slan thu  
Anus gach sas is cas 'san deid thu;  
Chuireadh tu loinn air na miltean,  
'S thogadh tu inntinn nan ceudan.



Togaidh tu inntinn gach duine  
 'N uair a chluinneas iad thu 'geigheach,  
 'S tu cur do chuideachd an ordagh  
 Mar is coir dhaibh glan fo 'n eideadh.  
 Their gach ceannard ris a choirneal  
 "Sin far 'bheil an comhlan eibhinn,  
 'Chuir Mac-Gilleain an ordagh;  
 Co ris nach cordadh na treun-fhir?"

Na fir chalma sin dha 'm buin thu  
 Gheibheadh urram ri am feuma;  
 Ged dh' iarrteadh a dhol do 'n Spainn sibh  
 Dh' fhalbhadh sibh gu laidir gleusda,  
 Bhiodh sibh misneachad, deas, ullamh,  
 Le 'r cuid ghunnachan, fo 'r 'n-eideadh;  
 'S an am dol ri uchd 'ur namhaid  
 'Sibh nach failnicheadh an speiread.

Fhad 's a bhiodh 'ur leth an lathair  
 Sheasadh sibh gu dana treubhach,  
 Sheasadh sibh as leth na rioghachd.  
 Bhiodh sibh dileas anns gach ceum d' i.—  
 'Solc a fhreagradh e do gharlach  
 Dad a raitinn ruibh le breugan;  
 Gur a b' urram sibh do 'n aite  
 Ann san d' araicheadh gu leir sibh.

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### ORAN.

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Do Ghilleasbuig Mac-Neil, Fear na  
 pacaide ann am Muile.

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LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

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FONN.—'S i deoch-slainnte 'n rìgh a' s fearr  
 leinn.

A Ghilleasbuig, fhir na pacaid'  
 'S iomadh tlachd a th' ort r 'a innseadh;

Gur a tri'e a fhuair thu urram  
 Eadar Muile agus an tir so.  
 Le d' shar-mhisnich 's le d' dheagh nadur  
 Gheibh thu cliu 's gach ait am bi thu;  
 Ged a rinn thu 'n rioghachd fhagail  
 Thill thu sabhailt', 's math leam fhin sin.

Tha thu 'nis a'd' sgiobair bata  
 Cliuiteach anns gach aite 's eolach,  
 'S cinnteach gur leat gaol gach duine  
 'Chunnaic thu no 'chuir 'ort eolas.  
 Tha thu seirceil, caoimhneil, baigheil,  
 Mar chleachd thu an laithibh t'oige;  
 Deas lamh a stiuradh a' bhata  
 Am bog-bhairlinn 's am barr croice.

'S ann agad tha 'm bata cliuiteach,  
 An aon chuis chu d' fhuair i tamailt,  
 'S gur tu fhein an t-oigear dileas  
 'Chur gu finealt' rithe 'h-asaig;  
 A siuil chaola 'sa buill fhallain  
 'S tu 'g an teannachadh le d' lamhan;  
 'N uair' ghlacadh tu 'n ailm a' d' achlais  
 'S i gu'm maslaicheadh gach bata.

Mhaslaicheadh i iad gu buileach;  
 Bu chlis ullamh i 'n a gluasad;  
 Airson gu 'm falbhadh i direach  
 Cha 'n fheil ann ach gnìomh 'tha suarach.  
 'N uair 'theannas tu air a ghaoith leath'  
 'S coimh-dheas leath' a taobh na 'gualann;  
 'S mi bhiodh cinnteach as a toiseach  
 Ged bhiodh ochdnar an taobh shuas dhi.

Bho 'n a fhuair i 'n t-oigear cliuiteach  
 Air a h-urlar, lamh a' chruadail,  
 A chumas a ceann ri gabhadh  
 'S iomadh aite 's a bheil buaidh oirr'.  
 Cha 'n fheil rochd no sgeir no bogha

A dh' fhas fodha no tha 'n uachdur  
Nach h-aithne dhuit-sa gu sar-mhath,  
'S cha leig thu le d' bhata bualadh.

'S ann 'chumas tu i aig astar  
An am dol seachad air fiacail.  
Cha 'n iarr thu abhsadh no seapadh  
Ged thigeadh seideadh gle dhion ort.  
'N uair 'bheacadh tu siul na h-ardraich;  
Dh' fhaodadh each 'bhi tarruing dìreach,  
Bheir thu 'mach gach cala sabhailt'  
An aghaidh traghaidh no lionaidh.

Cha 'n e 's aobhar' thu bhi 'neartmhor  
An aghaidh feartan an lionaidh;  
No gun dean thu gnothach sgaomach  
An aghaidh gaoithe no side;  
Ach thu bhi fiosrach le d' fhaoghlum  
Mu gach taobh o 'n dig na siantan,  
'S nach tog thu snathainn de' h-aodach  
Gus am faod i 'taobh a shineadh.

'S mi bhiodh earbsach as do thurn  
An am a' cur a dh-iounsaidh 'n t-soirbheis,  
'N uair 'ghlacadh tu 'n stiuir' a' d' lamhan  
'Se do nadur nach robh tolgach.  
Tha thu eolach anns gach aite  
Dh' fhaodadh i 'sbuamh ri re dorcha;  
'S ullamh ealamh gu toirt bhuaipe  
A h-acuinn 's luath 'ni thu charachadh

'S math a dh-fhaodas mi do mholladh  
'Chionn gur h-i 'n onair a ni thu;  
Tha thu caoimhneil agus baigheil  
'S misneachail 's gach cas 's am bi thu.  
Fhuair thu ionnsachadh mac Gaidheil,  
'S deas air saile no air tir thu.—  
Gu ma fada fallain slan thu  
A sheoladh do bhata riomhaich.

## CUMHA.

Do Niall Mac-Gilleain, am Maor Ban  
ann an Tiritheadh, a chaidh a  
bhathadh 's e 'tighinn a lle, 's a  
bhliadhna 1809.

LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

FONN,—*Gaoir nam ban Mùileach.*

'S bochd tha sinne, Neill Bhain, dheth,  
Bho 'n la 'rinn thu ar fagail,  
Gun tighinn dachaidh mar b'aill leinn  
A dh-ionnsaidh do chairdean.  
'S ann a fhuaradh air traigh thu  
Gun chad gluasad gu' fagail;  
'S e mo dhiubhail mar bha sid;  
'H uite h-aon ann san ait tha fo bhron.

Com na loinne 's a cheirtaidh  
Leis an suidheadh na ceudan;  
An ann ceartas a reiteach  
Cha b' ann tuaileasach breugach  
'Chluinnteadh facal do bheil—sa  
Ach le fiosrachadh leughaidh;  
Co a nis as do dheigh  
A bheir dhuinn misneach no 'leughas a  
choir?

Anns gach cuideachd am biodh tu,  
Am measg uaislean no islean,  
Bha thu suairce ro shiobhalt,  
Is do chridhe gun mhiorun;  
'S goirt do 'n tuath thu bhi 'dhith oir',  
'Fhir nach deanadh an diteadh  
Ach a sheasadh gu dileas,  
Air an cul ann san fhirinn 's a' choir.

Bha thu sìobhalt a' d' nadur;  
 Co 'n neach riamh a bha lamh riut  
 Chunnaic ort ach fiamh gaire?  
 'S ann a t' aghaidh a dh-fhas  
 An t-suil shoilleir 'bu blaithe,  
 Gur a truagh lean do mbathair  
 Bo 'n la rinneadh do bhathadh,  
 'S goirt an t-saighead 'tha sathte 'n a  
     feoil.

Gu bheil t' athair fo bhruillean  
 Bho an latha 'san cuala e  
 Sgeula dubhach an fhuathais  
 Gu 'n robh corp a mbic uasail  
 'Ga shior iomain gun truas ris  
 Leis na tonnaibh ard uaibhreach;  
 'Tha e muladach truagh dheth,  
 Am fear 'sheasadh ri 'ghualann cha bheo.

Gur a tursach do cheile,  
 'S beag an t-ionghnadh dhi fhein sin;  
 Ged a chruinnicheadh na ceudan  
 Latha faidhreach no feille,  
 Fear do ghluasaid 's do bheusan  
 Is do choltais cha leir dhi;  
 Bho 'n la 'fhuair i dhi fhein thu  
 Gu 'm bu taitneach 's gach ceun dhi do  
     sheol.

'S i do phiuthar 'tha cianail,  
 Tamh uaire cha dean i  
 Ach ri smaointinnean tiamhaidh  
 Gu 'n robh do chorp ciatach  
 A' faotuinn a riasladh  
 'Feadh fairge agus bhiastan;  
 Bha do chairdean ga t' iargain  
 'S iad le dìchioll ga t' iarraidh san rod.

'S iomadh aon 'tha fo mhulad

Bho 'n la chaidh thu 's na grunnaibh;  
 Tha iad deurach a' tuireadh  
 Is nach faic iad thu tuilleadh  
 'Tigh 'nn g' an ionnsaidh le furan  
 Bha thu 'falbh leis gach buinne  
 Am mein fairg' agus buuillean,  
 Gus 'n do thilgeadh thu 'n Guana air  
 sroin.

Thugaibh cliu uile 'n Ard-Rìgh  
 Ged a rinneadh a bhathadh  
 Gu 'n do chuireadh gu traigh e.  
 A dh-ionnsaidh a chairdean,  
 'S gu 'n do rinneadh a charadh  
 Ann an ciste nan claraibh,  
 An taigh athar 's a mhatbar,  
 Bho 'n do chuir a luch-l-graidh e fo 'n  
 fhoid.

'Fhir a b' aoibheile 'chiteadh  
 Gu bheil mise lan chinteach  
 Nach robh neach ann san rioghachd  
 A bha dhuit ann an miorun.—  
 'S mor an t-seirc a bha 't' inntinn;  
 Bha thu onarach dìreach;—  
 Ach gach buaidh a bha sint' riut  
 Is le maise ga d' lionadh  
 'S gann gu 'm b' urrainn mi innseadh ri  
 m' bheo.

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## AM BATA RIOMHACH.

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### LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

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Bha Ailean Mac-Aonghais ann an  
 Tìrtheadh uair ag iasgach air carraig,  
 agus thuit e am mach air a mhuir. Bha  
 moran de dhaoine, comhla ris, agus shin  
 fear de na bha 's a' chuideachd an tabh d'

a iosaibh, nu agus air dhasan breith air  
thairneadh gu tìr e. A reir a' bhaird 's  
ann le bata a thearnadh an tailear.

FONN.—“*A chomaiun rioghail, runaich.*”

Am faic thu 'm bata riomhach,  
A shiubhlas cinnteach cuan?  
Le coignear ghillean dileas oirr  
A dh' iomaireas i gu finealta,  
'S a sheo'as i le inleachdan,  
'S i 's cinntich' sgrìob an nuas.  
A sgiobair Lachainn og tha fìor 'n hath,  
Lamh a dhiobradh stuadh!

Tha cliu 's gach ait 'san duthaich  
Air an ardraich uir o 'n tuaigh;  
A taobh tha slìosar liobharra  
Gun mheang, gun ghaid, ach fìrinneach,  
De dh-fhiubhaidh dhaingean dhileas,  
Is gur dìonach i mu 'n cuairt;  
Ged dh' eireadh tonn mar bheinn ga h-ard  
'Se 'gairich, thig i 'nuas.

'N uair 'theannas tu ri 'seoladh  
Le do sgioba coir gun ghruaim,  
Tagh oigear laidir taiceil  
'Bhios gun mheang, gun ghiamh, ach  
faicilleach,  
Ro chnramach gun ghealtachd ann,  
'S biodh e fo d' smachd mar 's dual,  
A chumas i mar 's coir di 'bhi  
'N uair 'bhios ann side chruaidh.

Co e 'm fear-sgoid 'theid lamh-riut,  
Ach an tailear ri an-uair!  
'S e-fhein am fìuran furachail,  
'S e teoma air a h-uile ruel;  
Cha tric a chi sinn duine

'Tha cho ullamh, ealamh, luath  
Bheir e 'n sgod a staigh mar 's coir,  
'S gur h-eolach e mu 'n chuan.

Dhearbh e ghnìomh 's a thabhadh duine  
Ri la an anraidh chruaidh,  
Am barr a chroinn bu dileas e,  
'S e glaoibhach, cumaibh dìreach i  
Le spionnadh dhorn 's le innieachdan,  
No thig ar crìoch gu luath,  
Gus am buail i ceann air tìr  
Cha 'n fhiach leam tigh 'nn an nuas.

Bha 'ghaoth gu cruaidh a' seideadh,  
Is an speur gu leir fo ghruaim;  
Bha 'm bata 'n staid ro eigineach  
Na siùil chaidh uile 'reubadh dhi,  
Ach cho robh guth air geilleadh  
Aig an taillear, trenn nam buadh!  
An greim a fhuair e ghleidh e e,  
Ged bha e 'n eigin chruaidh.

Thionndaidh sruth le stailcinnich  
Ri 'gualainn ghasda luath:  
Ruitheadh agus lenmadh e  
Is calg ro gharbh gu leir-sgrios air,  
'S 'n a theine sionnacham dh' eireadh e  
Gu ruig a shleisdean 'suas:  
An tonn 'bu lugha 'bheucadh  
Chluinn' a Sleit' e ann an Cluaidh.

Ged fhuair i moran allabain  
Le creanachadh a' chuain,  
Ma dh' fhaodar, fhathast nìtear i,  
Cho dìonach, laidir, finealta  
Ri bata 'th' ann sna tìrean so,  
Gur fiach i a cur 'suas.—  
Eadar Cana 's Maol Chiuntire  
Shiubhladh i ri uair.



Gu h-e i-fhein 'bhi 's achdarra  
 'N uair 'theid a h-acfhuinn 'suas!  
 Bidh obair ur gu h-ìosal innt',  
 'S a buill 's a slatan finealta;  
 Theid ainm oir' as an rioghachd so  
 Do thirean fada bhuainn;  
 Ged tha i 'n diugh air sgaineadh  
 Le sruth 's le gairich cuain.

A Lachainn Oig, gu fìrimeach  
 Gur math is fiach thu duais;  
 Gu 'n d' rinn thu gnìomh bha tabhachdach  
 An la a cheap thu 'n taillear dhuinn;  
 Cha d' leig thu as do lamhan e,  
 Ged shuamh e pios de 'n chuan;  
 Gur finealt air an t-snathaid e.  
 Tha 'obair alaam, buan.

### FATH MO LEANN-DUIBH;

Oran a Rinneadh an Deigh Bais Eich a  
 bha aig Eoghan Mac-Gillemhaoil,  
 mar gu 'm b' e e-fein a rinn e.

LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

LUINNEAG.

*Agus ho fath mo leann-duibh,  
 Fath mo leann-duibh thu 'bhi 'm dhith;  
 Agus ho fath mo leann-duibh,  
 Fath mo leann-duibh thu bhi 'm dhith;  
 Fath mo chumha ann san earrach  
 Nach faic mi mo ghearran fhìn,  
 'S gu 'm bristeadh tu 'n iall no 'ghreallag  
 Mu 'n leigeadh tu 'n t-amull 'sios.*

'S mis 'fhua'ir naidheachd a' chruadail

Moch Di-luain, 's gu 'm b' fhuathach  
lean;

Chunnaic mi 'u 't each ruadh 'n a eigin,  
'S coltas an eig air mu 'n cheann.  
Chuala mi 'n fheannag a' tighinn,  
'S thuit mo chridhe, dh' fhas mi fann;  
Tharraing mi 'n gunna 's an urchair  
Ach cha chuimsichean oir ann.

Gabh mo chomhairle-sa, 'charaid,  
Thuir an fheannag rium gu mall;  
Ged a chaill thu 'n diu do ghearran  
Na bi anaideach 'sa' cheann;  
Sguir a' losgadh do chuid fudair  
'S nach cuir thu sràd dluth air ball;  
Bho 'n a thug mi fios a t' ionnsaidh  
Thoir dhomh 'n t-suil 's cha bhi mi 'n call.

Thanaig an fhaoileann gu ceanalt',  
'S i 'tigh' nu gu farasda 'nuas;—  
"Coma leat brosgul na feannaig,  
'S caraich' i na 'm madadh-ruadh;  
'N uair a bheir thu 'n t-seiche dhachaidh  
Roinn a' chlosach oirnn mu 'n cuairt;  
Ged a bhiodh tusa 'g a bacadh  
Bheir coin nam bailtean i bhuaith."

Chuir mi fios gu modhail, eolach,  
'Dh-ionnsaidh coirneileir an airm,  
'Dh-fheuch an dìgeadh e gu m' chomhnadh,  
An lach foghlumte gun chearb.  
Bha e misneachail le urram  
Mar a bhuineadh do dh-fear ainm',  
Le 'chlaidheamh ruisgte 'n a dhorn  
A toirt a chomhdaich de 'n each mharbh.

Sin an gearran a bha sgairteil,  
'S a bha taitneach air gach doigh;  
'S iomad sachd a thug e dhachaidh,

'S dh' fhag sin aisnean lom gu leoir.  
 A leithid cha 'n fheil ri 'fhao ainm  
 'S na h-eich aotrom aig rìgh Deors';  
 'N uair a thanaig fios 'g a iarraidh  
 Bha chuid iall a' fuaigheal bhrog.

Bhiodh tu air thoiseach an comhnaidh  
 'N am cur na mona gu tìr,  
 Mi-fhin ann ad cheann gu sporsail,  
 'S tu a' falbh gu boidheach, grinn;  
 Air chù seotraicht' bha thu airidh,  
 'S iomad ear a rinn thu dhuinn;  
 'S tric a bha mi, 's tu air choiseacha,  
 'Ged mo brochain air do dhruim.

Chaidh mi la an null do Hianais  
 Le mo ghearran ciatach, coir.  
 Am buailtean agam 'g a stailceadh,  
 'S earball an casadh le spors;  
 H-uile h-aon a bha 'sna bailtean  
 Bha 'n cuid adaichean 'n an dorn;  
 Shaoil iad gu 'm b' e mis' am bailidh  
 Gus am fac iad bearn mo bheoil.

'S mor ga m' dhith thu 'n am do staca  
 'Thigh' un air cladach 's tu air eall;  
 Na cleibh a bhiodh ort ag obair  
 Cha 'n fheil 'h-aon 'g an togail ann.  
 Culaidh thu 'dheanamh an treabhaidh,  
 Ged chuirinn domhainn an craun;  
 Cha d' fhairich mi riamh do shaothair,  
 'Fhir mo ghaoil a' tigh 'nn gu ceann.

Bho 'n chaill mi mo chulaidh chosnaidh,  
 'S nach h-'eil fortan dhomh an dan,  
 Bidh mi tuilleadh air a bhoichdainn,  
 'S luchd na socair' orm ri tair.  
 Na 'n robh mise pailt de storas

Amu am phoca 'n am do bhais,  
 Chruinnich mi muinntir nam bailtean  
 Gu do chur fo 'n Bhaca Bhan.

'Bhi 'faicinn do chnamhan shios ud  
 'S e 'tha miadachadh mo bhroin,  
 'S iad 'g am falach aig na beisdean  
 Gus iad fhein a chur 'n an leoir.  
 Chunnaic mi do shlinnean alainn  
 Fo 'n chu bhlar aig Eachann Og.—  
 Ach togam de m' oran mulaid,  
 'S nach faigh tuireadh dhomh mo lon.

### MOLADH NEILL MHS EOGHAIN.

LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

Thoisich Niall Mac Eoghain. Niall  
 Mac-Gillemhaoil, air iarraidh air a bhard  
 oran a dheanamh dha. Thuirt am bard  
 gu 'n deanadh e sin na 'n doireabh e latha  
 dha air bualadh. Thoisich Niall air a  
 bhualadh agus thoisich am bard air an  
 oran Bha Niall bochd an duil gur h-aun  
 'ga mholadh a bha 'm bard.

FOON:—"Iain chaimbeil a bhanca."

Niall Mac Eoghain, an curaidh,  
 Fear urranta, treun,  
 'Fhnair urram 'san leig  
 Le spionnadh a dhorn!  
 Tha cis aig na bailtean  
 Air a nasgadh dhuit fhein,  
 Aig t' fheabhas gu feum  
 'N uair 'thig oirnn an toir.  
 Thanaig Tearlach le straic  
 'S thug e lan chuireadh dhuit;  
 Dh' eirich thus' fhir mo ghraidh,  
 S' thug thu 'n t-sar bhuille dha.

Is thuit e 'sa' bhaca  
 Gun chlaisteachd, gun des;  
 Cha robh duine 'g a choir  
 A thilleadh do lamh.

Ged a bhiodh ann na dusain,  
 Bhiodh tus' as an deigh,  
 Mar sheabhag 'san speur,  
 'S tu casruisgt' gun bhrog.  
 'S ma'rg a tharladh a' d' thaice,  
 Dheagh lasgaire threin,  
 'N uair dh' fhasadh tu breun,  
 'S a chro'nadh tu 'n t-sron  
 'S neach gun ghibhtean tha fios  
 'Ghabhadh meas burraidh dhìot.  
 'S tu nach h-obadh an troid,  
 Bhiodh tu mach ullamh innt.  
 'S ann agad tha mhisneach,  
 S tha meas ort oig each;—  
 Gu'm fuilingeadh tu 'm bas  
 Mu 'n tilleadh tu 'choir.

Ge tric thu air acras,  
 Cha mhasladh dhuit e;  
 'S ann bhios tu ri feum,  
 'S ri tapadh gu leoir;  
 Gach stamh air a' chladach  
 'Gan tarruing gu feum,  
 'S ann air a chreig leith  
 A thionail thu 'n tor  
 Chuir thu 'n dudan 'n a smuid  
 Ann an cul Ghreasamail;  
 Bha gach long ann sa chuan  
 Ruith le 'n cruaidh neart thuige.—  
 Niall Griasaich' tha 'gradh  
 Nam paigheadh tu mi  
 Cha bhithinn a' d' dhriom  
 Na b' fhaide ri m' bheo.

Gu 'm b' ealamh do fhreagairt;—  
 "Cha 'n eaga!, a Neill.  
 Gu 'n dean mi ni cearr,  
 Cha bhuin sin do m' dhoigh;  
 Bi caoinhneil, lan furais,  
 'S na cuir am Maor Ban  
 Gu m' tharruing gu dan  
 A dh-ionnsaidh a mhoid.  
 Mur h-i 'n fhirinu thuirt mi  
 Anns gach ni 's duilich leam;  
 Gabh mo leithsgeul 'san am,  
 'S ann a bh' ann uireasabh,  
 'N uair 'thig oirnn an t-earrach,  
 An fheamainn 's am blaths,  
 Gheibh thu 'n t-airgiod a' d' laimh,  
 Agus cairich mo bhrog.

'N uair 'chaidh thu le urram  
 A dh-iarraidh nam brog,  
 Na 'n robh 'm paigheadh a' d' dhorn  
 Gu 'n dug e dha,  
 'N uair 'loisgeas tu 'n fheamainn  
 A th' agad 'san tor,  
 Bidh agad de chorr  
 Na phaigheas do dhail,  
 Cha 'n fheil ti ann san tir  
 'Bhios a' strith tuisleadh riut.  
 Theid thu mach air a mhuir,  
 'S gu 'm bi t' uchd ullamh oirr;  
 Na 'm biodh agamsa gunna  
 Gu 'm biodh fuil air an traigh,  
 'Fhir a ghabhadh an snamh  
 'S a ghlacadh na h-eoin.

'Nam bristeadh nam clach  
 Bha do thartar cho ard  
 'S gu 'n d' theich am muir-lan,  
 Cha danaig e 'd choir.

Gur mise ghabh beachd ort,  
 'Fhir ghasda mo ghraidh,  
 'S air t' fheabhas gu stath,  
 'N uair 'ghlacadh tu 'n t-ord.  
 Leat gur faoin obair ghoirt,  
 Tha do chorp fulangach,  
 'S iomad aon 'tha fo sprochd  
 Gu 'm bi 'n nochd fuil agad,  
 'N uair 'fhuair thu 'n tombaca  
 'S a las thu phìob bhan,  
 Bha 'm feasgar cho blath  
 'S nach faict' ach do cheo.

'S tu fhein 'gheibh an t-urram  
 Thar gach duin' 'theid do 'n traigh;  
 Bidh do lapan-sa lan  
 'S an duileasg a' d' phoc'  
 Cha bhiodh piocach an tarsuing  
 Na 'm faigheadh tu fath,  
 Nach togadh tu ghraidh,  
 'S nach cuireadh tu 'n tor  
 Do gach ni ni thu feum,  
 Tha thu geur furachail;  
 Fhuair thu ainm ann san tìr,  
 'S chuir an rìgh cuireadh ort.  
 Tha mi fiosrach nach tric  
 Leat 'bhi 'measg chumantan.  
 Ach do chompanach dilear  
 Tha 'g innseadh dhomh 'n drast  
 Mur fuilingeadh tu smaig  
 Nach fanadh tu beo.

An smaig sin cha 'n fhuiling  
 Thu tuilleadh gu brath;  
 'N uair 'theid thu do 'n bhal  
 Bidh agad te og.  
 Bidh each ann sna cuiltean  
 Gun sugradh. gun agh;

'S bidh tus', fhir mo ghraidh,  
 Ri beadradh gu leoir.  
 A bhi d' shuidhe fo 'n chruisgein  
 Cha chuis loinneil e.  
 Mu thig aon air do chul  
 Bheir thu fuchd sgaoinneil dha.  
 Na 'm biodh agam-s' an t-searrag  
 Gu daingeann a 'm' laimh,  
 Bhiodh gloine dhuit lan,  
 'S gu 'n deanadh tu 'ol.

Gur coma leinn tuilleadh  
 Gach duine ach sinn fhin,  
 Ma bhios sinn gun dith;  
 Fhad 's a bhitheas sinn beo.  
 Gheibh thu cliu anns gach aite  
 Ged dh' fhagadh tu 'n tìr s';  
 Cha 'n fhairich thu sgios,  
 'S air do ghnìomh cha bhi sgòd.  
 Their iad cinnteach rium fhin  
 Gur a fìor bhurraidh thu;  
 Tha iad briagach codhiu,  
 'S tusa 'n t-aon duin' agam.  
 'Fhir fhiughantaich, ghaisgeil,  
 Gu 'm faiceam thu slàn,  
 Gun chuspa, gun ghag,  
 A' d' shuidh' air an rod.

'S tu fhein am fear tapaidh,  
 Gur taitneach do ghnaths,  
 'S gun ghaoid riut a' fas  
 Ach tombac' agus ol.  
 Tha Mac-Iamhair ag radh  
 Gu 'n do shabhail thu 'long  
 Air bharraibh nan tonn  
 'N uair 'thanaig i 'd choir.  
 'Glillean fhein bha gun chli,  
 Cha robh gnìomh duin' annta;



Chaidh thu suas ann sa' chrann,  
 Bha do cheann fulangach.—  
 'N uair 'chuir i 'cuid acraichean  
 'Mach air an traigh,  
 Bha core ann ad laimh,  
 'S tu sracadh nan seol.

Bha gaol aig gach duin' ort,  
 A chunnaic thu rianh,  
 'Chionn dh' itheadh tu iasg,  
 'S cha diultadh tu feoil  
 Bu tric thu 'sa' chladach,  
 Cha 'n fhanadh tu 's 't sliabh,  
 'S b' e t' fhasan-sa rianh  
 Nach iarraidh tu brog.  
 Mharbh an griasaiche sgarbh  
 Air an leirg 's chunnaic thu,  
 Chaidh tu sìos as a dheigh,  
 'S cha do dh-eigh duine riut,  
 Ged nach caillteadh ach itcag  
 Bhiodh sìd fo do sgeith;  
 Gur taitneach do bheusan,  
 'S gur ceutach do shron.

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### MARBHRANN.

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#### Do Mhitchel Scobie.

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LE BARBARA ROB.

'S tric thu 'bhais a cur an geill dhuinn  
 Gur nì nach feudar do sheachnadh,  
 Eadar islean is uaislean  
 So an uair 'rinn thu 'chreach oirnn.  
 Thug thu nachdaran timeil  
 As an tìr 'bha 'n a thaic dhuinn  
 An deigh leum as a chuirte dhuit  
 Leis an Diuca 'bha 'n Sasunn.

Mitchel Scobie 'rinn saothair  
 Ann an rioghachdan eile,  
 A dol fad' thar nan cuantan,  
 Thug thu bhuainn e gu h-ealamh.  
 Chaidh a ghuilan gu dhuthchas,  
 Gus an uir an robh athair;  
 'S tha e 'n cadal 'san tìr sin  
 As nach cluinn sinne facai.

Ris an Tì 'thug air falbh e  
 Biobh og earbsa a mhacan,  
 'S e gun phiuthair, gun bhrathair,  
 Is gun mhathair, gun athair  
 'Thi 'rinn lomadh cho luath air  
 Cum e suas mar a 's math dha;  
 'S tu an caraìd a 's dìlse  
 Do gach aon a ni taic riut.

Ged 'tha cuid do nach leir e  
 'Tha do dheilig 'tigh 'nn faisg oirnn;  
 Tha thu taghadh nan uaislean  
 'S 'gan toirt bhuainn ann an cabhaig.  
 Thug thu leat Daibhidh Cleireach  
 'Bha do 'n fheumnach 'n a athair;  
 'S ma 's deach sin as ar cuimhne  
 'Thug thu 'n rìgh dhe na chathair.

Tha thu 'tarruing nan cairdean  
 As gach ait gus an deach iad;  
 Tha thu 'tarruing gu cinnteach  
 'H-uile h-aon a bhios abaich.  
 Cha dean spionnadh no slainte  
 Do ghath basmhor 'chur seachad;  
 'S i do ghairm nach gabh aicheadh,  
 Ged bhiodh cairdean a' gearan.

'S ann tha 'n dalladh 's am bodhradh  
 Air gach seors' air an talamh  
 'N uair nach gabh iad gu curam

Mar tha uine 'n a deannaibh,  
 Is nach deid iad gu glusad  
 Roimh 'n ghuth 's fuaimniche labhairt.  
 Thig am Breitheamh gu cinnteach  
 Ann san tìnn anns nach math leo.

'Thi a thanaig le gradh dhuinn  
 'Cheannach slainte dha 'r a-anam  
 Is a dh' fhosgail gach seula  
 'N uair 'bha feich air an agairt,  
 Fosgail ruigs agus reusan  
 Na tha 'chreutairean d'alla  
 'G eisdeachd fuaim a ghuth gheir sin  
 'Ni na seudair a ghearradh:

'N guth 'tha crathadh nan sleibhtean  
 Nach doir eisdeachd do 'n fhacal,  
 'S a cur fhineachean fiadhaich  
 'Thoir an iodhalan seachad.  
 Ruisgear mullach nan craobh leis  
 Dhe 'm meoir dhireach gu h-ealamh,  
 'S bheir e 'n stuic gu bhi iosal  
 'G an cur sìos ris an talamh.

Tha na ceannardan fiughail  
 Air an giulan gu 'n dachaidh,  
 Cha 'n fhear gun bhardachd a luaidheadh  
 'H-uile buaidh a bha aca.  
 Ach aon ni tha air m' iantinn,  
 'S bidh mi saor gu 'thoir seachad,  
 Bidh cuimhne mhath air an fhirean  
 Cho fad 's 'bhios linn air an talamh.

## AOIR.

A rinneadh air Padruig Sellar a chionn  
a bhi a' fogradh an t-sluaigh a mach  
as an fhearann ann an Cataobh.

LE DOMHNALL BAILLIDH.

LUINNEAG.

*Ho'n ceard dubh!*  
*He'n ceard dubh!*  
*Ho'n ceard dubh*  
*'Dhaor am fearann!*

Chunnaic mise brúadar  
'S cha b' fhuathach leam fhaicinn fhathast;  
'S nam faicinn e 'nam dhusgadh  
Bu shugradh e dhomh ri m' latha.

Teine mor an ordagh  
Is Roy 'na theis meadhoin  
Young bhi ann am prìosan  
'S an t-iarann mu chnaimhean Shellair.

Tha Sellar an Cuilmhaillidh  
Air fha ail mar mhadadh-alluidh;  
A glacadh is a saradh  
Gach aon ni a thig 'na charaibh.

Tha shron mar chòltair iarunn,  
No fiacail na muice bioraich;  
Tha ceann liath mar ron air,  
Is bodhan mar asal fhirionn.

Tha 'rugaid mar chorr riabhaich  
Is iomhaigh air nach 'eil tairis,  
Is casan fada liadhach  
Mar shìaman de shlàtaibh mara.

'S truagh nach robh thu'm prìosan  
 Re bhliadhnan air nìsg' is aran,  
 'S cearcail cruaidh de dh'iarann  
 Mu d' shliasaid gu làir, daingeann.

Nam faighinn-s' air an raon thu  
 Is daoine bhi' ga do cheangal,  
 Bheirinn le mo dhornaibh  
 Tri oirlich a mach dhe d' sgamhan.

Chaidh thu fein 's de phairtidh  
 An airde gu braighe Rosail,  
 'S chuir thu taigh do bhrathar  
 'N a smalaibh a suas' na lasair.

'N uair a thig am bas ort  
 Cha chairear thu ann san talamh,  
 Ach bidh do charcais thodharail  
 Mar otrach air aodunn achaidh.

Bha Sellar agus Roy  
 Air an treorachadh leis an deamhan,  
 'N uair dh' ordaich iad an combaist  
 'S an t-slabhraidh'chur air an fhearann.

Bha'n Simpsonach na chu  
 Mar bu duthasach do na mharsaich;  
 Seacaid ghoran a buth air  
 Is triusair de dh' aodach tana.

S i pacaid dhubh an uillidh  
 A ghiulain iad 'chum an fhearainn s';  
 Ach chithear fhathast baitht' iad  
 Air traillich an cladach Bhanaibh.

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The horrible work known as "the Sutherland clearances," began in 1807. In that year ninety families were removed from the parishes of Farr and Lang, to make room for tenants of large farms and sheep.

In 1809 hundreds of families were expelled from their homes and native hills in the parishes of Dornach, Rogard, Loth, Clyne and Golspie. From this date until 1820 the work of driving away the native population was pressed forward with great vigor and cruelty. Indeed by the end of 1820 the county of Sutherland was almost wholly depopulated. From 1809 until 1816 the estates of the Dutchess of Sutherland were under the management of William Young, a corn dealer, as chief-factor, and Patrick Sellar, a lawyer, as under-factor. The latter lived at Colmally in the parish of Golspie. Young and Sellar were both natives of Morayshire. The person referred to in the eighth verse as "do brathair" was a tinker named William Chisholm, whose house was set on fire in June, 1814.

The Dutchess of Sutherland may have been utterly indifferent to the welfare of the people on her estates, and Young and Seallr may have been selfish money-grabbers, but what are we to think of a government and of laws that would allow any dutchess and her servants to expatriate thousands of good and loyal subjects. The people of Sutherlandshire were not rebels. No regiment fought more bravely for the British crown than the noble 93rd. Yet at the very time when the soldiers of that regiment were battling against the great tyrant of Europe, little tyrants in their native land were allowed to pitch their mothers, wives and children out of doors, and set fire to their houses. It is to be sincerely hoped that in the course

of a few years civilization shall have made such progress in Britain that no man will be allowed to retain control of thousands of acres of land. This grand old earth of ours was not made for a few landlords.

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## MARBHRANN THOMAS FHRISEIL.

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LE MR. SEUMAS MAC GRIOGAIB.

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Ni sinn marbhrann air Tomas,  
 Bho 'n a tha sinn an dochas.  
 Ged a chaill sinn a chomhradh,  
 'N uair a thig an la mor ud, la bhrath.  
 Gu 'n seas e gu doigheil  
 An san fhreantachd ghloimhoir,  
 Aig deas laimh na meachd,  
 A' seinn a chuid crannan graidh.

O'n is minic a bha e  
 'Cur ri gearanaibh craiteach.  
 'Chionn nach d' fhuair e mar b' aill leis  
 An peacadh a charadh fo chis;  
 'S o nach d' fhairich e 'uadur  
 'Dol an laigid gach la aig,  
 'S e bhi neartmhor 's na grasaibh  
 A bha siot' ann am fabhar an Rìgh.

Cha b' ionnan 's an prabar  
 'Bha 'n an laigh' an staid naduir,  
 Nach eisdeadh gu tabhachd  
 Ri firinnibh grasamhor an Triath',  
 Ach a dhiultadh le tair iad  
 Air feabhar an talainn,  
 Is an teachdaire' chaineadh  
 Le teangannaibh granda nach b' fhiach.

Bidh na daoi ann am pailteas,

'Cur an teanga 'n an leith phluic,  
 O 'n a chaochail an gaisgeach  
 'Bha le fianais an fhacail gach la  
 'Cumail smachd air a pheacadh,  
 'S e ag iarraidh bhi casgadh  
 'Chaitheamh-beatha neo-thlachdmhoir  
 'Bha na mhasladh do shoisgeul nan gras.

Bidh na cullaich o 'n fhasach  
 Le 'm fiacalaibh gabhaidh  
 'Toirt sithidh is sathaidh  
 Ann sna caoraich a dh fflag thu air loinn;  
 Bho 'n a fhuair iad an garadh  
 Cho iosal 's a tha e,  
 Cha 'n fhaic iad nas airde  
 'M balla teine 'tha ghnath mu na chloinn.

'S ann sna tri bliadhna diag dhuinn,  
 Aon mhile 's ochd ciadan,  
 'Thanaig bristeadh cho cianail;  
 Chuir na neamhan gu t' iarraidh 'chum  
     gloir';  
 As an t-saoghal aindiadhaidh,  
 'Ghabhail comhnaidh gu siorruidh  
 Ann an lathair na Trianaid,  
 'S b' ann airson na rinn Criosd ann san  
     fheoil.

'S iomad coinnimh is comhdhail  
 Ann san d' fhuair sinn do chomhradh,  
 Le do ghibhtean ro bhoidheach  
 'Chur an fhacail an ordagh gu reidh;  
 'Chum nam peacach a sheoladh  
 Bharr slighe na doruinn  
 Air ceumanaibh comhnard  
 A' chreidimh 's an t-solais le cheil'.

Bha thu gleusda mar chainntear  
 Ann sa' Bheurla a thionndadh,



'Cur nan sgrìobhainnean Gallda  
 Ann an Gàidhlig an ball dhuinn gun  
 fheall;  
 'S ann sna leughannaibh Sabaid  
 A' toirt caraidean laidir;—  
 "Thugaibh aire mo chairdean  
 Nach dig aon agaibh gearr an a' gheall."

Ach tha moran gun dusgadh  
 A spain an neo-churaim,  
 Ris 'n do chos! thu do dhurachd  
 Ann am meadhan na h-urnaigh gach la,  
 Gus am faigheadh iad suilean  
 A dh-fhaicinn na duthcha  
 Ann san deach ar ceann-iuil ne  
 A steach ann san luchairt a 's aird'.

'S e ar gearan 's ar cruadal,  
 Ged tha moran mu 'n cuairt dhuinn,  
 Nach fheil tuilleadh a' gluasad  
 A thoirt cobhair do 'n bhuachail 'san am.  
 Ach dhe 'n bheagan a b' abhaist,  
 Bhi dol leis ann an cairdeas,  
 E 'n a shineadh an drasda  
 Ann sa' chlachan 's am bas os a chionn.

Ach is cianail a tha sinn  
 O 'n a chaill sinn do phairtean,  
 Ann an gnothach ar mathar  
 'Cumail uige nam braithrean 'tha fann.  
 'Tha toirt caiseamachd laidir  
 'N aghaidh pheacanan araidh  
 Gus an eireadh os aird oirnn  
 Latha soilleir nan gras os ar cionn.

'S e dh' fhag sinne cho bronach  
 A bhi umad cho eolach;  
 Anns gach gnothach is cordadh

Bha thu deas gu ar comhnadh 'chum  
sith'.

'S ann an connsaichibh Shataih,  
Cha do cheil thu do thalann  
A thoirt coiminn do dh' Fharo,  
'N uair a shaoil leis ar faidh' a thoirt  
dhinn.

Bha thu 'n comhnaidh mu 'n airce  
O 'n a thanaig i 'n aite  
'G a cumail an airde  
Le caoimhneas is cairdeas ro dhluth.  
'N uair a fhuair thu do theumadh  
Le daome gun reusan,  
Cha do mbeas thu gu 'm b' eucoir  
Bhi fulang nam beum ud gu ciuin.

Bha thu gaisgeil ro ghlensta  
Ann an firinn is reusan,  
Gun bhi 'g aomadh no geilleadh  
Far an faiceadh tu 'n encoir aig each.  
'S leis na pairtean a fhuair thu,  
Ged bha cuid 'gan cur suarach,  
Thug thu dearbhannan buadhach  
Gu 'm bu mbeasail leat buachaille 'n ait.

'S iomadh fitheach is rocas  
Bhiodh a' sas ann a sgornan  
Na 'm faigheadh iad doigh air  
Gun chlaun daoin' a bhi 'n toir orra fein.  
Bhiodh do chridhe ro thiorail-s'  
A toirt osnaichean diadhaidh  
'N uair a chluinneadh tu sgiala  
Ann sam faiceadh tu miethlachd no beud.

Bha thu foghainteach dileas  
Ann an gnothach na tire  
'N uair a bha an lagh siobhalt'  
'G a agairt mar chis ort thar chach;

'S bu bheag ort an seorsa  
 A dh' aonadh gu deonach  
 Gu leith-taobh na cèrach  
 Le eagal, le sgleo, no le fath.

Snathain dìreach a' cheartais,  
 'S e bu mbiannach leat fhaicinn,  
 S cha b' iad luban is drachdan  
 Ann an cuiltibh 'gan cleachdadh le foill.  
 Ach an treibhdhreas dìreach  
 Ann an soitheach na h-ionninn  
 Le buadhannaibh cinnteach  
 'Cumail cuing air gach mì-bheus gun  
 sgoimn.

Cha robh cnamhan an lunnair  
 Air do leabaidh 'g an t-ionndailh  
 Le airsneul neo-shunndach,  
 Gus an t-seachduin a chumtadh le gruaim.  
 Cha robh rianh fiach an t-saoghail  
 Dol an uachdar do shaoithreach.—  
 Seallaibh geur air a dhaoine,  
 'S leanaibh 'shaimpleir do ghaolach gach  
 uair.

## RANNAN DO SHEUMAS MACLEOD.

LE MR. SEUMAS MAC-GRIOGAIR.

Tha m' fear do 'n dean mi 'n t-oran  
 Air teachd de shìol nan Leodach,  
 Is ged nach duine mor e  
 Tha doighean air 'bhi tapaidhe aig'.

'N uair 'bha e 'n aimsir oige  
 Bha spiorad ann san fheoil aig',  
 Is ged nach cluinut' ri sgleo e,  
 Bu duine mor a ghabbadh air

Thèin each gur duine coir e  
 Is fhuair e ainm deagh olaich,  
 Is ged nach 'eil e obnhor  
 Tha cridhe mor 's a phears' aig'.

Cha n' fheil e ard an eolas,  
 Cha d' fhuair e moran foghlaim;  
 Ach tha mi meallt' a' m' dhochas  
 Mur por e bhois ag abachadh.

Tha thoil an cois na corach,  
 Tha dicholl leis an deoin aig';  
 'S bidh suil ri tuilleadh treoir aig,  
 'S nach leonar air an rathad e.

Tha 'ghearan air a pheacadh,  
 A thaobh nach d' fhuair e 'bhacadh;  
 'S e b' annsa leis am facal  
 A bhi 'n a ghlaic mar chlaidheamh aig'.

Ach iomraidh e bhi gleusda,  
 O'n tha ra naimhdean treubhach;  
 'S air chinnte 'bheir iad beum dha  
 Ma threigeas e bhi caithriseach.

O'n fhuair e 'bhean a b' fhearr dha  
 A thanaig de shliochd Adhamh,  
 'S e 'dhleasnas 'bhi 'ga taladh,  
 'S nach bi cion-fath air gearan aic.

Mur bhi nach deach an t ardan  
 'Chur buileach 'chum an lair leis,  
 Gu 'n taitneadh i do ghnath ris,  
 'S cha b' aill leis a bhi talach oirr'.

Oir ged a laigh an aois oirr',  
 'S math dha-s' nach d' rug an t-aog oirr',  
 'S gur h-e a tagradh daonnan  
 A bhi ri 'thaobh mar bhanaltruim.

Tha caoimhneas innt' ri nabuidh,

'S ro mhath i 'n ceann na fardaich,  
Tha pailteas im' is cais' aic',  
'S air chinnt' gur sar bhean-taighe i.

Is ged nach dug i mac dha,  
'S e 'm Freasdal rinn a bacadh;  
'S e 's fearr gu 'n d' rinn i sheachnadh,  
Mu 'n tachradh dha bhi amaideach.

'S i m' earail daibh le cheile,  
O'n tha iad dol an deis-lainh,  
Bhi deas mu 'n glie an t-eug iad,  
Oir 's eigin daibh bhi dealachadh.

Gur h-i mo chomhairl' fein daibh,  
'Bhi measail air a' cheile;  
Cha 'n fhaigh a h aon diu ceile  
Cho feumail ris na chailleas e.

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### GED THA SINN AN SO AN DRAST.

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Oran le Alastair og Friseal ann an  
Giusachan am Braighe Strath-ghlais.

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Ged tha sinn an so an drasda  
Cha 'n fheil dail againn fad' ann;  
Seolaidh sinn an null thar saile  
'Shealltainn na tha chairdean thall;  
Far a bheil coille 'na fasach  
Nach faicear gu brath a cheann;  
'S 'n uair a ni sin fearann aiteach  
Cha bhi mal ga 'r cur ri crann.

Thig la fhathasd air na h-uaislean  
Nach fuilig do 'n tuath bhi ann,  
Ach caoraich 's ciobairean mu 'n cuairt  
dhaibh

'S iad ga 'n cuartachadh gu fang.  
'N uair 'dh' eireas cogadh no uabairt  
'Chuireas feum air bualadh lann,

'Togar bratach dhe na h-uain leò;  
Tha na daoine bhuath' air chall.

Bha sinn a' guidhe le durachd  
'N uair thog sibh na siuil ri crann,  
Soirbheas min 'thigh 'un bho na duilibh  
Le gaoith shiubhlaich gun bhi mall,  
'Chumadh rian air a' chairt-iuil dhuibh  
Leis an stiùireadh sibh crann-dall,  
Aiseag cabhagach an null duibh,  
'S an deagh chunntas 'chur an nall.

Gheibhear geoidh is eala 's feidh leibh  
'S lachan ris a ghrein air tuinn;  
Bradan a linneachan iasgaich  
Ga 'n tarruing le lion a grunn;  
H-uile por cho pailt 's a dh' iarrainn  
'Fas gu lionnhor air an fhonn:—  
Cha b' ionnan 's a bhi h-uile bhiadhna  
'G aidachadh nan crìochan lom'.

Gheibhear cnothan leibh is ubhlán  
Air lubadh am barr gach crainn.  
'S cuid de mheasan milis, cubhraidh,  
'Chuireadh luths fo dhuine fann.  
Gheibhear deoch laidir de 'n rum ann.  
Taghadh cumhraidh gun bhi gann;  
Airgiod glas agaibh mar chuireadh,  
Dollaran nan crun 'bhios ann.

'S fada bho 'n a bha mo mhiann ann  
Ged nach h-'eil mo thriall ach mall;  
Shaoil leam gu 'm fagainn na crìochan'  
Fada mu 'n do liath mo cheann.  
'Nise bho 'n a chrom an gnìomh mi  
Air dhroch fhiach 's mi 'n aite gann,  
'Paigheadh mail 's mi 'dol am fiachan,  
Och, mo dhiobhail fuireach ann.

Tha sinne 'tha 'n so an drasda  
 Ann an cas 'sa h-uile h-am;  
 'Ceannach an t-siol-chuir bhuntata,  
 'S gach ni 'thairear 'chur 'n a cheann.  
 'M fear dha 'n dean am pailteas fas dhiu,  
 Cha reic ri each iad gu 'am,  
 Ag iarraidh na pris a' s airde,  
 'S ma tha thus' an cas bi ann.

Na 'n tarladh dhomb bhi 's taigh-osda  
 Mu na bhord 's mi gabhail dram  
 Bhur deoch-slaime dheanainn ol ann  
 Ged a bhiodh mo phoca gann.  
 Ach tha mo dhuil an Rìgh na glorach  
 O 'n 's e 'dh-ordaich dhuibh dol ann,  
 A bhi fagail tir 'ur n-eolais,  
 'S aite-comhnaidh ghabhail thall.

Alexander Fraser intended to come to Nova Scotia but died shortly after composing this poem. John, his only son, came. John settled at James River in the county of Antigonish.

## CUMHA DO CHOIRNEAL INNSE.

### LE AONGHAS CAIMBEUL.

Chualas sgeul ann sa Bhraighe  
 A tna cruaidh leinn ri 'aireamh,  
 Gun thu, Leasbuig, bhi 'n lathair  
 'S goirt an call sin dha d' chairdean;  
 Bho 'n la 'chriochnaich do laithean,  
 'S lionmhor cridhe 'tha craiteach le bron.  
     'S lionmhor cridhe, etc.

Cha b' e turas na buannachd  
 'Thug air astar a suas thu

Taobh Loch Lagain nam fuar bheann;  
 'S goirt an acaid a bhuaill thu  
 Dh' fhag i sinne bochd truagh dherh  
 Bho 'na chuir i gu suain thu fo 'n fhoid.

'N Cille-Chaorail 'sa Bhraighe  
 Chaidh ar diubhail a charadh,  
 'N leaba chumhaing gun bhlaths innt';  
 'Chraobh a b' fhearr a bhas 'fas dhuinn,  
 'N uair a fhuair sinn fo bhlath i,  
 Chaidh a gearradh 's bu chall e 'bha mor.

Tha mo dhochas gu laidir  
 Ann san stochd a chaidh fhagail,  
 Gu bheil fiurain a' fas as  
 'Sheasas fhathasd a' t' aite.  
 Ma bhios aca buan laithean,  
 'S a gheibh urram is fabhar le coir.

'N uair a dh' fhalbh thu do 'n Eiphit  
 Bha do bhean air a leireadh,  
 'S bha do chairdean gu leir ann  
 'S iad fo churam mu d' dheibhinn,  
 Ach an nis bho 'n a dh-eug thu  
 Cha dean ise gair' eibhinn ri beo.

'S goirt bhi 'g eisdeachd a gearain;  
 'S beag an t-iorghnadh 's i falamh;  
 Chaill i roghainn nam fearaibh  
 De la b' eol dhi air thalamh;  
 'S na 'm bu dual dhuit bhi maireann  
 Bhiodh tu 'g eirigh am barail gach sloigh.

Bha do chairdean lan eibhnis  
 'N uair a chual iad an sgeula,  
 Thu bhi 'd Choirneal air Reis 'meid  
 Ann an caisteal Dhun-eideann;  
 Ach mo chreach, cha bu leir dhaibh  
 Gu 'n robh teachdair' Mhic Dhe air do  
 thoir.



Fhuair thu cliu agus teist' neas  
 Bho ard-cheannardan Bhreatainn  
 Air an cul a bhi seasmhach  
 Anns gach cuis a bhiodh dleasnach;  
 B' e do dhurachd gun cheist sin  
 Bho 'n la 'thoisich thu 'n leith-sgeul rìgh  
 Deors'.

Bho 'n thog thu 'n claidheamh an airde  
 Ann an aghaidh do naimhdean,  
 Bu tu rogha 'chomaundair  
 A chur as do na Frangaich;  
 Bu lionmhor coinneadh gu 'n call-san  
 'Thug thu 'Bhonipart mealltach 's d' a  
 sheoid.

'S mor an onair dha 'n tìr so  
 Gu 'n do thogadh tu innte;  
 Fhuair thu cliu thar nam mìlteas  
 Ann an cogadh na rìoghachd,  
 'S fhuair thu duaisean 'bha prìseil,  
 Fhuair thu rionnagan fìor-ghlan 'an or.

'S fhuair thu ordagh an caitheamh,  
 Am measg uaislean is mhaithibh,  
 Bho 'b 's e cruadal do lamhan  
 Agus cruaidhead do chlaidheimh  
 Chuir gach aon diu 'ad rathad;  
 'S cha bu shuarach an leithid le coir.

---

Angus Macdonell of Inch, Aonghas Ban Innse, was a natural son of Alexander Macdonell of Keppoch. His mother we believe was a Macgillivray. He married in 1752 Christy, daughter of Archibald Macdonald of Acha-nan-Comhaichean, by whom he had six sons, Alexander, Archibald, Donald, Ranald, John and Coll. Archibald served some time in the

79th or Cameron Highlanders. He was transferred to the 92nd or Gordon Highlanders in 1794. He was appointed Major in 1805. He retired from the 92nd in 1813. and was appointed Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel of veterans. He married Margaret MacIachlan of Killichonan. and had four sons and one daughter. He died in 1814.

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### CUMHA.

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Do dh-Alustair Domhnallach, a chaidh a bhathadh aig Merigomish mu 'n bhliadhna 1830, Bu bhrathair e do Dhomhnall Mor Mherimasi. Chaidh Iain Camshron, iar-ogha do 'n Talllear Mac Alastair, a bhathadh comhla ris.

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### LE AILEAN DOMHNALLACH.

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Tha sgeul truagh a 's cuaidh ri 'aithris  
'Tigh 'nn air m' aire an draста;  
Sgeul a chualas mu na chailleadh,  
Alastair a bhathadh.  
Cha b' e 'n solas dhuit e, 'Dhomhnaill,  
Gur h-e 'leòn 's a chraidh thu,  
An corp ciatach 'bu ghlan tiamh  
A bhi gun dìon 's an t-saile.

Fear a chuirp a bha ro chuimte  
'N uair chunnacas 'n a shlaint' e;  
Fear 'chuil duinn 's a' chalpa chruinn  
Fo 'n phearsa thruim gun fhailinn;  
Fear 'chuil duallaich 'bu ghlan snuadh,  
Suil ghorm gun ghruaim 'bu bhlaith;

'S an cridhe fiallaidh 'bha gu' ghianh  
'S nach gabhadh fianh roimh uamhaid.

Cridhe cruaidh an trod no 'n tuasaid,  
Bhuannaicheadh thar chaich leat;  
'N t armunn beachdail a bha smachdail,  
'Dh' fhas gu reachdunhor laidir.  
Miann gach sul' a bhi 'gad fhaicinn,  
'Fhir bu ghaisgeil nadur,  
Fo 'n fheileadh bhreacain air a phieatadh  
Anns an fhasan Ghaidh' lach.

Aghaidh mhacanta ghlan chaoimhneil,  
Ghabh gach maighdean gradh ort;  
Iuntinn shoillse'neach mar dhaoimean,  
Cha robh foill a' d' nadur;  
Ach deas cruadalach mar shaighdear,  
'Fhir a' ghaoirdean laidir;  
'S mor am bristeadh air Clann-Domhuail,  
Fear do neoil 'gam fagail.

Bu tu 'n Domhnullach gun mheachd,  
'H-uile car dhe 'n danaig.  
De 'n dream chluiteach mhuirneach  
mhaiseach,  
Nach robh tais no sgathach,  
D e shiol uasal nam fear uaibhreach.  
A bha shuas 's a Bhraighe;  
B' iad sid na suinn a b' annsa leinn,  
'Bha anns na glinn 'gan arach.

Tha do bhraithrean deurach duilich,  
'S muldach mar tha iad  
S an companach dha 'n dug thu gaol  
Tha 'n comhnaidh caoidh na dh' fhag e,  
Cha 'n 'eil neach a chunnaic riamh thu  
Nach 'eil cianail craiteach;  
'S goirt ri innseadh bhi 'g a sgriobhadh  
Thun na tir 'san dh' fhas thu.

Bu sgeul bronach thanaig oirnn  
 'N uair 'chaidh na seoid a bhathadh;  
 Bha 'n gill' og 'bha caoinhneil coir ann,  
 Fear gun gho 'na nadur;  
 'N Camshronach bho Dhoch-an-fhasaidh  
 Nam fear sgairteil laidir;  
 Ach mo challtachd anns an am ud  
 Gu 'n robh Saundi Ban ann.

Rugadh Ailean Douhnallach ann an Allt-an-t-Srathain an Lochabar 's a bhliadhna 1794. Bu mbac e do dh-Alastair Mac Aonghais, mhic Alastair Bhain, mhic Alastair Mhoir, mhic Aonghais a' Bhochdain, mhic Aonghais Mhoir Bhoth-Fhiuuntain, mhic Alastair, mhic Iain Duibh, mhic Raonaill Mhoir na Ceapaich. Bha 'athair 'n a dhroghair, agus a' fuireach am bitheantas an Achadh-nan-Coinnichean an Gleann-Spiathain, B' i a mhathair, Marri Chaimbeul, nighean do Dh-mhnall mac Iain Duibh a bha 'comhnuidh ann an Achadh-a'-Mhadaidh an Gleann Ruaidh. Bha e 'n a chiobair aig Iain Ban Inuse. Bha e posda ri Catriona Nic Mhuirich, nighean do Mhuineach Mac-Mhuirich. Thanaig e do 'n dt-thaich so 's a bhliadhna 1816. Bha e a' fuireach greis air a Mham, no 'n Ridge, an Cape Breatunn, Dh' fbag e 'n t-ate sin 's a bhliadhna 1847, agus thanaig e a dh' fhuireach do 'n Abhainn a Deas an Antigonish. Rha e 'n a fhior Ghaidheal, agus 'na dhuine fiosrach. Bha moran de sheann orain aig' air a theauga. Chaochail e 's a bhliadhna 1868. 'S e Ailean an Ridge a theirteadh ri am bitheantas.

## ORAN.

Do dh-Aonghas Camhshron, mar gu  
'm b' ann le uighinn oig.

## LUINNEAG.

Och, mar tha mi is mi 'n am onar,  
Gur h-e a chraidh mi nach robh sinn  
comhla,  
Mo cheist an t-Heach, mo leannan dileas,  
Mo chreach 's me dhiobhail bhi 'dhitha  
do chomhraidh.

Nà'e 's e nu ghaol an t-uasal  
A dh' fhalbh an cuan, 's ann Di-luain a  
sheol e;  
Do ghradh tha 'm bhuaireadh 's a dh'  
fhag cho truagh mi,  
'S e fath mo ghruamain nac d' fhuair mi  
coir ort.

Mo cheirt an fìuran a dh' fhag an dutaich  
Le luing mbatb uir fo 'cuid shiuil a'  
seoladh;  
Nach gabhadh curam a dhol g' a stiuir-  
eadh,  
'S a dheanadh iul 's tu mu chursaibh  
eolach.

Na 'n eireadh stoirm ort no seideadh-  
gailloheach  
Bu treum neo-chearbach air fabh lum  
'bord thu;  
Bu ro mhath t' inn eachd gu tarruing  
direach.  
Fear mara 's tir' thu, 's bu dileas dhomh  
s' thu.

Lamh 'bu chinntich' a thoirneadh sgriob-  
hadh,

Le ite pinn gu 'm bu ghrinn do mheoirean:  
 Bu sgoilear Beurl' thu 'bu ro mhath'  
 leughadh

Le barrachd ceille, 's tu beusach, boid-  
 heach.

Gach dealbh 'bu bhriagha 's 'bu tuitneach  
 ionnhaigh

Bu mhath do mharaibh gu 'n cer an  
 ordagh;

Gu 'n tarraing ceutach gu dreachmhor,  
 eibhinn;

Thug mise speis dhuit nach treig ri m'  
 bheo mi.

Na 'm cluch a' chiuil gu 'm bu mhodhail  
 ionnsaicht' thu;

Dannsair suondach air urlar bhord thu;

Do cheum troimh 'n ruidhle 's e thogadh  
 m' iuntinn;

Gur h-iomad nìonag air ti do phoige.

Fear inich calma 'bu ghriune dealbh thu  
 'S tu cuimhir gaibh ged nach duine mor  
 thu;

Na 'n togteadh 'suas thu gu trod no  
 tuasaid,

Bu smearail cruaidh thu gu bualadh  
 dhornaibh.

Gur mis' tha 'm eigin mu 'n fhear a  
 threig mi,

'S a dh' fhalbh an de a loch reidh Bhras  
 d'Or bluainn,

Ach Aonghais oig gus an dig thu 'n  
 rubh so

Cha tog mi suil ri fear eile 'phosadh.

---

Angus Cameron was a native of Islay.  
 He was a school-master.

## ORAN MOLAI DH.

Do Mhairi nighean Alastair Dhochan  
thasaidh.

LE ALASTAIR DOMHNALLACH.

Air dhomh' bhi 'm aonor  
Troimh aonach nam beann,  
Gu 'n d' ghleus mi na tendan  
'S gun te dhiu air chall,  
Gu seinn mar bu mhiann leam  
'Chur rian air gach rann  
De nigh 'n duinn a chuil shniomhain  
So sbios ann sa' ghleann.  
'S Ban-Chamshronach chinnteach  
An ribhinn ghlan og,  
Dhe 'n fhinne cho rioghail  
'S a chinn san Roinn-Eorp'  
Gu 'm b' ainmeil 'n an tim iad  
Ri 'n inns' aens gach seol;  
'S math 'sheas iad Sir Eoghan,  
Lamb theom' air cyeann sloigh,  
Gur gile mo chaileag  
Na canach dam bniach;  
Na cobhar na mara  
Air bharraibh nan stuadh;  
Na sneachda nan speuran  
A thearnas 'n a luths  
Bho charbad nan ardaibh  
Le aithne gaoith tuath.  
Mar 'n oiteag chiuin theathail  
Bho g'araoh nam flur  
Tha 'h-anail bho poraibh  
'Toirt comhraidh gu sunnd;  
'S tha mealt-shuilean modhar  
'Ga s' obadh le tur,  
Gu imeachd 's na raidean

'Thug airde dha cliu.

Mar 'n ros 'n nair a 's aill' e  
 Fo bhàireibh nan braon,  
 Tha ur-chruth na h-oighe  
 'Thug corr air gach aon.  
 'S binne i leam na 'n sneorach,  
 'S a og-mhadainn chaoin,  
 An t-us a' mhios' Chertein  
 Air gheugaibh nan craobh.

Tha 'cuaillein mu 'gnailibh  
 'N a dhualagaibh diuth,  
 Gu sniomhanach, boidheach,  
 'Ga comhlach mar chrun,  
 'N a chanagaibh riomhach,  
 Ro ghrinn fo 'eir-chuil,  
 Gu cuachagach, faineach  
 Mu bhraighe mo ruin

Is binne na teudan  
 Guth reidh na h-oigh' mhalda:  
 B' e m' aiteas is m' eibhneas  
 Bhi 'g eisdeachd ri m' ghradh,  
 'Nuair 'ghleusadh i 'duanag  
 Am bnaile nam ba,  
 Laoigh oga mu 'n cuairt d' i,  
 'S a' chuace 's i fo chraic.

Ge b' e gheibh air laimh  
 An deas ailleag gh'en ur,  
 'Tbig caoinbheas gu 'fhardaich  
 'Bheir dha-san gach muirn.  
 'N nair 'ni e 'bhean uasal  
 A bhuannachd le clin,  
 An 'm mol e na laithean  
 'S na thar e oirr' iul.

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Alexander Macdonald is a native of Moirdart. He lives in Keppoch, Antigonish.



## Donnachadh Gobha.

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Duncan MacKay, commonly called Donnachadh Gobha, was a crofter in Ardbrylach near Kingussie. He was an honest and pious man. He was an elder in the Parish of Kingussie. He died about the year 1820. He was at the time of his death a very old man. He is buried in the churchyard of Kingussie. Three of his poems are given in Turner's collection. These are, a poem in praise of Ewen Macpherson of Cluny, an elegy on James Macpherson, the translator of Ossian, and Call Ghadhaig.

Captain John Macpherson, Oicheir Dubh Bhaile Chrodhain, perished in a dreadful storm of wind and snow in the forest of Gaick on the night of December 31st, 1799. Four men who had accompanied him to the forest perished with him. These men were Donald Macgillivray, James Grant, Duncan MacFarlane, and Iain Og a Farrais, who was a MacPherson. Donald MacGillivray, called in the poem Domhnall Mac Fhionnlaidh and Domhnall na Tulaich, was a mother's brother of the late Rev. Angus McGillivray of Springville. He was a fox-hunter. James Grant was a young man in his employ. Duncan MacFarlane was a native of Rannoch. The house occupied by Capt. Macpherson and those with him on the night of the storm was in a valley at the foot of

a lofty mountain. It was all swept away except a part of the back. The spot on which it stood was covered with six feet of snow. The lintel of the door, which was a stone of large size, was carried to a distance of one hundred and fifty feet. The bodies of Capt. Macpherson, Donald Macgillivray, James Grant and Iain-Og were found on the site of the house a few days after the storm. The body of Duncan Mcfarlane was not found until nearly three months afterward. It was about two hundred yards from the house. The dogs, were all killed, and their bones broken in pieces. Some of the guns were broken, and others bent and twisted. Capt. Macpherson had gone to the forest to hunt deer. He was in the sixty second year of his age.

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## Call Ghadhaig.

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LE DONNACHADH GOBHA.

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An Nollaig mu dheireadh de'n chiad  
 Cha chuir sinn an cunntas nam mios;  
 Gu ma h-annoch thig i 'ris,  
 Bu ghriomach a bhean taige i.

Cha d'fhag i subhaltach sinn,  
 Cha d'fhuair i beannachd 'san tir,  
 Cha danaic sonas r'a linn,  
 Ach mi-thoilinntinn 'san-shocair.

Sheid a' ghaoth am frith nam fiadh  
 Nach cualas a leithid riamh,

'S chuir i breitheanas an gnìomh  
A bha gun chiall, gun fhathamas.

Bu chruaidh an cath 'san seideadh garbh,  
As nach b'urrain aon fhear falbh,  
Dh'innseadh ciamar chaidh an t-sealg,  
Dhe'n laraich mhairbh' thoirt naidheachd  
dhuinn.

Rinn sinn an cruinneachadh fann,  
'S cha b'ann gu cluich air a' bhall,  
Ach thoirt nan corp as an fhang,  
An gnìomh a bh'ann bu ghrathail e.

Bha 'n t-Oicheir Dubh air an ceann,  
Chuir e cul r'a thaigh 's r'a chlann;  
Na'n tuiteadh e'n cath na Fraing  
Cha bhiodh a chall cho farranach.

Bha cruaidh fhortan dha 'san dan,  
Thionail e fear dhe gach sraid,  
Gu bothan nach do choisrig iad  
Mu thoiseach snaim nan clachairean.

Dalladh a bhreitheanais chruaidh  
'Mhort e fhein'sna bh'ann de shluagh;  
Bha Prionns' an adhair mu'n cuairt,  
'S gu'n d'fhuair e buaidh an latha sin.

'S duilich leam ni eile 'th'ann  
Air am bi moran a' cainnt,  
Bha eirbhir nan corp air a cheann,  
Na dh'iompaich ann am plathadh iad.

Fhuair a cholunn ceusadh cruaidh,  
'S a ghleann dorcha 's nach robh truas,  
Mu'n do thog na spioraid suas  
Gu sonas buan nam flaitheas iad.

'S geur na saighdean 'n cridh an t-sluaigh  
 Bho 'n d'thog e 'chreach 'san an-uair:  
 Ach biodh bhur doigh am fuil an Uain  
 Gu'm faigh sibh 'n suaimhneas roimhibh  
 iad.

'S coma ciamar thig am bas,  
 Co dhiu 'sa mhuir no sa charn,  
 Moladh sibhse Rìgh nan gras,  
 Gu bheil Fear-tearaidh 'feitheamh ruinn

Na dugaibhs' breith lochdach, luath,  
 Air ciamar thanaic an uair;  
 Bho na Bhreitheamh Mhor tha shuas  
 Gheibh dabine duais an abhagais.

Recruitigeadh dubh gun adh  
 Cha robh riamh leis ach na spairn,  
 'S chuir e saltraigeadh dhe ainm  
 A bhios luchd-anacainnt 'gaithris air.

A chasg mi-ruin is droch sgeil  
 Tha trian m' orain-sa gu leir;  
 'S tha teaghlach Bhaile-Chrodhain fhein  
 A cur mo speis an amharas.

Domhnall Mac Fhionnlaidh nam beann,  
 Domhnall na Tulaich bha ann,  
 Le 'lothainn ghasda gun fheall,  
 Is Seumas Grannd a' feitheamh air.

Is mor an ionndrainn e 'n am  
 A bhi 'cur faoghaid 'feadh bheann  
 Eadar machair shios nan Gall  
 'S a suas gu ceann Srath-Fharagaig.

Bu ghill' e 'bheireadh spors do rìgh,  
 Le 'choin 's le ghunna neo-chli;

Bha e connspuinneach 'san strith,  
'S bu mhin 'sa ghabhail rathaid e.

Donnachadh Mac Farlain gun fheall,  
B'e deagh fhear-an-taigh' a bh'ann;  
Lamh fhoghainteach an srath's an gleann,  
Nach faiceadh call an atharraich.

Bu mhath leis pailteas mu 'lainh  
'S cha b' ann gu 'fhalach air cach,  
Air a sporan cha bhiodh snaim  
'Nuair thigeadh am a chaitheamh dha.

B'fhear spors e comuinn is graidh,  
Ged thug e seal bhuainn air chall,  
Mu'n d'fhas odhar anart chaich,  
Thug pailteas lamh gu cairidh e.

Bha Iain og a Farrais ann,  
'N geard a' bhaile 'rinn e bearn;  
Ged dh' fhagadh sin athair dall,  
Cha b' innisg ann sa bheatha s' e.

Bha e og gu tigh'nn a'm' chainnt,  
Cha robh m' eolas air ach gann,  
Tha mi cluinntinn aig luchd-daimh'  
Gu 'm b' ionndrainn ann san talamh s' e.

A cheathrar'fhuair pronnadh chnamh  
Tha 'n latha 'tighinn gun dail,  
Nuair dh'fhosglar leabhar nan gras,  
Sam faighear sabhailt' fhathast iad.

'Is lon d' ar n-anmaibh bhur sith,  
'S bhur n-ainmeanan fhaighinn sgriobht'  
'N oighreachd a's gile na ghrian  
A choisinn Rìgh nan aingeal dhuinn.

Gach neach tha 'g imeachd fo'n speur  
'Their gur h-e a neo-chiont fein

Tha ga shaoradh bho dhroch theum  
Tha spiorad breig' a' labhairt ris.

Sgairidh mi thuireadh nach fhiach,  
Cha dean mi tuilleadh 'chur sios,  
'S dona 'n ceol do'n Nollaig i,  
Aig a ro-mhiad 'sa sgaradh sinn.

Ach bruidhnidh gach linn thig an aird  
Am mile bliadhna so slau  
Air a bhreitheanas so 'bha,  
'Sa 'n sgrios a bh'ann sa chathadh ud.

Gadhaig dhubh nam feadhnan fiar  
Cha robh ach na striopaich riamh,  
Na ban-bhuidsich a toirt na lion  
Gach fir le 'm b' mhiannach laighe leath.

O, daisgibh mu 'm fas sibh liath,  
'S dluithibh bhur cas ris an t-sliabh,  
Feuch gu 'm bi bhur fagadh deant',  
Mu 'n deid a' ghrian a laighe oirbh.

Eirbhir, act of asking or blaming.—  
Abhagas, a false suspicion.—Atharrach, a  
foreigner.—Cairidh, a mound, a tomb.

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## Domhnall Gobha.

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Donald Chisholm, commonly called Domhnall Gobha, was born in Knockfin in Strathglass. His father, John Chisholm, was a blacksmith. His father had six children Ann, Eliza, Donald, John, William and Finlay. Donald was a farmer and grazier. He married Margaret daughter of Donald Chisholm of Cnoc an Daimh. He had five

sons, Alexander, John, William, Archy and Donald. William was a priest. Archy was a blacksmith. Donald Gobha left Strathglass, and came to Nova Scotia in 1801. He was an old man, probably nearly seventy years of age, at the time. He settled at Lower South River in the county of Antigonish. He died in 1810. We have obtained several of Domhnall Gobha's poems from John Chisholm, Schoolmaster, James River, Antigonish. Mr. Chisholm is a son of Colin, son of John, Domhnall Gobha's brother. He has a great number of Gaelic poems by heart. Though over eighty years of age his memory is about as strong as ever. He is still fresh-looking and active.

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## ORAN.

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DO CHAIPTEIN DONNACHADH SIOSAL, MAC  
SIOSALACH STRATHGHLAIS.

---

LE DOMHNALL GOBHA.

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Na seachd ceud 's an ceith 'r fichead ann,  
Mil' 's da bhliadhna a nis againn,  
Fhuair mi naidheachd bu mhisde mi  
Sgeula bais air an t-Siosalach;  
Gur h-e lagaich mo mhisneach  
Thu bha 'n Sasunn fo lic 's tu gun chomh-  
radh.

Gur h-e lagaich &c.

Sid an naidheachd a chradh-lot mi,  
Bu sgeul cruaidh dha do chairdean e,  
Chraobh dhe 'n abhall a b'airde dhiu

'Luaithead 'sa ghiorraich do laithean oirnn  
 'S cha bu mhearachd dhomh 'raitinn ruibh  
 Gu'n robh aobhar dhuibh 'n trath sin bhi  
 bronach.

Tha 'n taobh tuath so fo eisleann deth  
 Bho na chualas gu'n d'eug thu oirnn,  
 Eadar macraichean reidh, farsuinn,  
 Agus Gaidhealtachd reidhleineach,  
 Astar marcaich no steud-eich;  
 Gur h-ìomadh fear a bha deidheil air t  
 eolas.

'S iomadh aon a bha acaineach  
 Bho na chualas gu'n d' thaisgeadh  
 An' cuirtear finealta, fasanta,  
 Fear bu mhiadhaile cleachdainnean,  
 Cha bu chrìne air 'n do bheachdaich thu;  
 Bha gach ni a' fas pailt dhuit ge b'og thu.

Bu cheann-fin' air na Glaisich thu,  
 B'ard chaiptein 'san ais-sith thu,  
 Bha do thurn gu ro bheachdail  
 An am dol sìos ann sna baitealan;  
 'S e mo dhiobhail mar thachair e,  
 Gu 'n thu, Dhonnachaidh, thigh'nn dach-  
 aidh a'd' bheo-shlaint.

Bho na ghioraicheadh t'aimsir oirnn  
 Gu bheil sinne ann an ana-cothram;  
 Ach taing do Dhia gu bheil dearbhadh air  
 Gu bheil oighre neo leanabaidh oirnn;  
 'S innsidh mise mar sheanachas dhuibh  
 Gu'n robh urram fir Alba bho thos  
 dhuibh.

Labhraidh mise, 's co dh' aicheas e,  
 Gu'n robh beannachd siol Adhaimh leibh;  
 B'aithne dh'Aonghas nan abhaistean e,



'S bha e eolach 's gach cearna  
 'S am biodh storas 'ga phairteachadh  
 Ri luchd-cuilm is ri araidhnean coire.

Dh'aoir Aonghas na ficheadan,  
 'S dh'fhag e 'n fheil aig an t-siosalach;  
 Sid mar dh'eireadh na gibhtean leibh,  
 Lan ceill agus misniche;  
 Cha robh 'n eucoir dhuibh fiosrach;  
 Feuch co bhreugaicheas mise 'nam chomh-  
 radh?

'S iomad fine bha cairdeach dhuit;  
 Bhiodh Mac-Coinnich Chinn-t-saile leat;  
 Bhiodh fir Chnoideart is Arisaig  
 Is Gleann-Garadh nach fail'neach leat;  
 'S bhiodh Mac-Shimi na h-Airde leat  
 Leis an rachadh fir dhan' ann an ordagh.

Bho na dh' fhailnich mo gheire orm,  
 Is nach sgoileir gu leughadh mi,  
 'S fear gun tuigse, gun reuson mi,  
 Is cha deonaich sluagh eisdeachd rium;  
 Ach mar dh'innis each sgeul dhomh  
 Fhuair sibh urram nach treig ri bhur beo  
 sibh.

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## Oran.

Do Mhaidsear Seumas Siosal. Mac do  
 Shiosalach Strathghlais.

---

LE DOMHNALL GOBHA.

Mile bliadhna gu bedhd,  
 De na ciadan a seachd,  
 'Sceithir fichead, sid marc na cunntais.  
 Mile bliadhna &c.

Tha naoidh eile ann a chorr.—  
 Sin 'nuair fhuair sinn ar leon,  
 Dh'eug am Maidsear; mo bhron, chaidh 'n  
     uir air.

Bha mi roimhe dheth bochd,  
 Ach tha mi nise ro ghoirt;  
 'S ann a dh-fhosgaileadh lot as ur orm.

Gur tric saighdean a bhais  
 Tigh'nn 'gam chlaoidheadh gach la;  
 Dh'eug an t-seiseir, sid fath mo dhiubhail.

B'ann diu Ruairidh an tos  
 Agus Donnachadh ur og,  
 Agus Alastair morfhear cliuiteach.

Agus Seumas nam buadh,  
 Bu shar cheannard an t-sluaigh,  
 'S gu 'm bu chlogaide cruadhach dhuinne'.

Chaill na Glaisich an sgiath,  
 Is an clogaide dion',  
 'S claidheamh soluis bu ghnìomhach turn  
     daibh.

Is bogha b' fhearr streing  
 Eideadh cruadhach gun mheang,  
 Ursann-chatha bu gharadh-cuil duinn.

Is an Gaidheal gun smal,  
 Bu ro shìobhalta gean,  
 'S tu bu gharg ann an cath nan trupan.

'S iomad batraidh is ruaig  
 Ris 'n do sheasamh thu cruaidh;  
 'Mhic an t-siosalaich fhuair thu 'n cliu ud.

Fichead bliadha 's a deich,

Thug thu 'n tim ud gun cheist,  
'S cha bu chladhaire thu 'n teas an fhud-  
air.

Am Fontenoi nan lann,  
Dh'fheuch thu cruadal do dhream,  
Thug thu brosnachadh teann dhaibh dub-  
ailt.

Ach fhir a dh'fhuirich 'n 'ur n-ait  
Dia 'gad sheoladh mar bha  
Na fir ghasd'tha mi'n drast ag ionndrainn.

A bha tighearnail, tlath,  
Measail, misneachail, ard,  
Dha 'n robh gibhtean nach d'fhas an diu-  
can.

Ach bheir mi 'n t-oran gu ceann  
Bho 'n tha m'eolas ro ghann,  
'S cuiream crìoch air mo rann le tursa.

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## Oran.

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Le Domhnall Gobha, air dha a bhi a'  
fagail a dhuthcha.

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LUINNEAG.

*O, tha mi nise liath  
'N deigh na chunnaic mi riamh;  
'S ged is eiginn dhomh bhi triall,  
'Shiorrachd 's beag mo speis dha.*

Bha mi og ann an Strathghlais,  
'S bha mi 'n duil nach rachainn as;  
Ach bho 'n chaidh na suinn fo lic  
Gabhaidh mi 'n ra-treuta.

Ged a tha mo chois eachd trom  
 Togaidh mi m'aigheadh le fonn;  
 'Nuair a theid mi air an luing,  
 Co chuireas rium geall-reise?

'N tacharan so th'air ar ceann  
 Sgiot e 'dhaoine 's tha iad gann;  
 'S fearr leis caoraich ann am fang  
 Na fir an camp fo fheileadh.

Comunn cairdeil cha 'n 'eil ann,  
 Cha 'n 'eil eisdeachd aig fear ann,  
 Mur cuir thu caoirich ri gleann  
 Bidh tu air cheann na deirce.

Bha mi uair, 'nuair bha mi og,  
 'S dheanainn cosnadh air gach doigh;  
 Ach a nis bho 'n d'fhalbh mo threoir  
 Mo stòras cha dean feum dhomh.

Gheibh sinn acraichean bho 'n rìgh,  
 Tighearnan gu'n dean e dhinn;  
 Cha b'ionnan 's a bhi mar bha 'n linn  
 'Bha paigheadh cis' do Cheusar.

Na gabhaibh eagal a cuan,  
 Faicibh mar sgoilt a Mhuir Ruadh;  
 'S cumhachdan an Ti 'tha shuas  
 Tha 'n diu cho buan 's an ceudla.



# The Chisholms of Strath- glass.

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Wiland Chisholm obtained a charter of the lands of Comar and other lands in Strathglass in 1513. John son of Alexander, son of Alexander, son of John, son of Alexander, son of John, son of Wiland was chief of the Chisholms at the beginning of the eighteenth century. He married a daughter of Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Findon, by whom he had two sons, Roderick his heir, and Alexander who settled in Muckrach. Roderick was a very popular chief. He fought at Sheriffmuir in 1715. He died in 1785. He had five sons, Alexander his successor, Major James who died in 1789, Dr. William, Provost of Inverness, who died in 1807, John a captain in the army, and Rory, who was a colonel in the army of Prince Charles and fell at Culloden in 1746. Alexander Roderick's eldest son and successor, had five sons, Captain Duncan who died in London in 1782, Alexander who succeeded his father, and was known as an Siosalach Ban, Roderick who died abroad, William who succeeded his brother Alexander, and James who died in the West Indies. Alexander, An Siosalach Ban, died without male issue, in 1793. He had one daughter, Mary, who was married to James Gooden, a merchant in London. William, who succeeded his brother, married, in 1795, Eliza, daughter of Duncan Macdonell of Glengarry and Marjory

Grant, "Marsaili Bhinneach". He had two sons, Alexander-William and Duncan Macdonnell. He is the chief of whom Domhnall Gobha speaks as "an tacharan so 'th' air ar ceann." He died in 1817. Alexander-William his successor was born in 1810, and died in 1838. Duncan Macdonnell, who succeeded his brother, died in 1858. He was the last of Ruairidh MacIain's legitimate descendants in the male line.

Alexander, second son of John of Strathglass, and brother of Ruairidh MacIain, had two sons, Alexander who lived in Knockfin and John a captain in the army. Captain John had two sons, Peter and Alexander, both of whom died unmarried, Alexander of Knockfin had three sons, Roderick, Donald, and Alexander. Roderick had one son, James-Sutherland, who upon the death of Duncan Macdonnell in 1858, became Chisholm of Strathglass. Donald had two sons, but both died unmarried. Alexander came to Nova Scotia. He was married to Jennet, daughter of Duncan Grant and Helen Chisholm in Glenmoriston, and sister of the Rev. Colin Grant of Arisaig, Nova Scotia. He had one son, Duncan Ban, and three daughters. Duncan Ban was a merchant in Antigonish. He married Margaret, daughter of Patrick Power, by whom he had two daughters, Helen and Jennet. He died in 1867, in the 50th year of his age. James Sutherland of Strathglass died in 1888, He left two daughters.

## Alastair Buidhe MacIamhair.

Alexander Campbell, better known as Alastair Buidhe MacIamhair, was a native of Gairloch. He was born about the year 1748. He was a clear headed and active man. He received no education in his youth, but after he grew up he learned to read the Gaelic testament. He could repeat a vast amount of Ossianic poetry that he had learnt from old men in his boyhood. He was the bosom friend of William Ross, the poet. He was ground officer for Sir Hector MacKenzie, of Gairloch. He was married and had four sons, Roderick, John, Evander, Donald. He died in 1844, being in the 96th year of his age. Alexander MacKenzie, the historian of the Clans, is his great-grand son.

## Oran an Uisge-Bheatha.

LE ALASTAIR BUIDHE MACIAMHAIR.

O! b'aithne dhoMh suiridheach neo-iomra-  
 llach, greannmhor,  
 Mireanach, mireagach, diulanta,  
 A leumadh, a ruitheadh, a chluicheadh,  
 'sa dhannsadh,  
 Cinneadail, innealta, curamach.  
 'N am suidhe mu 'n bhord gu'n dig moran  
 na chuideachda,  
 A ghabhail nan oran gu solasach, suig-  
 eartach;

Bhiodh bodaich is cailleachan a deurbhadh  
     'sa deasbaireachd,  
 Is gbeibheadh tu ursgeulan ur aca.

Cha 'n 'eil posadh no banais, cuis gheana no  
     ghaire  
 'Chithear cho ceart mar bi druthag ann;  
 Aig toiseach na diota 'se dh'iarrar an trath  
     sin.

Is feairrde na stamagan srubag dheth.  
 'S leis dunadh gach bargain, is dearbhadh  
     gach fineachais,  
 Ciad phog bean na bainns' 'si toirt taing  
     do na mhinistir,  
 Chuireadh e dhanns'iad 's beag an ionn-  
     stramaid 'shireadh iad,  
 Cha 'n fhaca mi gille cho surdail ris.

'Nuair theid Macantoisich' na chomhdach's  
     na armachd,  
 C'ait a bheil gaisgeach a mhoidheadh air?  
 Chuireadh e samhach na baird 'sa chliath-  
     sheanachaidh,  
 Chuireadh e chadal 'sna cuiltean iad.  
 Cha robh duine 'san rioghachd a shineadh  
     air carraid ris,  
 Nach buaileadh e'cheann a dh'aon mhlael  
     ris na talaintean,  
 'S dh'fhagt' egun sgoinn deanamhgreim ris  
     na ballachan,  
 Mar gu 'm biodh amadan 's luireach air.

'M fear a's luaith' ann an astar 's a 's brais  
     'ann an nadur,  
 Bheireadh e 'chasan 's a luths bhuaithe;  
 'M fear a's bronaich' a dhise, gun mhisn-  
     each, gun mhanran,  
 Chuireadh e 'mhire air an urlar e.



'M fear a's mo ann an stairn bheireadh srabh air  
 gu'n tuiteadh e,  
 Chuireadh e 'n t-amhlair gu oran 's gu cruiteir-  
 eachd,  
 Ni e'm bacach nach gluaiseadh cho luath ris na  
 h-uiseagan,  
 'S ni e na trusdaran fiughantach.

'M fear 'bhios 'na chruban air cul an taigh-osda  
 Nach deid a staigh leis an sgugaireachd ;  
 Ged tha airgiod na thasgidh tha glas air 'na  
 phocaid,  
 Rud a thoirt aisde cha duraig e.  
 'Nuair thig am fear coir 'bhios an toir air a chuid-  
 eachda,  
 Bheir e air sgeod e gu seomar nam buidealan,  
 'S nuair dh'olas e dha thig a nadar gu rudeigin,  
 'S their e thoir thugainn mar shuigheas sinn.

Tha moran an deigh air an Eirinn 's an Albainn,  
 Ged a tha cuid aca diombach air,  
 Tha daoin' agus mnathan 'tha mathasach, geam-  
 naidh  
 'Ghabhas deth glaine gu'n urachdainn.  
 Is feairrde fear turs' e 'chur muig agus airtneal  
 dheth,  
 'S ainneamh bean-shiubhla nach duraigeadh blasad  
 air,  
 'S mur faigh a bhean-ghluin 'e bidh tuchan is  
 cnatan oirr'  
 'S falbhaidh i dhachaidh is stuic oirre.

Ars' ceit Nic-a-Phearsain 's e fasan nan Gaidheal.  
 'Nuair a thig leasachdainn ur orra,  
 Am botul 'san glaine 's an t-aran, 's an cais  
 Bhi gan tarruing mu seach as a chulaisde.

Their a bhean choir ris a choisir a thuigeadh i,  
 “ Gabhaibh ’ur morning, cha mhor e ’s ’ur triob-  
 laid dhinn ;

Tha botul no dha an so lan is tha pigidh ann,  
 Faighibh an t-slige ’s na coamhnaibh e.”

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## Taigh-Dige Nam Fear Eachannach.

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LE ALASTAIR BUIDHE MAC IAMHAIR.

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’S uaigneach an nochd ’tha geatachan  
 Taigh-dige nam fear Eachannach ;  
 Tha caochladh mor ri ’fhaicinn ann ;  
 Tha teaghlach nam fear gaisgeanta  
 Air a ghlasadh ’s e gun cheol.

Tha ’n teaghlach, mheadhrach, mhanranach,  
 ’Bha sugach, muirneal, ailgheasach,  
 Fo ghruaim, gun fhuaim, gun ghaireachdaich,  
 Gun ol, gun cheol ’ga bhairigeadh  
 Mar a b’abhaist do na seoid.

Chunnacas uair gum b’ fhoirmeil sibh  
 Le cuirt, ’s bha cliu ’feadh Alb’ oirbh ;  
 Fir aotrom ’shiubhal gharbhlaichean,  
 ’S iad sunndach, luthar, anmanta,  
 Neo-chearbach ann san toir.

’S bha ceannard fialaidh, fughantach,  
 ’Bha miadhail, rianail, curamach,

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**REFERENCES**

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Bu lionmhor, torrach gach camp,  
Le sgrios 'lann sholuis do'n Fhraing ;  
An gnìomh 's an drolachd a mheall  
bho 'r leannain sin.

Tha sinn an Africa 'n drast,  
Fad' o'r cairdean 's luchd-daimh,  
Gun fhios cait am bi 'n tamh no 'n  
calachan.

A dol do'n Eiphait le'r sluagh  
Gum bu reidh leinn gach buaidh ;  
Didean Dhe bha mu'n cuairt 's  
gach deannal dhuinn.

Tha roinn 'sa chabhlach 'bu mhiann  
Leam fhin gu h-araid an dion  
Os cionn chaich 'n uair a dh' iadhas  
aingeal ruinn :

Na Gaidheil ghasd a's mor pris,  
Air nach laigh airsneul no sgios ;  
Is ur na gaisgich nach ciosnaich anastachd.

Feachd le'n ceannsaichteachd buaidh,  
'S bu mhire 'dhannsadh 'san ruaig ;  
Sud an dream dha 'n robh 'n cruadal  
amasach.

Tha tri comuinn gu spairn,  
Aig Abercrombi dhiu 'n drast ;  
Bho Albinn thonnaich nan ard bheann  
gailleanach.

An ceud chomunn 'sa chluich  
Gum b'i 'n Reisimead Dhubh ;  
Bha luaidhe Fhrangach 'san t-sruth  
a stealladh oirr'.

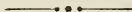
Sar ghaeisgich gun chealg  
A's daor a choisinn an gorm,  
Le fuil fhrasach an garbh chom  
dhanarra.

'Tha Clann-Chamshroin nam pàc,  
 Nach bu leanabail 'san strith,  
 Is comhlan ainmeil 'san tìr s' aig  
   Ailean, diu.

Ard cheannard smachdail an airm,  
 Leis 'm bu shunndach gaisgich air sheirm,  
 Luchd nan glas lann gunn nheirg,  
   gun smal orra.

An comhlan 'soige de'n triuir  
 Tha guineach, comhragach, dur,  
 'Thog Morair Deors' e gu cliu 's cha b' aith-  
   reachh dha.

The British forces under Sir Ralph Abercromby landed in Egypt, on the 8th of March, 1801.



## Lion An Gloine Gu 'Straic.



ORAN DO SHIM DOMHNALLACH  
 TRIACH MHOR THIR.



. LE ALASTAIR MACFHCNGHAIN.



Lion an gloine gu' straic  
 De dh' fhion mear as an Spainn,  
 Ged bhiodh galan 'na chlar  
 Tionndaidh thairis a shail  
 Air an fhear 'theid 'sgach spairn chliuitich  
   Air an fhair &c.

An triath Morthrieach fearail,  
 Am fìor Dhomhnallach soilleir,

Siol nan connspunn nach tilleadh  
 An am dortadh ri teine,  
 Craobh chomhraig nach tiomaich gun  
 diobhail.

A cheart aindeoin luchd-miruin,  
 Le'n gaol air sgainneal gun fhirinn,  
 'Theann ri sgaradh ar disleachd,  
 'S cairdeas fala ar sinnsireachd ;  
 Tha 'n t-og Alastair dileas  
 Dhuit mar charraig, 's cha diobair e uair  
 thu.

Tha e daimheil tri-filte  
 Dha t'og bhaintighearna phriseil,  
 Ur ros mhanta na firinn  
 Fo dhruhd samhraidh a's millse ;  
 Slios mar eal' air bharr siopuinn  
 an cuan i.

Feucag alainn de'n fh'n' i,  
 Seud an garadh a cinnidh,  
 A beus mar sgathan le gilid,  
 Mar ghrein a'dearrsadh air mhire  
 A gheug fo bhlath gun a milleadh le fuar-  
 achd.

Bho nach bard mi no filidh,  
 Ach fear-dana gun sireadh,  
 A mhile pairt duibh cha'n innis  
 Mi dhe 'talantan grinne ;  
 'S tim dhomh tamh agus tilleadh ri m'  
 uaibheachd;

An treun laoch fearail gun sgath,  
 Nach eisdeadh sgainneal no tair,  
 A' leum mar dhealanach ard,  
 Mar bheithir falaig 'sa' bhlar ;  
 Rìgh nan aingeal 's nan gras ga d' stiuradh.

Le lainn liomhte an tarruing  
 Bu tu 'n saighdear air t'earraigibh ;  
 Chit' soills' is a' faileas,  
 'Bualadh phoicéannan smearail ;  
 Bhiodh luchd t' fhoille 's allt fal' orra  
 'bruchdadh.

An trath 'nochdteadh do shioda  
 Ri crann snaidhte, deas, dìreach,  
 Chruinnicheadh gaisgich nach strìochdadh,  
 Luch nan glas lannan liomhte,  
 Air an fhaiche 's do phiob a cur sunnd  
 orr'.

Na fir bhagarrach, gharg,  
 Shunndach, aigeannach, bhorb,  
 'S mairg a sgobadh an calg,  
 'S am fraoch gaganach, gorm,  
 Ri brataich bhallaich 'bu stoirmeil dus-  
 gadh.

Faillian, from fal-shian, a treacherous storm.

Simon Macdonald of Morar was a Major in the 92nd Regiment, or Gordon Highlanders. He retired from the army in 1799. He was killed by the accidental discharge of his own gun, in the year 1812. He was married to Amelia, daughter of Captain James Macdonell, third son of John twelfth Macdonell of Glengarry.

# CUMHA.

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LE ALASTAIR MAC-FHIONGHAIN.

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B hruchd sgr-ula bho thuath oirnn,  
 A Morthir bhoidheach nam fuar bheann ;  
 'Sthug e dortadh air gruaidhean gu leoir.  
 'Sthug e dortadh &c.

Tha sinn an drast ann an Sasunn,  
 Fad o'r cairdean 's 'o'r dachaidh ;  
 Sinn mar chabhlach a shrachd an cuid  
 seol.

Gun chart iuil airson riaghailt ;  
 Leum ar stiuir bharr a h-iarainn ;  
 Dh' fhalbh ar cul-reang 'bu shiochaint-  
 each gloir.

'N ciste luaidhe 'sa chruisle,  
 'Sa slios na fuaire na'n druchd,  
 Tha 'n ceannard sluaigh leis 'm bu shun-  
 ndach na sròit.

Maidsear smachdail, ro ainmeil ;  
 'S mairg a tasadh an feirg ris  
 'Nuair 'thairnteadh glas lann 'chinn airgid  
 'na dhearn.

Ba chruaidh, luath-lamhach, guineach,  
 Thu 'n am bualadh nam builleann,  
 Ann an tuasaidean fuileach Rìgh Deors'.

'Sog a dhearbh thu do ghaisce,  
 'N aobhar Albainn is Shasuinn ;  
 Fhuair mi seanachas air d'ascaoin 'san toir.



Cha bu mheas' air a chuan thu,  
 'S bu tric mise mu'n cuairt duit ;  
 Cha bu chliobairean suarach do sheoid.

Ba tu'n sgiobair nec-chearbach,  
 'Nuair a thigeadh sid ghailbheach,  
 Mhuchadh trioblaid gach fairge fo bhord.

'Sa bhirliinn luath ri 'a gaillinn,  
 Air chuan uaibhreach na faillinn,  
 S tric a dh' thuasgail thu 'darach le lod.

Le a h-aodach ur dionach,  
 Is gaoth shuchte 'ga lionadh,  
 Bhiodh ruith chuip air a bial 'si tigh'nn  
 beo.

Ruith air linne gu h-eutrom,  
 'San sruth 'mire ri 'sleisdean,  
 Bhiodh do ghillea gu treun air a sgod.

Tigh'nn gu cala na stuaidhe  
 'N aodann gailinn, 'ga cruaidhead,  
 'S lom a ghearradh tu 'm fuaradh le 'sroin.

Mo cheist marcach nan steud-each,  
 'S urla flathail na leirsinn,  
 Ceannard catha le'n eireadh na sloigh.

'Nuair a ghluais sinn air astar,  
 'Ea chualas fuaimnich nam bratach,  
 Bha ionndrainn bhuainn a dh'fhag glasta  
 ar neoil.

'Dh' aindeoin sgai'neal luchd-tuaileis,  
 A theann ri sgaradh ar dualchais,  
 Thug thu m'anam 'san uair leat le coir

'Nuair bhios cach ri cuis-ghaire,  
'Siad ri mire 's ri manran,  
Bidh mo chridhe-sa craiteach fo leon.

Gar trom gairich do leanabh  
Air an traigh 'tha mi 'gearan,  
'S cha ni 'm mathair a's fallaine deoir.

Gheibh iadsan buaidh air a mhulad,  
Bidh ise buan air a tuireadh,  
Gus 'n doir 'n uaigh i gu urraim 's gu gloir.

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## Cumha Eile.

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DO SHIM OG DOMHNALLACH,  
TRIATH MHORTHIR

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LE ALASTAIR MAC-FHIONGHAIN.

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Ma bha mi 'cadal am pramh,  
Cha b'ann le laigead mo ghraidh  
Do'n dream 'thug caidreamh dhomh,  
blaths, is eideadh.

Ma bha mi 'cadal &c.

Dh' fhan mi cho fada 'nam thamh,  
'San t-eug a sladadh mo shlaint,  
'Sgu'n d'chreuchdaich m'aigeadh, 's 'tha  
cach 'ga leirsinn.

Cha b'ìoghnadh m'aidmheil 'bhi blath,  
Chaidh mi ro lag air an sgath,

An uair a b' aigeannach traigh nan  
treun fhear.

Am baile meadhrach na suilbh.  
Gu 'm bu ghreadhnach luchd-cuirm,  
Aig an teaghlach a b'ainmeil ceutadh.

Bu tric fion dathte nan corn,  
A piosan laiste le or,  
'Ga dhiol am pailteas aig bord ra feile.

Chluinnteadh caithream gach siuil.  
Ann an talla mo ruin,  
'Suaislean glana'b'ard cliu'gan eisdeachd.

Bhiodh ceol nam feadan le buaidh,  
Mar sholas beadrach 'sgach cluais,  
'S mac-talla freagairt nan stuadh le eib-  
hneas.

Bhiodh oighean 's mnai nan guth binn,  
Mar eoin an fhasaich 'sa choill,  
'S na meoir a b'ealamh 'toirt seinn a  
teudar.

Bha Clann Mhic-Dhughail 'san am,  
Mar choille dhluth nan ard chrann,  
Sna gallain ura gun mheang, gun eis  
lean.

Cha d'rinn mi cadal no tamh,  
'Nuair dh'iath feoil abaich mu'n chnaimh,  
Le'r triath bha m'aigheadh 's mo chail  
ag eirigh.

Bu deas na comhlain a' triall  
Gu strith a Morthir, fo rian,

'Sbu gharbh 'sa chomhrag air sliabh na  
streip' iad.

Bu diombuan feachd-chinn ar sluaigh;  
Cha robh ar caipteinean buan,  
Bha fear mu seach dhiu do'n uaigh  
a'geilleadh.

Bha sinn an Sasunn, an duil  
Ri'r Maidsear sgairteil gu'r n-iul  
Ri uchd nam baiteal le tur's le leirsinn.

'Nuairfhuair sinn naidheachd ar craidh  
Ursann-chatha nam blar  
A bhi 'na laighe gun chail, na chreubhaig

'Nam falbh air thuras thar cuain,  
Bu lionmhor curaidh to ghruaim,  
Thug gach duin' againn luaidh is speis  
da

Ged fhuair sinn buadh ri uchd'gleois,  
Bha m'inntinn luaineach fo bhron,  
Gach uair a dh' fhuasgail ar srol 'san  
Eiphit.

Cho tric 'sa rosgadh mo shuil,  
Bha mi gu beachdail an duil,  
Gu'm b'choir dhomh' fhaicinn air thus  
na streipe.

Chaidh sinn an coinnimh nan lann,  
'S ar capull-coille air chall,  
An darag loinneil 'san crann nach geil-  
leadh.

Bu ghann a thill sinn o'r leon,  
Na dh' fhag an strith againn beo,

Ta dh' fhalbh le Sim cha bu chomhlan  
gleidht' iad.

'N'uir fhuair sinn naidheachd as ur  
Gu'n deachaidh 'athair 'san uir,  
Bu chall air maithich 's bu dhiubhail  
cheud e.

Bha aoibh is maise 'na shnuadh,  
'Sa chridhe farsuing mar chuan ;  
Bu tric e'sgapadh le truas air feumaich.

Mo dhochas dubailt' a'm' Thriath.  
Gu bheil an urnaigh 'ga dhion,  
Gu h-ard 'sa chuir far am fialaidh  
eibhneas.

Bha'n Eaglais Chaitliceach aon,  
Le teagasg laiste nan naomh,  
'Ga rian bho 'bhaisteadh gu 'aois gun  
treigsinn.

Ge dubhach frasach ar deoir  
Mu'n aosda'n tasgaidh nam bord,  
'Se gearradh as nam fear og'a leir sinn.

Tha Clann Mhic Dhughail bho'n stuaidh  
'San coille dhluth air a buain ;  
Bu ghoirt an diubhail 's bu chruidh an  
sgeul e.

Thuit an daragan ard',  
A bha mar bhalla do chach,  
'Gan dion bho ghailinn's gach aird a'  
seideadh.

Thuit na h-ogain ghlan, ur,  
 A bh' air an traigh mar chinn-iuil  
 'Sna gallain alainn fo dhruich a chait-  
 tein.

Mar reub-ghaoith earraich gun tlatas,  
 Ri seideadh falaig bharr aird',  
 Bu sgeula sgaraidh dhuinn bas og 'Sheu-  
 mais.

Am fiuran priseil gun ghruaim,  
 'Bu chlinteach priseil a ghluais,  
 Air tus nam miltean bu nuadh cheann-  
 ceud e.

Bu daor an ceannach do'n Traigh.  
 E'dhol 'na leanabh do'n Spainn,  
 Gu'chlaidh le anastachd 's gabhadh  
 streipe ;

Gun fhois ri teas no ri fuachd,  
 'Se 'gastar bras ri droch uair,  
 Gun chuir, gun deoch, ann an ruaig  
 nan treun-fhear.

Gun each, gun bhotainnean thall,  
 'San sneachd air mointich nam beann,  
 Cha robh na brogan ach gann r'a cheile.

Cha tuig luchd-cèidail no taimh  
 Mar tha luchd-cogaidh nam blar  
 'Gan claidh 's gan lagadh thar sail 'nan  
 e gin n.

Bu ghoirt d'a chaidéan a luaths  
 'Sa chailh an t-amann thar cuain,  
 'Se dhuig cha anstóir bhuan 'san  
 d'eug a.

Cha deach a leirsinn an am  
 Gu'n robh tromuicail 'tigh'nn ann ;  
 'Nuair' bochd i 'creachdan cha stamh-  
 nadh leigh i.

'Nuair 'chrion i'n gathan gu'bharr,  
 Ghrad spion i'n t-abhall fo bhlath,  
 Mar shiol gu ath-cur a's alainn eirigh.

Ghrad-thriall an t-anam le gaird  
 Gu siorrachd fhallain nan gras  
 Ar sgeith nan aingeal lan graidh 'is  
 eibhnis.

Ged bha na dh' fhuirich fo bhron.  
 'Ga chaidh ma' 'bhuineadh do'n  
 fheoil,  
 Bha craobh fo dhuilleach' bu bhoideach  
 eirigh.

## CUMHA · EILE.

DO LHIM OG DOMHNALLACH TRIATH  
 MHOIRTHIR.

*Le Alostair Mac-Fhionghain.*

Maoth dharag cheannsgalach, ard,  
 Bu shoilleir, maiseachail, fas,  
 Bu sholas cuim bhi fo sgail a geugan.

Mo chruaidh chreach dhuilich 's mo  
chradh,  
Bhruchd luaidhe ghuinea ch mu 'barr,  
Le tuaim a ghunna bha 'n Traigh 'ga  
leirsgrios.

Thuit fionan alainn mo ghaoil,  
Le sniomh gu lar air a thaobh ;  
Bha fiamh a ghair' air is aoibh fo 'chreach-  
daibh.

Ged threig a spiorad an fheoil,  
Mar ghrein' air gilid an lo  
A leum air mhire, gu gloir nach treig e

Troimh 'n Aon a dh'fhulling am bas,  
'Bu phiantach muladach crath,  
Gheibh sinu gu sonas am paras ceutach.

Biodhmaid measarra 'm bron,  
'S bheir Rìgh a gliocais an gloir,  
Le sith dhuinn misneach is treòir is  
leirsinn.

Ma tha sinn dubhach lan dhiar,  
Tha slainte 's cumhachd 'san Tri ath,  
'Sa ghradh a' sruthadh gu fial bho 'n  
cheusadh.



# ORAN.

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*Do Domhnall Camshron, d'am bu  
cho-aimm Domhnall Mor Og.*

LE ALASTAIR MAC-FHIONGHAIN.

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Fhuair mi Seanachas cinnteach  
A dhuig m' inntinn 'suas gu ceol ;  
Las beusan an treun ghiomanaich  
Marealaidh dhein moghloir.  
Bu ro ainneamh ann sna crìochan so,  
'Measg Abrach ged a dh-iarrainn iad,  
Mac tuathanaich cho fialaidh  
S cho math gnìomh ri Domhnall og.

Bha e mór, 's e cumadail  
Gun uireasabh, gun mheang ;  
Deas-bhriathrach, fialaidh, furanach,  
Ro fhurachail 'na chainnt ;  
Bha uaislean agus cumantan  
'N trom luaidh air sa toirt urrainn dha ;  
Cha chuald mi t'fhear-diomolaidh,  
Cha b' urrainn e 'bhi ann.

Bha ceannard treun nan Gordanach  
Bho chaisteal mòr nan lann,  
An t-ard dhiuchd cliuiteach morchuiseach  
Le'n ruisgteadh sroil 'sa champ,  
'Nuair 'dhruid e dlùth an eòlas air,  
Sa fhuair e 'ghualann, sonraichte  
Mar athair-iuil 'ga chomhnadh,  
'Se ri chul 'sa choir 's gach am.

Bha Dèididh Bèich a' Blàigh' ud,  
Sliodan nan Àmman nach eadh cli,  
An dèidh a' dèidh, a' dèidh, a' dèidh,  
Ba gairg nan dèidh a' dèidh a' dèidh,  
Mearbhanach a' dèidh a' dèidh a' dèidh,  
'S ro dèidh a' dèidh a' dèidh a' dèidh :—  
Ba dèidh a' dèidh a' dèidh a' dèidh  
Ri bhan a' dèidh a' dèidh a' dèidh.

Bha Friselaich threun bhearraideach  
 Bho Arraig nan sruth doirbh,  
 Ro dhian an cardeas fala ris,  
 'S cha b' aithlis iad 'ga lorg :  
 Bha 'n radurrachd cho daingeann,  
 'S ged bu bhrathair do gach fear dhiu e ;  
 Bho chuislean nan laoch ceannasach  
 A dh'ol e'n bainne borb.

Cha b' ioghnadh-leam gach caraid  
A bhi dealaidh air a lorg,  
'Se failteachail, blath, carthannach,  
Gun fhoill, gun char, gun chealg.  
Ri feumnaich 's math an airidh  
Bha e fialaidh, dìreach, farasda ;  
'S ri 'cheile beusach, leannanach,  
Gun bheum, gun sgar, gun cholg.

Na 'n digteadh cearr no ascaoin air,  
Bu ghaisteach e 's gach seol,  
Nach fuilingeadh tair no masladh  
Do dh-fhear-bhailtean a bha beo.  
Ged nach robh tuasaid cleachdte leis,  
'Nuair 'dhuisgteadh gu garbh bheairtean e,  
Bu cheannsgalach, borb, reachdmhor e,  
'N treun neartmhor nach robh foil !

Be sid Domhnal nan tri Domhnull.  
 'Bu chian coir air Innse- Rìgh,  
 De shliochd Domhnaill Duibh'bu'deonach,  
 Tric, an toiseach gleos nam pie.  
 'Nuair a'ghluais Loch-Iall le chonnspuinn,  
 Do dh'Aird-nam-Murchanngu comhstrith,  
 Sparr e saighead chaol 'sa choreaich  
 Lois 'n d'thuit Mac Eoin gun chli.

Sid an urchair a bha feumail ;  
 Mur tilleadh i 'n treuin-thear boib  
 Bhiodh Ciann-Chamshroin air an reubadh  
 'S mar a bha sibr b'eiginn falbh,  
 'Nuair a chruinich iad ri 'cheile,  
 Ghabh Clann-lain an rat-euta,  
 'S mur bhi Leathanaich na leirsinn  
 Bu ghann feigheal beun nau arm.

Mac-Eoin, or perhaps Mac Mhic-Eoin was an uncle of John Og Macdonald of Ardnarmurchan. He was a man of great size and strength. He murdered John Og about the year 1596, and took possession of his estate. John Og was at the time of his death at the point of marrying a daughter of Lochiel. The Camerons resolved to avenge his death, and marched towards Ardnarmurchan. A conflict took place between them and Mac Eoin at Leachd nan saighdean Mhoyra. Mac-Eoin was killed on the spot, and his followers routed. Shortly after the Macdonalds had been routed, a body of Macleans crossed over from Mull, to assist them. The Camerons were now compelled to retreat.

## ORAN GAOIL.

*Le Gilleasbing Mac-Phail.*

'S bocht an creachal 'th' air m' inntinn,  
 Is cha 'n urrainn mi 'dhubradh  
 Ma tha 'n sgeula cho fìor 's tha iad ag  
 raitinn,

'S bocht an creachal &c.

Gu'n do thionndaidh thu 'm fuath rium,  
 'N deigh do ghaol 'bhi cho buan dhomh,  
 'S gu 'n do thagh thu fear fuadainn a' m'  
 aite.

Gur h-e 'mheudaich mo ghaol ort,  
 Do ghruaidh dhearg bhi mar chaorann,  
 Is do ghnìus bhi ciuin, adbhach, glan,  
 ìarach,

Thu bhi sìobhailta, caoimhneli,  
 Banail, baintighearnal, aoibheil,  
 Suairce, ceanalt', gun fhoill ann ad nadur

Do chul boidheach min, lomharr',  
 Tha 'n a chamagan sniomhain ;  
 Tha gach mais' ort, a ribhinn na h ailleach,

Gur h-i 'n naidheachd a fhuair mi  
 'Dhuisg an anshocair bhoian dhomh :  
 Dh' fhag i aiceideach truagh mi gun slainte.

Ge b' e fear 'ni do bhuannachd,  
 Gur leis deideag na h-uaisle ;—  
 Guidheam piseach is suaimhneas ri d' la  
 dhuit

## CNOIC IS GLINN A BRAIGHE.

LE CALUM MAC-GILLIOS, AM MARGARI.

## LUINNEAG.

Na cnoic is glinn 'bu bhoidhche leinn  
 'S iat cnoic is glinn a Bhraighe ;  
 'An tric 'bha sinn ri manran binn  
 'Sa chomunn ghrinn a b' fhearr leinn

Chan fheil ait an diugh fo 'n ghrein  
 'Sam b' fhearr leam fein 'bhi 'tamhachd  
 Na braigh' na h-aibhne 'm measg nan sonn  
 O'm faightedh fuinn na Gadhlic.

Do bhruachan gorm 'sam faighteadh spreidh,  
 Do ghlacan reidh gun airemh,  
 Mar uachdar thonn, 's an soirbheas trom,  
 A ruith gu bonn nan ard bheann.

Gur pailt gach flur a fas gu dluth  
 Air maduinn chubhraidh Mhaigh ann ;  
 Gach doire beo le ceol nan ian  
 'N uair 'dh' eireas grian le failt' ann.

Bidh sruthain fhuar de 'n uisge 's glaine  
 'Bruchdadh 'mach mu rath'dean ;  
 Bidh crodh is caoraich pailt ri 'm faotuinn  
 'Feadh nan aodunn arda.

Gur ceolmhor fuaim na h-aibhne lium  
 Is sruthan ciuin fo 'h-aithean ;  
 Cho fad 's a shiubhlas i gu cuan,  
 Cha doir mi fuath do 'n Bhraighe.

Gur lionmhor fear ag iasgach bradain  
 Mu do chladaich bhana ;  
 Daoine uaisle Shasuinn 'tigh'nn an nall  
 A chosg an t-samhruidh lamh-riut.

Cha bhi frolic ann no banais  
 Nach bi caithream graidh ann ;  
 Le ceol na fìdhle 'dol 'san rìdhle  
 'Cosg na tim mar b' aill leinn.

'S iomad fleasgach laidir grinn  
 A chaidh 'sna glinn ud arach ;  
 'S maighdean gle ghlan, dhìreach, og,  
 Le 'h-aodunn boidhech, narach.

'S e 'n ainnir dhonn a's binne fonn  
 A choinnich rium Di-mairt ann ;  
 'S chan iarrainn-s' airgiod no or  
 Ach thu 'bhi 'n comhnuidh lamh-rium.

Do chomhradh ciùin tha 'tigh'nn air m' aire,  
 A ribhinn bhanail, bhaigheil ;  
 Gun d' fhuair thu buaidh bho nadar fein  
 A dh'fhag mor speis aig each ort.

Soraidh leis a chomunn rioghail  
 Bhon is tim dhomh 'm fagail ;  
 Gur tearc ri 'm faotuin 'feadh an t-saoghail  
 An diugh daoine 'bheir barr orr.'

— x —

## CAILIN NA DUTHCHA.

LE CALUM MAC-GILLIOS.

LUINNEAG.

Ho ro, gun deid mi-fhin 's tu-fhein,  
 Theid sinn le cheil' gu feill nam maithean ;  
 Ho ro, gun deid mi-fhin 's tu-fhein !

'Nigh'n donn nan sul blath,  
 'S tu 'bhuannaich mo ghradh  
 An gleannan nam ba  
 'San tamh na h-aighean.

An gleannan mo ruin,  
 Bidh samhradh atr thus,  
 A fosgladh caoin ghnuis  
 Nam fluran meala.

'Bidh coireal nan ian  
 Ann leadarra, dian,  
 'N uair 'dh-eireas a ghrian  
 Air sliabh nam beannaibh.

'S e 'dh'uiricheadh fonn  
 'S a chridh' 'tha 'nam chom  
 Do chomhradh neo-throm  
 'Nigh'n donn nam meall-shuil.

Tha maise nach geill  
 'At aghaidh ghlain fein,  
 Mar aiteal de'n ghrein  
 'San eirigh mhadne.

A ribhinn nam buadh  
 A's boidhch' 'san taobh tuath ;  
 Cha choisinn thu fuath,  
 'S tu luaidh nam fearaibh.

'Nuair 'thogas tu fonn  
 Air oran neo-throm,  
 Thig cruiteirean thom  
 Air lom 'sna crannaibh

Guth binn, fallain, reidh,  
 Mar organ air ghleus

Aig ribhinn nam beus  
A's eibhinn caithream.

Ged bha Jennie Lind  
Bhan-cheileirich' binn,  
Gum b' fhearr leam le cinnt  
Guth-cinn na h-ainnir'-s'.

Thug nadar do m' luaidh  
Gach ailleachd is buaidh  
Le grinneas gun uail,  
'S le suairceas ceanalt.

Tha caoimhneas is tur  
A dealradh a' d' ghnuis,  
'S gur glaine do shuil  
Nan driuchd 'sa mhaduin.

Gur h-aotrom do cheim  
A tional na spreidh,  
'S crodh druim-fhionn a' d' dheidh  
Le geum 'tigh'nn dachaidh.

Cha doir thu do lamh  
Do bheairteas gu brath ;  
Gum b' fhearr leat na 'n t-sraid  
'Bhi tamh 'sna gleannan.

Gum b' fhearr leat na uail  
Le storas a bhuain,  
'Bhi 'g imeachd mu 'n cuairt  
Feadh bhruach is bhealach ;

'Bhi comhnuidh gun bhron,  
Gun deireas air lon,  
An gleannan a cheo  
Le oigear smearail.



## RANNAN TARGRAIDH.

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With regard to the authorship of these verses Dr. Maclean makes the following statement: "This prophetic poem is said to have been composed by Donald O'Conchair and was got from Eoghan Mac Lachainn Mhic Mhartainn."

Clann-Ghilleain o 'n Dreallainn,  
Mar ealt ian air bharr cuilin,  
Mar chaoir dheirg a tigh'n o theallach;  
'S bronach an sgeul sid r'a ians',

Clann Dughaill o 'n aird an iar,  
Sliochd Annla nan sgiath dearg,  
G eudan gun teasairgin daibh  
Air aon ehlar luinge do bheirear.

Mac-Iain-Stiubhart, ceann nam fear,  
Shuidh e air Dun-innse for,  
Chaill e Dun-innse for,  
'S cha d' bluinig e Dun innse geal,

Clann O' Duibhne, ceann gach fine,  
'Tuiteam mar aon uinneig ghloine.  
Air bhar teachd an iar o 'n bhile;  
'S truagh 'ur milleadh le miorun.

Dubhghal or Dugall, the progenitor of the Macdugalls, was a son or grandson of Somerled, Lord of Argyll, by a daughter of Clave the Red, the Norwegian king of man. Annla nan sgiath dearg.

It is probable that Donald O'Conchair was a native of Lorn. There was at least one man of the name there, and as there was one it is likely there were others.

The Rev. Donald McNicol, in his remarks on Dr. Johnson's tour, states that "one Dr. O'Cennachar, of Lorn, wrote all his prescriptions in Gaelic." William Livingstone's edition, page 128.

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### MARBHRANN.

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Do Dhòmhnaill Gorm Og, a chaòchail  
'sa bhliadhna 1643.

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LE MURCHADH MOR MAC-COINNICH, FEAR  
AICHEALAI DH.

---

Ho, o, hom, bo,  
Tha sgeul cruidh leat, a ghaoth deas,  
Ho, o, hom, bo;  
'S seirbhe do ghair na 'n dombblas,  
Gun fhuaim sithe leat a steach  
Air chuan Sgithe, mo leir chreach!

Ho, o, hom, bo,  
An sgeul a fhuair sinn thar sail,  
Ho, o, hom, bo,  
'Na aiseag 's truagh nach robh dail,  
Gu'n d' eug an triath ur-ghlan ard,  
Rìgh cheann-sithe gach luchd-spairn.

Ho, o, hom, bo.  
Ursann-chatha Innse-Gall,  
Ho, o, hom, bo,  
Iuchair flaithean nam fìor rann,  
Craobh ro thaitneach de Shìol Chuinn,  
Milidh gasda 'n comhlan shonn.

Ho, o, hom, bo,  
'S tursach leam do chur fo 'n uir,  
Ho, o, hom, bo,

A bhi 'dunadh do ghorm shul:  
Co an nis o 'm faigh sinn muirn?  
Co 'ni aiteas ri mor chuirm?

Ho, o, hom, bo,  
'S tursach do phannal 's ni ait,  
Ho, o, hom, bo.  
Och, mo nuar! do leannan leap'  
Bu chraun ceill' thu agus neirt,  
'N am an fheuma bu righ airé'.

Ho, o, hom, bo,  
Mar'choill gun chuasachd gun mheas,  
Ho, o, hom, bo,  
Tha t'fhonn sgireachd an nis;  
'S e 'dh' fhag mo chridhe-sa tais  
Do lorg-shlighe ga h-aithris.

Ho, o, hom, bo,  
Ni 'm feular a mholadh leinn,  
Ho, o, hom, bo,  
A' gheug sholuis 'bu ghloir-bhinn,  
Leoghan, leanabh, agus righ  
Dha 'n robh aithne gach aon ni.

Ho, o, hom, bo,  
Tha naic plaigh air luchd-a-chiuil,  
Ho, o, hom, bo,  
Tha gair-bhaite aig Siol Chuinn,  
Tha mnai craiteach 's tu 'sa chill,  
'S i mo ghradh do lamh 'bhiodh leinn,

Ho, o, hom, bo,  
Ni 'n coir dhuinn bhi bronach truagh,  
Ho, o, hom, bo,  
'Cumh' an ti a thugadh uainn;  
'S e uighe gach cre an uaigh,  
'S cha bhas dhuit ach beatha bhuan.

Ceann-sithe—a peace-maker. Comblan

—a combat, a duel. Pannal—a band of men. Lorg-slighe—genealogy. Gloir-bhinn—sweetly sounding. Gair-bhaite—the cry of drowning men.

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## ORAN.

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Do Ruairidh Mac-Leoid 'sna Hearradh.

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LE MAIRI NIGHEAN ALASTAIR RUAIDH.

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Tha mo ghaol ann sna Hearradh,  
 'S cuim' am bi ga fhalach,  
 'Fhir d'a bheil a chaol mhal' is mi 'ghlac  
 chomhnard.

Tha mo chion air an Ruairidh,  
 Fear na misnich 's a chruadail  
 'Choisin cliu 's a fhuair buaidh ann san  
 Olaint

Bu tu mac an laoi ch ghasda  
 Nach do dhearbha bhi gealtach;  
 'S tric a thogadh leibh creach bho Chlann-  
 Domhnaill.

'Nuair a rachadh tu 'n fhireach,  
 Bhiodh an earb air do thilleadh,  
 'S gu'm biodh trom air do ghillea le d'  
 mhor choin.

Le do ghunna caol glaice,  
 Leis an fhudar a lasadh,  
 Naile bheirteadh leat stad air fear croice

Thoir mo shoraidh le m' dthurachd  
 Null gu faiche an smudain,  
 Far am beathaichear muirneach cuain oga;

Far an loisgear am fudar  
 Is an luaidhe gun chunntas;  
 Bhiodh na peileirean dubh-ghorm ri  
 stroiceadh.

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### CUMHA.

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Do Ehir Domhnall Shleite.

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LE IAIN LOM.

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'S cian 's gur fada mi 'm thamh,  
 'S trom leam m' aigneadh fo phraimh;  
 Bho nach cadal dhomh seimh 's tim eirigh.  
 'S cian 's gur fada &c.

Laigh an aois orm gu cruaidh,  
 Dreach an aoig air mo ghruaidh,  
 'S rinn e fadail bhoichd thruagh dha fein  
 diom.

Tha leann-dubh orm gach l ,  
 'Se gam mhuchadh a ghuath,  
 Air mo chuis-sa cha ra-sgeul bràig e.

Tha gach urra 'dol dhìom  
 Bho 'm faigh 'nu furan le miadh,  
 A choig urrad sa b' fhiach mi 'dh-eiric

Chaill mi armuinn mo stuic,  
 Mo sgiath laidir 's mo phruip,  
 Iad ri aiteach an t-sluic is fear orr'.

Fath mo bhioraidh 's mo cholg,  
 'Thaobh gach iomairt so 'dh' fhalbh,  
 Luaths bhur n-ìomachd air lorg a cheile.

Mhuch mo mheadhail 's mo mheas  
 Daoil 'bhi cladhach bhur slios;  
 Chaidh mo raghain fo lic de leugaibh.

Bhail an t-earrach orm spot,  
 'S trom a dh' fhairich mi 'lot,  
 Chuir e 'n lughad mo thoirt, 's beag m'  
 fheum air.

Bas shir Dombhual bho 'n Chaol,  
 Chuir mo chomhuidh fo sgaoil,  
 Dh' fhag mi 'm onar 'san aois gam leireadh.

'S ann riut a labhrainn mo mhiann  
 Gu dana, ladarna, dian,  
 Geda bhidhinn da thrian 'san eucoir.

'Siomad smaointinn bocht, tragh,  
 'Teacht air m' aire gach uair,  
 Bho 'n la 'chaochail air snuadh fear t'  
 eugaig.

Leoghan fireachail, ard,  
 Muinte, spioradal, garg,  
 Umhail, iriosa', feartha, troabhaich.

Leug nan arm is nan each,  
 Reimeil, calma, gun aic,  
 Dh'eug thu 'n Armadail glas nan deideag.

Bha do chinneadh fo phrannh,  
 Do thuath 's do phaighearan mail.  
 Uaislean t' fhearainn 's gach lau fhear-  
 feusaig.

Bha mnai beul-dearg a bhruit  
 Ri call an ceille 's am fuilt,  
 'S cach ag eiteadh do chuirp air deile.

Moch 'sa mhatuin Diardaoin  
 Thog iad tasgaidh mo ghaoil,  
 'N deidh a phasgadh gu caol 'sna leintean,

'N ciste ghiubhais nam bord,  
 An truail chumhaing na 's leoir.

'N' deidh a dubhadh fo 'n t-srol air  
speicean,

Gu eaglais Shleite na stuaidh,  
'Chosg thu fhein ri chur suas.  
Ged nach d' fhuirich thu buan ri 'sgleu-  
tadh.

Fhuair thu deannal no dho,  
'Dh 'fhag do phannal fo bhron,  
'S gu'm bu ghearan an leon mun eigheadh.

Air Raon-Ruairidh nan strac,  
Far 'u do bhuannich sibh blar,  
Chaill thu t' uaislean is t-armuinn ghleusda.

Air an talamh chrion, chruaidh,  
'S nach falaicheadh gearrag a cluas,  
Fhuair sibh deannal na luaithe leithe

Bu neo-chraobhaidh na seoid  
'Fhuair sa chaonnaig an leon,  
B' an diu Raonall is Eoin is Seumas.

Ann ad thalla mar thriath,  
Cha bu ghnath leat 'bhi crion,  
Gu'm bu nollaic le fion do reidhlean.

B' e 'm bol pathaidh do mhiann  
Bhi 'ga chaitheamh gu dian;  
'S 'n uair a thraight' e gun lionteadh reidh  
leat.

De dh-uisge-beatha 's de bheoir,  
'Siad a gabhail na 's leoir,  
Mara thoilicheadh beoil gu eigheach;

Mu bhord gun tioma, gun ghruaim,  
Le ol, 's le iomairt, 's le sluagh,  
Is ceol 'bu bhinne na cuach 'sa cheitein.

Dh' fhalbh na spailpean an null,  
 'Bha fial, farsuinn, 'nan grunn;  
 Cha b' iad na fachaich gun rum, gun lead  
 iad;

Domhnall Gorm 'tu ghlan gnuis,  
 Fear bu mhine de 'n triuir,  
 'S cha bu chorr-cheann e 'n cuirt rìgh  
 Seurlas.

Cha dean mi run ach gu foil  
 Do 'n al ur 's 'th' air teachd oirnn,  
 Bho nach daisgear le ceol Sir Seumas.

Dh' fhalbh thu fhein 's do cheud mhac,  
 Mala gheur sibh gu neart;  
 'S fad' o cheile fo cheapaibh reisg sibh.

'S blath an leap' air bhuir cionn,  
 Seach daormuin 'thaisgeadh an t-suin;  
 Sibh 'b' a sgapach air buinn le feile.

Thoir mi 'n urrad ud ruibh,  
 Tha mi 'm urrainn g'a dhiol;  
 Slau 'ur muineil cha till sibh breug orm.

Faodail—a waif, a thing found without  
 an owner. Reimeil—authoritative. Brat  
 or brat—a veil. Bruit—of the veil.  
 Pannal—a band of men. Craobhaidh—  
 nervous, tender, shivering. Fachach—a  
 little insignificant man; also a puffin.  
 Daormunn—a miser. Eiteadh—stretch-  
 ing.

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Hugh, third son of Alexander, third  
 Lord of the Isles, was the first Macdonald  
 of Sleat. He was known as Uisdean Ban.  
 He was fostered with Donald, first Mac-  
 lean of Ardgour. He had four sons, John,



by his wife, a daughter of Macdonald, of Ardnamerchan; Donald Gallach, by a daughter of Gunn, Crowner of Caithness; Donald Herrach, by a daughter of Macleod, of Harris; and Gillesbie Dubh. He died in 1498. John, second of Sleat, died without issue in 1502. Donald Gallach, third of Sleat, married a daughter of John Cathanach, of Islay, by whom he had Donald Gruamach. Donald Gallach and Donald Herrach were murdered by their brother, Gillesbie Dubh, in 1506. Donald Gruamach, fourth of Sleat, married a daughter of Macdonald, of Moydart, by whom he had Donald Gorm and James, progenitor of the Macdonalds of Kingsburg. He died in 1534. Donald Gorm, fifth, of Sleat, married a daughter of John, son of Torquil Macleod, of Lewis, and had one son, Donald, his successor. He was killed at Eileandonan Castle in 1539. Donald, sixth, of Sleat, Dombhnan MacDombhnaid Ghuirm, married Mary, daughter of Hector Mor Maclean, of Duart, brother of Ailean nan Sop, and had three sons, Donald Gorm Mor, Archibald and Alexander. He died in 1585. Archibald, his second son, known as Gillesbie Cleireach, married a daughter of Angus Macdonald, of Islay, and had by her Donald Gorm Og and Hugh, Uisdean MacGhillisbie Chleirich. Donald Gorm Mor Seventh, of Sleat, died without issue in 1616. Donald Gorm Og, eighth, of Sleat, was created a baronet in 1625. He married Janet, daughter of Kenneth, first Lord Mackenzie, of Kintail, and had by her James, Donald, of Castletown, An-

gus, Alexander, Margaret, Catherine, Janet and Mary. He had also a natural son, An Ciaran Mabach. Sir Donald died in October, 1643. Sir James, ninth, of Sleat, married, first Margaret, daughter of Sir Roderick Mackenzie, Tutor, of Kintail, and, secondly, Mary, daughter John Macleod, of Dunvegan. By his first wife he had Donald, his heir, Roderick, Hugh of Glenmore, Somerled, of Sorrie, Catherine and Florence. By his second wife he had John of Blackuey. He died December 8th, 1678. Sir Donald, tenth, of Sleat, died February 5th, 1695. He is the subject of the elegy.

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### MOLADH A PHIUBAIRE.

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Oran do Domhnall Caimbal, Domhnall Mac-a-Ghlasrich, an Phiobaire Mor, le Domhnall Donn, Mac Fhir Bhoth-Fhiunn-tain. Bha Domhnall Caimbal 'na phiobaire aig Gilleasbich na Ceapaich 'S e mac peathar do Dhomhnall Donn a bha ann. 'S i Bana-Chamranach a bu mbathair dha.

Slan 'omradh do m' ghoistidh  
Beul nach loisgeach an cainnt.

Slan iouradh, &c.

Mo run an Caimbalach suaire  
A theid air ruaig thar a mhaoin.

Mo run an Caimbalach siobhalta  
Nach ciosnaicheadh carn.

Gura math 'thig dhuit triubhas  
Gun bhi cumhann no gann.

S eha mhios' 'thig dhuit osan,  
S brog shocair 'bhuinn sheang.

Brog bhileach nan cluaisein  
Air a fuaigheal gu teann.

Naile, dh' aithnichinn thu romhac  
'Dol an domhaltas blair.

Bhiodh do phìob mhòr ga spreigeadh.  
'S eud de 'h-eagal air each.

Nuair a chluinninn toirm t' fheadair  
Naile, ghreasaunn na lamh.

Thugadh bean leat bho 'n Bhreugach  
'S an cluinnt' beucadaich mhang.

S ro mhath 'b' aithne dhomh 'n nighean  
A bha 'eridh' ort an geall:

Ann sa' ghleannan bheag laghach,  
'S an biodh tu tadhal os n-aird.

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### CUMHA D'A PHIUTHAIR.

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#### Le Alastair Bhoth-Fhiunntain.

Ged is moch 'rinn mi eirigh,  
Cha b' ann eutrom 'bha m' aigneadh.  
Ged is moch, &c.

Tha leann-dubh air mo bhuaireadh,  
Chuin e 'n ruaig air a chadal.

Cha b, e 'n leith-sgeul beag suarach,  
Thug dhomh gluasad gu facal;

Ach an tlachd do 'n mhnaoi uasail,  
'Bu bhuidhe cuailein 's bu dathte.

Dend mar chaile 's e gun sgoraich,

Do bheul cha deonaicheadh blaisibh mi

'S ann Di-luain 'fhuair mi sgol  
Gu'n d' bhuin aut-cug bhuan do chaid  
reamh.

'S ann Di ciadainn 'na dheidh sin  
Ghabh mi cead dhìot 'sa chlachan.

Thuana mise le m' shuilean  
Do chiste duinte fo 'n casan.

Cha do ghearainn thu cinradh,  
No bhi gad mhuchadh fo leacan.

'N nochd is truagh leam do phaisidern,  
'S iad 'sa ghairich gun t' fhaicinn.

Ach gun cuidich Mac De iad,  
'N Ti 'ni feum dhaibh is taice.

Cha neo-thruagh leam do cheile,  
Ged 's tric a dh-eisd thu ris facal.

'S mairg a bhrìst air a gharadh,  
Nach gabhadh caradh le ceantas

'S ged nach robh mi eir aoid ris,  
Cha mhise 'n suor 'bha ga ghlasadh.

'S mairg a bhrìst air a gharadh: 'Bha  
paisid adhaltrannais aige.

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## HO GU'N DEID MI.

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### Le Alastair Odhar.

Chuir Lotti Camran buideul uisge-  
bheatha an geall ri Alastair Odhar nach b'  
urraim Alastair rannan a dheanamh a  
chuireadh fearg air. Thoisich Alastair,

agus b'è deireadh na cuise gun do ghabh  
Lotti 'n fhearg, 's gun d' fheum e 'm  
buideal a pàigheadh. Bu mhac Alastair  
Odhar do Ghilleasbìc na Ceapaich.

#### LUINNEAG.

Ho, gun deid mi, cuim' nach deid mi?  
Rachainn fein a chumail chleas ruibh;  
'S gheibhinn ceud de dh-fhearaibh glensda  
Mar ium fein gu 'r cur air theicheadh

Theicheadh sibh gun robh sibh uasal,  
Is gun robh sibh lan de chruadal,  
Ach ca'n robh sinne rianh 'g ur buaidh  
Nach biodh ruaig oirbh nu fheasga?

Latha Bhoth-Leinn' rion bhur leonadh,  
Chuir Iain Dubh sibh an staid bhronaich;  
Dh' iomain e sibh 'null thar Lochaidh,  
'S na bha beo agaibh 'n ur breislich.

Tha Clach Ailein fhath'st a' lathair,  
Far 'n do thuit ceann stuic bhur pairtidh,  
'S Leac na-fachanan far am b' abhaist,  
Far an d' fhuair bhur cairdean greadan.

Thachair ceithreir bhoich de m' sheorsa  
Air sia-diag de 'r fearaibh mora;  
Leag iad naoidhnear dhiu gun deo aum',  
'S bha Tom-a-Charrich fo l' oin an fcasda.

Gu bheil mise de Chlann-Domhnail,  
Is tha thusa 'nad Chamshrovach,  
'S chan fhaca mi gin riamh dhe d' sheorsa  
Nach buailinn mo dhorn air san leth-  
cheann.

'N cinnhue leat, a Lotti ghnada  
'N nair a bha thu thall am Flannas,  
'S tu cho salach agus sgathach  
'S nach b' urrain thu 'n rang a sheasamh?

A reir innse sgeoil thachair Aonghus Mac Alistair Ruaidh agus triuir eile a Gleanna-Comhann air sia deug de na Camranich a tilleadh dhachaidh le creich. Cia mo chuid-sa de 'u chothartach? ars' Aonghus. 'S leat, arsa ceannard nan Camranach na bheir thu 'mach, Cha d' iarr mi riamh an corr, ars' Aonghus, 's ca tarruinn a chlaidhibh. Mharbh na Comhannaich naomnear de na chreachadairean, is theich cach. 'Sann bho Dhomballach a fhuair sinn an naidheachd so. Dh' fhaoigte nam faigheamaid bho Chanranach i gu bheil taobh eile oirre.

## GUR H-E 'MHEUDAICH MO CHRADH;

### LE MAIRREARAD NI'N LACHAINN

Gur he 'mheudaich mo chradh,  
Is a lughdaich mo chail,  
'Liuthad latha 's a bha  
Mise 's tus' air an traigh.—  
Gura diombach mi 'n blas  
'Thug an fheoil dhion o 'n chualach;  
Gur h-ann againn a bha na treun-laoich  
Gur h-ann againn a bha, &c.

Luchd a dh' iomairt an oir;  
'S iad a dhioladh an t-ol,  
'Leanadh fad' air an toir  
Ann an cumasg nan srol;  
'S co a chuireadh orr' gleo  
Ann am muiseadh an t-sloigh;—  
Ach de 'm fath dhomh bhi bron mu 'r  
deibhinn?

Mo cheist an Leathanach ur,

Bu ghlan sealladh do shul,  
 Fo amharc gun smur;  
 C' ait am faicteadh an cùirt  
 Fear t' fhasain gun tulg;  
 Bha thu seasmhach 's gach cuis,  
 'S ann ri t' fhacal a b' fhiu dhuinn eist-  
 eachd.

'S ann 'san eaglais so shuas.  
 An ciste ghiubhais nach gluais,  
 'Tha ur cheannard an t-sluaigh,  
 Agus marcaich nan stuadh  
 Ri la frionasach fuar;  
 'S tu gu 'n iarradh i 'suas  
 Ged a bhiodh i 'n sas cruaidh 'na h-  
 eigin.

Och a Mhoir, mo chall!  
 Thu 'bhi 'n ciste nan crann,  
 Air a sparradh gu teann,  
 'Fhir bu shiobhalta cainnt;  
 Ach 'n uair 'dhuisgeadh iad t'fhearg  
 Cha bu shugradh sid daibh;  
 'S mor gar dith fear do rann bhon dh'eug  
 thu.

Marcaich deas nan each seang',  
 'Bheireadh roid asd' is sraan;  
 Beairt nach b' iongantach leam  
 Thu thu 'bhi uasal is t' ainm;  
 Lamh thu 'dh' iomairt nan arm  
 Gu treun cruadalach garg;  
 'S ogha 'dh-Ailean nan lann 's nan steud  
 thu.

'S car thu 'dh'-'Ailean nan ruag  
 'Chreach a Chorca da uair;  
 Thug e Ruta le buaidh,  
 'S co a b' urrainn 'thoirt uaith'.

An am crumneachadh sluaigh;  
 Cha robh athadh 'na ghruaidh  
 'N uair a chaidh e air chuairt do dh'  
 Eirinn

Is gur car thu 'Mhac-Leoid,  
 'Mhic mhic Ailein mhic Eoin;  
 'Dh'-Eachann Ruadh nach h-'eil beo,  
 Dha 'm biodh taile usg air bord.  
 'S fion is braundaidh gan ol.  
 Aig na fir 'bu chruaidh gleo,  
 Agus bualadh nam brog gan teinnadh.

Ach nam bithinn 'sa bhuth.  
 Is na h-airm ann a b'fhiu,  
 Naile thagbainn do m' run  
 Sgiath bhreac nam ball dluth.  
 Claidheabh sgaitheach geur cuil,  
 Is da dhaga nach diult;  
 'S cha 'bu chiadhaire thu 'thoirt feum'  
 asd'.

Iar-ogh' dileas mo ghradh  
 Do dh-lain Dubh' a bha 'n laimh.  
 Sliocha nan iarlachan ard,  
 'S fad' on thrial sibh o 'n Spainn;  
 'S ann bho Lachainn a bha  
 An ionndraichin chraidh;—  
 Fear do choltais gu brath cha leir dhomh.

Gura cairdeach mo luaidh  
 Do Chlann-Domhnaill nam buadh.—  
 'Mhic mhic Ailein nan ruag  
 Thu bhi 'd laighe 'san uaigh  
 Ann an eaglais nan stuadh,  
 Och, a Mhoire, mo chruas;  
 Ghabh na fir dhiot cead buan nach b  
 eibhin.



'Fhir 'bu tighearnail gnaths;  
 Beairt 'bu dligheach sid da;  
 Mo chreach do nighean gun aird,  
 'S e' 'na leish-sgeul aig each  
 Nach do ghabh iad a pairt,  
 A liuthad oinnseach a tha  
 'Faotuin ionaid is aite feisdeil.

'Fhir a cheannaicheadh am fion,  
 Is a b' urrain a dhiol,  
 'S tu a b' airidh air pic,  
 'S bogha glaic nan ceann liobht';  
 Och, a Mhoire, mo dhith,  
 Bha mi rombad air tir  
 'Nuair a thug iad thu 'dh-I na cleire.

Dhomhsa dh' eirich an call  
 'N uair a thug iad thu 'nall  
 Gu reilie nan marbh  
 Mu 'n robh chaiseamachd shearbh,  
 Bualadh bhasan gu teann,  
 'S gun do chluasag to d' cheann;  
 A ruin, cha fhreagair thu 'n t-am gu eirigh.

Tha do cheile fo leon,  
 'S tric i 'snigheadh nan deoir,  
 Is do dhilleachdain og'—  
 Gun aird, no gun doigh  
 Mu na lochanan mòr;  
 Dh' fhag thu sinne fo bhron,  
 'S chaill sinn tuilleadh 's a choir mu t'  
 eiric.

'S ann tha sinne air ar claidh,  
 Gar sarach' a caoidh  
 Bhon a dh' fhalbh bhuainn gach saoidh  
 'Dheanadh feum is stath dhuinn;  
 An nis shraicadh ar siuil,

Dh fhalbh ar cairt, bhrisd ar stiùir;—  
 Dia 'thoirt rathaid g'a ionnsaidh thein  
 dhuinn.

Gleo—a fight. Tullg—a lurch, tossing,  
 rocking. Rann—portion, a pedigree.

“Ailean nan ruag a chreach a Chorca  
 da uair” must be Ailean nan Sop, and  
 “Iain Dubh a bha 'n laimh” must be his  
 nephew, John Dubh, of Morvern, who  
 was imprisoned and executed by Angus  
 Macdonald, of Islay, about the year 1586.

John Dubh had four sons, Donald Glas,  
 Allan, of Ardtornish; John Garbh and  
 Charles. Allan, of Ardtornish, was a  
 very prominent man and an active war-  
 rior from his youth. He is probably the  
 Allan referred to in the words, “A mhic  
 mhic Ailein nan ruag.” He had three  
 sons, Hector, first Maclean, of Kinlocha-  
 line; Charles, of Ardnacross, commonly  
 called Tearlach mac Ailein, and Donald,  
 who died unmarried. Hector 1st, of  
 Kinlochaline, had two sons, John 2nd, of  
 Kinlochaline, and Lachlan, who died with-  
 out issue. Charles, of Ardnacross, had  
 six sons, Allan, first Maclean of Drimnin;  
 Lachlan, of Calgary, Allan, of Grulin;  
 Donald, of Aros; Hector and Ewen.

We have no means of determining who  
 the subject of the lament was. It seems,

however, to have been composed about a grandson of Allan, of Ardtornish.

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## MAIRI NIGH'N DEORSA;

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Oran do 'n Fhiodhaill.

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LE ALASTAIR OG, MAC FEAR AIRD-NA-BIDHE.

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Gum b' ait leam 'bhi lamh-riut,  
 A Mhairi nigh'n Deorsa,  
   Deri ral dal deri,  
   Re de ridil dan,  
   De ridil dan dan.  
 Tha gliocas is naire  
 Am Mairi nigh'n Deorsa  
   Deri ral dal deri,  
   Re de ridil dan,  
   De ridil dan dan.  
 Guth do chinn 's taitneach leinn,  
 'Sait leam fhin beo thu;  
 Gur suaire thu le solas,  
 Tha thu caoin ceolmhor,  
 B'ait le m' chluais caismeachd bhuait,  
 'S leat gach buaidh orain,  
 Gum b' fhear leam na miltean  
 Gum bidhinn 's tu cordte.

'S mor tha dhe m' dhurachd  
 Dha d' chul buidh' glan boidheach,  
 Gur tlachdmhor 's gur muint' thu  
   'N am rusgadh a'd' sheomar.  
 'S grinn do mheur, 's binn do theud,  
 'S math 'thig beus mor leat;  
 B' ait leat a'd' ehoir e  
 'Gabhail ciuil 's cronain.

'S glan do chom, 's taitneach t' fhonn  
 Ann gach pong colais.  
 Gu bheil mi gle chinnteach  
 Gum bu shinte leam pog bhuaite.

'N am eirigh sa mhaduinn  
 Gum bu taitneach leam t' eisdeachd.  
 Do bheus is do *thriobhal*  
 Gu sgiobalta gleusta.  
 Sud iad 'suas ri do chluais  
 'S iad gu luath leumnach.  
 An *cuntar* 's an *tenor*  
 Bu shuundach le cheil' iad,  
 'S iad gun nheang 's iad gun srann,  
 'S iad gun cham ghleusadh,  
 'S ann leamsa bu chinnteach,  
 Gach binn cheol ga sheinn leat.

'S binne leam do chomhradh  
 Na smeorach na geige  
 'S tu 'dheanadh mo leitheas  
 Ged laighinn fo chreuchdan  
 'S math mo bheachd nach bu stad  
 Leam gu ceart, ceillidh,  
 'S mi 'bhi as t' eugmhais,  
 Le do phuirt eibhinn.  
 S mor an tlachd 'th'air mo run  
 Nach labhair durd breige.  
 Gun deanainn leat sugradh  
 Cho muinte 's a dh' fheudainn.

Gur ceanalt 's gur grideil  
 A cheile th' aig Deorsa,  
 Ni 'n deanadh i eud ris  
 Mu streup nam ban oga;  
 Chaoin gheal dhonn 's caomhail fonn,  
 Urlar lom comhuard  
 Cha tuiteadh trom bhron ort,

Togar leat solas;  
 'Teud chaol lag gleust' gun stad,  
 Meur gu ceart ceolmhor.  
 Gur binne le m' chluais thu  
 Na chuach is an smeorach.

Ge ceanalt a comhradh,  
 'S neo-lodail a curam  
 Ni 'n deanadh i iarraidh  
 Each diollaid gu giulan.  
 Cha laidh fuachd air a snuadh  
 Ri la fuar funntail.  
 Cha chaochail i grunn ris  
 Ged bhiodh i leth-ruisgte.  
 'Thlachd na gnìomh, mais' 'na fianh,  
 'S i gu fìor chuirteil,  
 'S uairg chithheadh i 'ga seoladh  
 An crogan an umaidh.

'Thuilleadh air gach suairceas  
 Tha buaidh ort an comhnaidh  
 Ni bheil thu costail  
 'S gun dochainn thu 'm bord aig',  
 Tha i saor gun bhi daor,  
 Chan fheil gaol prois' oirre;  
 'S beag a diol comhdaich  
 'Ga cumail 'an ordagh,  
 Chan fheil biadh cha 'n 'eil deoch  
 Theid 'na corp comhla,  
 Chan iarradh i lianradh  
 Ach siod' agus roiseid.

Ma chaidh thu a suas  
 A thoirt ruaig to Chinn-taile,  
 Bidh mise a sìor ghuidhe  
 Thu 'righiu a'd' shlainte  
 Ma 's dol suas dhuit air chuairt  
 Do 'n taobh-tuath 'n drasta,

'S mise 'bhios craiteach  
 'S nach cluinn mi bhuait failte.  
 Tha mi trom ann am chom  
 'S nach b-'eil t' fhonn lamb-rium.  
 Gun d' fhag thu mi 'd' dheaghaidh  
 Gun mheoghail, gun danachd.

We have not been able to procure any information about the author of this poem. All we know about him is that his name was Alexander Macdonell, that he belonged to the Glengarry branch of the clan, and that he was a contemporary with Alastair Mac Mhaighstir Alastair. He was alive in 1751. We find John Macdonell, of Ardnabie, mentioned in 1744. But in what relationship Alastair Og stood to this John we cannot tell. Neither can we tell the relationship between Alastair Og and Mrs. Fraser, of Culbokie, an excellent poetess and a daughter of one of the Macdonells of Ardnabie.

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### GUR A TROM LEAM MO SHAIL,

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Oran le Domhnall Mac-Gillemhóire, an Tírtítheadh, an deigh bas a chuid cloinne, agus e og obair air morlanachd comhla-ri clann eile.

Gur a trom leam mo shail,  
 Is mo ghearran a 'm' laimh,

'Tarruing chlach as an Iar le m' dhorn;  
Gur a trom, &c.

Mar-ri paisdean gun chiall,  
'S iad air failinn gun bhiadh,  
'S mi 'g an cumail air rian mar 's coir.

Tha gach aon ag radh rium  
Bu neo-nadarra 'chuis e  
Gu 'n deanadh tu sugradh leo.

'Nuair 'thig a Chaingis a staigh,  
Falbhaidh mise gun cheist,  
'S theid mi 'dh-ionnsaidh mo threis 's mo  
threoir

Tighearna Chola so thall.  
Mac Iain 's a chlann;  
C' uim ar bi 'n ur taiug 's iad beo?

Gloir do 'n Ti mar a tha,  
Nach h-i 'n aonta bheag, ghearr,  
A tha agad a ghraidh an coir.

Tha thu 'shliochd nam fear treun  
Ann an carraid no 'n streup,  
Daoine rioghail gun speis de dh-or.

Clann-Ghilleain nan tuagh,  
'S tric a choisinn iad buaidh,  
Bu leo deas laimh an t-sluaigh le coir.

Ur ceann-cinnidh gun fhoill,  
Malairt cleoc' cha do rinn,  
'S ann a strìochd e do dh-oighreachd gloir.

'S ann a dh' fhalbh iad an nis  
Na fir mhòra 'b' fhearr meas,

Eachann Ruadh is a mhic, 's mac Eoin.

'Nuair a bha thu san Fhraing,  
Ged a b' fhad' i o laimb,  
Dhaithnichinn t' fhàbhar air cainnt am  
beoil.

Bha mi leat 's an taobh tuath,  
Chithinn romham thu 'suas,  
Is sinn aigeannach, uallach, og.

Hector Roy, son and heir of John Maclean, 7th of Coll, died before his father, leaving two sons, Lachlan and Donald. Lachlan, 8th of Coll, was drowned in 1687. He was succeeded by his only son, John, who died young. John was succeeded by his uncle, Donald, who died in 1729. Donald was succeeded by his eldest son, Hector, the subject of the poem. Hector died Nov 6th, 1756. "Mac Eoin" is evidently Sir Hector Maclean, chief of the clan, who died in 1750. The poem then must have been composed between 1750 and 1756. Sir Hector was brought to Coll at the age of four and staid there until he was eighteen. Donald Morrison would thus, no doubt, be well acquainted with him.



ORAN.  

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Do dh' Eachann MacGilleain, Fear Eilein  
nam Muc, 'n uaira chaidh e a chomh-  
naidh do 'n Eilein Sgitheanach.

---

LE IAIN MAC-AOIDH.

---

Tha mi lionte le bron,  
Cha 'n 'eil m' inntinn air doigh,  
Na'm bu bhinn leibh mo ghloir eisdeachd.

'S mi mar Oisean nam Fiann,  
Tha mo chuideachd air triall,  
'S math mo bharail nach sgial breig e.

Dh'fhalbh an guth as a chreig,  
Is cha labhair e smid,  
'S ann a dh'fhaireas mi riochd feirg air.

Tha mi 'g iargain an oig,  
Gnais na fialachd roimh 'n t-slogh,  
Cha b'i 'n ainnis bu cheol feisd' dhaibh.

Bhiodht' a' caitheamh nan corn  
Leis an aighear bu mho,  
'S bhiodh do ghillean ri spors eibhinn;

Moran misnich 'nan ceann,  
Beagan gliocais 'nan cainnt,  
Is iad friothailteach, fann, feileach.

'S mac thu dh'armunn nam buadh,  
Nach do sharaich an tuath,  
'Bhuidhinn parras 's an uair fheumail.

An am crambadh a chruin,  
A chuir Tearlach bho'n chuir,

'S iad do chairdean a b'fhiu 'm foigh-  
neachd.

Cha bhi mise ort a 'cainnt,  
Cha 'n 'eil buannachd dhomh ann,  
Cha bhi brigh ann an seann sgeula.

'Fhir a b'ealaimhe lamh  
Ri taobh aibhnean is charn,  
'S ann bho d'chu nach bu shlan beistean.

'S ann bho shurdaig do shnaip  
Bhiodh an t-udlaich' gun neart,  
'S fir 'ga ghiulan gu bras, eutrom.

'Tigh'nn bho chaitheamh a chuain,  
Gu'm bu shar mhath do shnuadh,  
Ort cha laigheadh an uair bheurtha.

Cha bu chladhaire cearr  
Thu 'n am suidhe air an earr,  
Gu'm biodh claidh air inuir ard sleisde.

Dh'fhaodadh Trailibhail thall  
Firiun aireamh de m' chainnt,  
Nam biodh Gaidhlig 'na ceann breidgheal.

Tha mi 'chuideachd an drast  
Air fuaim tuinne ri traigh,  
Far 'm bu churaideach gair' theud dhomh;

Aig an ribhinn gun sgod  
Nighean tuitear Mhic-Leoid,  
Riamh nach d'fhuaras mu'n or gleidhteach;

Nighean crunair an aigh  
'Choisinn urram thar chaich;  
'S cian 's gur fad' thug na baird sgeul ort.

B'fhearr leat foghail do lamh

'Bhì 'toirt toghaidh air cuaimh,  
Na bhì 'gleadhar air sgath spreidhe.

Gu bheil slìos do dha thaoibh  
Mar an eala air na tuinn,  
No mar chanach an grunn feithe.

Neul nan caor air do ghruaidh,  
'N uair a dh'fhaodar am buain;  
Ort cha laigheadh an snuadh breige.

Deud mar chaile ann ad cheann,  
Air a snaigheadh mar chnaimh;  
Beul dearg daitht' o nach gann Beurla.

Ciochan corrach geal min  
Air uchd soluis nach crìon;—  
'S iomadh buaidh 'th'air a mhuai cheu-  
taich.

Crambadh—a quarrel. Foghail—noise,  
bustle.

---

Hector, first Maclean of Muck, was the second son of Lachlan, sixth Maclean of Coll. He fought under Montrose, and behaved with distinguished gallantry at the battle of Kilsyth. By his wife Julian, a daughter of Allan Maclean of Ardtornish, he had two sons, Hector and Ewen. Hector, second Maclean of Muck, married Catherine, daughter of Hector Roy of Coll, and had two sons, Hector, who died without issue, and Lachlan, his successor. Lachlan, third Maclean of Muck, married Mary, daughter of James Mac-

donald of Balfinlay, by whom he had two sons, Hector and Donald. Hector, fourth Maclean of Muck, married Isabel, daughter of Donald Macleod of Talisker. This Hector is the subject of the poem. He had no issue. He was succeeded in Muck by his brother Donald.

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## CUMHA DO DH-IAIN OG SGALPA.

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LE A PHIUTHAIR.

---

'S e 'n sgeul a fhuair mi 'n drasta  
Nach do leig dhomh air choir;  
Is iomluaineach na teasaichean  
A ghrab mi gun bhi falbh,  
Cha bu toiseach faochaidh dhomh  
Bhi smaointeachadh Iain og  
'Chur 'sa chiste chaoil am falach  
Air a sparradh leis an ord,

Na'm bu talamh machrach e,  
Is e bhi fada, reidh,  
Air dhoigh 's gu'm faodt' a mharcachadh,  
Gun each a chur 'u a leum,  
Na h-eadar Rudha Mhalaig  
Agus carraig a chinn leith,  
Ghluaiseadh Mairi 'n taice riut,  
'S a suil ri frasadh dheur.

Na'm faighinn sud air m' ordagh  
A bhi gad choir-sa 'n de,  
A meuduchadh do thorraidh,  
Gu'm bu deonach leam an ceum,  
Ghluaiseadh leinn Mac-Dhomhnaill ann,  
'S a bhraithrean cga fein,

Thigeadh Maighstir Meodha  
'S cha bu shubhach leis an sgeul.

Is oil leam fhin an cruinneachadh  
'Tha air gach duine 's tir  
Is iad gu tiamhaidh, muladach.  
Mu 'n churaidh 'bu mhor phris  
Is lionmhor te 'tha tuireadh ort,  
Na'm b' urrainn mi 'n cur sìos,  
Ri moladh an t-sar cheannaiche  
'N am teannadh ri ol fion'.

Alastair a Grisinnis,  
Gu'm biodh tu 's tir so 'n de,  
Is Tormoid ann an Uinis  
Na'n cluinneadh sibh an sgeul,  
Ruairidh Mor a Hamara  
Chan fhanadh e 'n 'ur deigh,  
Ogha 'n t-seanar mhathasaich  
'Thug aighear dhuibh am beinn.

Bu mhiann leat gunna gleusta,  
Is bu ro mhath 'fheum a'd' laimh,  
Is luaidhe ghorm is fudar  
Agus cuilain siubhlach, seang,  
A dhol do bheinn nan aighean,  
S gu'm bu tadhallach sibh ann,  
Sar ghiomanach gun amharus  
'Measg mhaithean Innse-Gall.

'N uair 'thearnadh sibh gu h-ìosal  
Is sibh sgith a siubhal shliabh,  
Gu d' thaigheadas mor, priseil,  
Ann an caidrimh frith nam fiadh,  
Gheibhteadh cuirm gun iotadh  
Agus ol air fion gu fial;  
B' fhear-taighe suilbhir solasach thu,  
'Bheireadh ol do chiad.

Is iomadh ainm a thigeadh ort.  
 Sar sgiobair ri la fuar;  
 Bu stiuramaich' thar bairlinn thu  
 Ged bhiodh i ard 'sa chuan.  
 Chan fhaicteadh fianh a' d' aodann-sa,  
 A dh aindeoin gaoith 's anuair;  
 Gu'm b' urrainn ann san ardraich thu,  
 Ged bhiodh i 'n gabhadh cruaidh.

O, marbphaisg air an eug  
 A thug bhuainn an trunfhear ard  
 A bha deas, faicheil, foinnidh  
 Air gach coinnimh an measg chaich,  
 'Bha aotrom, ealamh, siubhlach  
 Gus 'n do chaill thu luths do bhall,  
 Is smearail, fearail, feumalach,  
 Air iomad gleus nach cearr.

Nuair rachadh tu do Bhernara,  
 'Sa chluinnteadh gair nan teud,  
 Piobaireachd is clarsaireachd,  
 Is fiodhall ard ga seinn,  
 Chuireadh tu nan tamh iad  
 Le tlachd do mhanrain fein;  
 'S gur h-iomad fear 'bhiodh 'gaireachdainn  
 Le abhachdas do bheil.

Tha do sheoid gun aiteas  
 Ann an Sgalpa 's iad 'nan tamh;  
 Is cha b' e sud a chleachd iad  
 Aig an oig fhear ghasd' a bha;  
 Gu'm bu shunndach meadhrach dheth  
 Gach teaghlach 'bha fo d' sgail;  
 'S an nis tha iad trom, airsnealach,  
 Bho'n thaisgeadh thu fo 'n chlar.

We cannot tell who Iain Og Sgalpa was. It is evident, however, that he was

a Macleod or a Macdonald. Mr. Meodha, we suspect, is a mistake; we can find no minister of that name mentioned in Scott's *Fasti Ecclesiae Scoticanæ*.

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## ORAN DO MHAC-NEILL BHARRA.

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LE EOGHAN MAC-GILLEAIN AM BARRA.

---

Fhuair mi naidheachd thar fasaich  
 Mu chuis granda gun tuigse;  
 Tha mo smaointinnean gabhaidh,  
 'S bualadh gairich a'm chuislean.  
 Leam is cruaidh a bhi diteadh  
 An fhir phriseil gun tuisleadh;  
 Slat de 'n abhal gun chrine  
 'Dh'fhas cho dìreach ri cuidseal.

Sar cheanu-uidhe nan deireach,  
 Gnuis na feile 's an tlachda,  
 Nam bu bhas dhuit 's a cheum sin  
 Bhiodmaid fein dheth gun taice.  
 'S iomad dilleachdan bronach  
 'Bhiodh gun chomhnadh gun tacsas,  
 'Ga shior ghreadadh 's ga leonadh,  
 'S ar tighearn' og 'ga thoirt seachad.

C'ait 'n do sheas e air urlar  
 No'n do lub e 'na phearsa  
 Aon 'thug barr ort an cuirteas,  
 'Fhir bu luth-chleasaich' fasan?  
 Tha mi cinnteach gu leoir dheth,  
 Cha 'n e 'm bosd 'tha mi cantuinn,  
 Nach lubadh tu 'm feoirnein  
 Fo do bhroig air an fhaiche.

C'aic am faicteadh fo armaibh  
 Aon bu dealbhaiche pearsa?  
 Bhiodh ort claideamh chinn airgid  
 'S daga mheanbh bhreac na leapa,  
 Sgiath charraigneach bhreac philleach,  
 'S biodag bhuorach gheur sgaiteach.  
 Bu tu 'm fiuran deas moralach  
 'S an connspunn treun smachdal.

Bu tu sealgair na sithne  
 Anns na frithibh 'gan caisead,  
 Le gunna 'bheoil chinntich  
 'Bheireadh dith air an ealtainn.  
 'N uair a chasgadh tu 'mhiog-shuil  
 Is a chiteadh do lasair  
 Bhiodh do pheileir a' gluasad  
 Troimh dhamh uallach on astair.

Bu tu'n sgiobair neo-chearbach  
 Air muir ghailbheich nan cas-shruth;  
 Bha thu mion-shuileach cinnteach  
 Foinnidh, innsgineach, tapaidh;  
 Bha thu fearail ri d' innse,  
 S bha thu fìor ghasd ri d'fhaicinn;  
 'S air naile bhuidhneadh tu cis  
 Air iomairt dhisnean nam bhreac-bhall.

C'uime 'n ceilinn an fhirinn?  
 Dh'fhaotuinn innse gun sgrubadh  
 Nach robh idir 's na crìochan s'  
 Aon nach b'fhiach leis 'bhi'd chuideachd,  
 'N uair a thairngteadh do shith  
 'S an am do mhi-run tigh'nn thugad.  
 'S tu nach soradh an fion oirun  
 No aon ni 'bhiodh am buideal.

Cuidseal—a cudgel. Tasca—support,  
 substance, solidity. Innsgineach—sprightly,  
 lively.



## DOMHNALL BAN A' BHOCAIN.

Bha sinn colach air an Tailleair Abrach bho laithibh ar n-oige. Bha e a' fuireach laimh-rui'n. Is e Iain Domhnallach a b' ainm dha. Rugadh is thegadh e an Locha-bar. Bu mhac e do Ghilleasbic, mac Aonghais, mac Alastair Bhain, mac Alastair Mhoir, mac Aonghais a' Bhocain, mac Aonghais Mhoir Bhoth-Fhionntain, mac Alastair, mac Iain Dribh, mac Raonail Mhoir na Ceapaich. Bha e corr agus deich bliadhna fichead de dh-aos an uair a thanic e do 'n duthaich so. Bha cuimhne mbath aige, agus bha moran tlachd aige ann an eachdraidh nan Gaidheal. Bha e gle fhiosrach mu Dhomhallaich na Ceapaich, agus gu sonnaichte mu Shliochd an Taighe, an meur de 'n robh e-fhein. Bha beagan de chriomagan oran aige air a theanga, ach 's gann gu 'n robh oran sam bith aige bho cheann gu ceann. Thachair dhuinn a bhi aig an taigh, aig ar seann dachaidh air an darna lathadeug de cheud mhios an fhoghair 'sa bhliadhna 1885. Chuir sinn fios air an Tailleair, agus thanic e a shealltainn oirnn am beul na h-oidheche. Dh' iarr sinn air eachdraidh Dhomhnaill Bhain a Bhocain a thoirt duinn. Sgrìobh sinn a sios i facal air an fhacal mar a thug e seachad i. 'N uair a' bha 'n Tailleair a dol dachaidh thug sinn ceum comhla ris. Rannic sinn gle fhaisg air an taigh leis. Bha e soilleir gu 'n robh e a dol air ais gu mor. Bha na casan lag is an anail goirid seach mar a b' abhaist. Cha 'n fhaca sinn tuilleadh e, chaochail e

an ceann beagan mhiosan Bha e mu cheithir fichead bliadhna 's a trì de dh-aois.

So agaibh ma ta eachdraidh Dhomhnaill Bhain a Bhocain mar a thug an Taillear dhuinne i:

Bha Domhnall Ban a Bhocain a fuir-each ann am Muin-Easaidh. Bu Domhnallach e de Thaigh na Ceapaich. Bha e posda ri Bana-Ghriogaraich a mhuinntir Raineich.

Bha Domhnall Ban ann am Blar Chuil-fhodair. An deigh a' bhlair bha e 'g a fhalach fhein ann am bothan airidh. Bha da ghunna aige, fear diu lan 's fear nach robh. Thanic cuideachd Mhic-Dhomhnaill Shleite air, agus leum e am mach troimh uinneig chuil. Thug e leis gu tubaist-each an gunna falaigh. Loisg iad 'n a dheigh, 's bhris am peileir a chas. Thanic na saighdearan far an robh e. Co thu, ars' iadsan. Is Domhnallach mise ars' e san. Thug iad leo e gu Ionar-Nis. Bha e greis ann am prìosan an sin. Bha cuirt ac' air, ach fhuair e as. 'N uair a bha e sa' prìosan chunnaic e brùadar. Chunnaic e e fhein, Alastair mac Cholla, agus Domhnall mac Raonaill Mhoir ag ol. B'e Domhnaill mac Raonaill Mhoir am fear a bha iad ag radh a bha da chridh' ann. Chaidh a ghlacadh san Eaglais Bhric 's a chur gu bas an Carlisle. An deigh do Dhomhnall Ban am brùadar fhaicinn rinn e an duanag so:

Gur h-e mise 'tha sgith,  
'S mi air leaba leam fhin,  
'S iad ag raitinn nach bi mi beo.

Gur h-e mise, &c.

Chunnacas Alastair Ban  
Is da Dhomhnall mo ghraidh,  
'S sinn ag ol nan deoch-slaime' air bord.

'N uair a dhuisc mi a m' shuain,  
'S e dh' fhag m' aigneadh fo ghruaim,  
Nach robh agam san uair ach sgleo.

Ged a tha mi gun spreidh,  
Bha mi mor asan fein  
Fhad 's a mhaireadh sibh fhein dhomh  
beo.

Faodaidh balach gun taing  
'N diu bhi 'raibh air mo cheann;  
Dh' fhalbh mo thaice, mo chail, 's mo  
threoir.

Bha 'm Bocan a' cur dragh' air Doinh-  
nall Ban. Smaointich Doinhnall na 'm  
fagadh e 'a taigh nach cuireadh e dragh  
tuilleadh air. Thug e leis a h-uile ni gu  
dhol air imrich ach a chliath chliata, a  
dh'fhag e aig taobh an taighe. Chunnaic  
an fheadhainn a bha 'fhalbh leis an imrich  
a chliath chliata a' tighinn 'n an deigh.  
Thalbh, thalbh, arsa Doinhnall Ban, ma  
tha a chliath chliata a' tighinn 'n ar deigh,  
tha e cho math dhuinn tilleadh. Thill e  
ais ais far an robh e roimhe, 's cha d'  
fhalbh e riamh tuilleadh.

Bha mo sheanair, Aonghas mac Alas-  
tair Bhain, duine firinneach, onarach,  
oidheche ann an taigh Doinhnaill Bhain,  
agus chaidh e 'chadal ann. Rug rud air  
dha ordaig a choise, agus cha 'n fhaigh-  
eadh e as na's mo na ged a bhitheadh e  
ann an gramaiche a ghobhainn. Cha 'n  
fhaigheadh e gluasad. 'S e 'm bocan a

bh' ann; ach cho do rinn e dad air ach sud.

Bha Raonall Abardair oidheh' an taigh Dhomhnaill Bhain. Thubhairt Nic-Griogair, bean Dhomhnaill, ri Raonall,—  
 “Ged a bheir mi dhuibh an t-im an nochd air a' bhord theid a shalachadh.” Thubhairt Raonall,—  
 “Theid mise 'hun a' churrasain ime 's mo bhiodag 'am dhorn 's a bhoineid os cionn a churrasain 's cha shalaich e 'n nochd e. Chaidh Raonall a sìs comhl' rithe 's thug iad leo an t-im; ach bha e salach mar a b' abhaist.

“Na clachan agus na caoban

Cha leigeadh leis an naomhan cadal”

Chaidh Mr. Iain Mòr Mac-Dhughail, an sgart, oidhehe na dha ann an taigh Dhomhnaill Bhain, ach cha digeadh am Bocan an oidhehe bhiodh e san aon.

Bhiodh am Bocan a' tilgeadh rud as na balachan. Bhiodh iad a' cluinntinn nan sgionnan 'gan g arachadh aig ceann leaba Dhomhnaill Bhain.

An oidhehe mu dheireadh a thàinig, an Bocan bha e 'g inuse gu 'n robh iad so 's iad so comhl' ris, spioradan eite. Thuirt a' bhean ri Domhnall Ban,—“Shaoilint fhin na'm biodh iad sin comhl' ris gu 'm bruidhneadh iad ruinn.” Fhreagair am Bocan,—  
 “Cha 'n fheil comas bruidhne aca na's mo na tha aig bunn do chois. Thuirt am Bocan, “Thig am mach a' so, a Dhomhnaill Bhain. Theid, arsa Domhnall Ban, agus taing do Ni Math gu 'n d' iarr thu mi. Bha Domhnall Ban a' dol am mach 'S a toirt leis na biodaige. 'Fag do

bhiodag a staigh, a Dhombnail Bhain,” ars’ am Bocan. “Fag an sgian a staigh, cuideachd.” Chaidh Domhnall am mach. Chaidh e-fhein ’s am Bocan an sin troimh Acha-nan-Comhachan air feadh na h-oidheche. Chaidh iad an sin troimh uillt ’s troimh choille bheatha, mu thri mìle,— gus an do ranac iad an Fheairt. ’N uair a ranic iad sin dh’ fheuch am Bocan dha toll ann san do chuir e am falach iarunn croinn ’n uair a bha e beo. ’Nuair a bha e a’ toirt nan iarunn as an toll bha da shuil a’ Bhocain a’ cur an corr de dh-eagal air na ni eile a chuala no chunnaic e. ’N uair a fhuair e na h-iaruinn thill iad dhachaidh gu Muin-Easaidh, e-fhein ’s am Bocan. Dheilich iad an oidheche sin aig taigh Dhombnail Bhain.

Chaidh am Bocan an sin gu taigh tuathanaich. Bha e a’ sineadh a lamhan thairis air an tuathanach ’s a cur an aodaich air bean an ruathanaich. “De tha thu deanamh an sin?” ars’ an tuathanach. “Tha mi cur aodaich air mo bhana-charaid.” Dh’ fha’bh am Bocan an sin ’s cha ’n fhaicis riamh tuilleadh e.

Bha gille aig Domhnall Ban, Caimbeulach, a chaidh a mharbhadh an Cuilfhodair. Thug an gille so d : dh-fhear-faighe, uair, tuilleadh is a chord ri Domhnall Ban. Thiod Domhnall Ban ris. Thuir an gille ris, “Bidh mi dioghailt beo na marbh airson so.” Bha amharas aig daoine gu ’m b’e an gille so am Bocan, ach cha d’ innis Domhnall Ban co a bh’ ann.

Theab sluagh Domhnall Ban a chreach a’ dol a shealltainn air. Bha da mhac

aige, Aonghas Ruadh Chraineachain agus  
Domhnall Ban B' e Domhnall Ban  
Marsanta, a bha san duthaich so, mac  
Alastair, mhic Dhomhnaill Bhain, mhic  
Dhomhnaill Bhain a' Bhocain.

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### LAOIDH.

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#### LE DOMHNALL BAN A' BHOCAIN.

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'Dhia, a chruthaich mi gun cha'leachd.  
Daingnich mo chreideamh is dean laidir,  
Thoir air aingeal tigh 'nn a Paras  
Is conhnaidh 'ghabhail ann am fhardaich,  
Gu m' theasraiginn bho gach buaireadh  
'Tha droch shluagh a' cur 'am charaibh;  
'Iosa, a dh' fhuiling do cheusadh,  
Caisg am beusan 's bi fhein mar-rium.

'S beag ionghnadh dhomh bhi ri smacinn-  
teach;  
N am dhomh dol daonnan do m' leaba,  
Eiridh na clachan 's na caoban,  
Nach leigeadh le naomhan cadal.  
Bidh mi gun fheis is gun tamh tant',  
Gun chlos is gun phramh gu madainn;  
'Fhir a tha 'n cathair nan grasan,  
Faic mo charadh 's bi 'd gheard agam.

'S beag ionghnadh dhomh 'bhi fo imcheist,  
'Liuthad seanachas 'th' orm 's gach duth-  
aich;  
Their roinn diu a bhios ri eucoir,  
'S ann 'n a dheaghaidh fhein 'tha 'chuis  
ud.

Na doir a' bhreith ach mar 's leir dhuit,  
Ged a robh Mac Dhe ga d' dhusgadh;  
Cha 'n fheil fhios am mo a thoill mi

Na 'm fear saibhir 'tha gun churam.

Ged tha trioblaid orm 'san am so,  
Naile, gheibh mi paigheadh dubailt;  
'N uair 'thig gairm orm bho m' Shlanai-  
ghear

Gheibh mi iochd is grasan uia.  
Cha 'n eagal dhomhsa tuilleadh bruailein  
'N uair 'theid mi 'suas mar-ri d' uaoinh-  
sa;

'Fhir a tha 'd shuidhe 'sa chathair,  
Cuidich mo labhairt 's gabh ri m' urnaigh.

A Dhia, dean sa mise cuimhneach  
A latha 's a dh oidhch' air bhi 'g urnaigh.  
Ag iarraidh mathanais gu saibhir  
Ann sna riun mi, air mo ghlumean.  
Cairich le Spiorad na firinn  
Aithreachas gle chinut am ghrunnud-sa,  
'S 'n uair 'chuiras Tu 'm bas ga m'  
iarraidh',  
Gu 'n gabhadh Criosda dhiom curam.

---

Tha cuid ag radh gur b-e mac do dh-  
Aonghas Odhar, Mac Ghilleasbic na  
Ceapaich, a bh' ann an Domhnall Ban a  
Bhocain, agus gu 'm bu nighean a mhath-  
air do dh Aonghas Og, Fear Choille-  
Chonaid, a bha de na Domhnallaich ris  
an abairteadh Shiochd an Iarla. Bha  
brathair aig Aonghas Og d' am b' ainm  
Domhnall Dubh, agus bha mac aige d' am  
b' ainm Gilleasbic. Tha e air a radh gu'n  
dug na sithichean leotha Gilleasbic, agus  
gu 'm faca Domhnall Ban e air oidheche  
shonaraichte a dannsa maille rionta cho  
cruaidh agus a b' urrainn e. Tha e air  
innse cuideachd mu Dhomhnall Ban gu

'n robh e air cuairt sheilge am bliadhna  
 an t-sneachda mhoir, agus mu bheul na  
 h-oidhche gu 'm fac e duine air muin feidh  
 agus e a dìreadh a suas ri creig mhoir.  
 Chual e an duine ag radh, Dhachaidh,  
 a Dhomhnaill Bhain. Ghabh e comhaille.  
 Air an oidhche sin fhein thuit aon troigh  
 deug de shneachda 'sa cheart aite ann  
 san robh e a dol a ghabhail taimh.

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### ORAN,

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Do dh-Ailean Mac-Gilleain, Tighearna  
 nan Drimnean 'sa Mhorairne.

---

LE GILLEASBIC MAC-NEILL.

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Moch 'sa mhadainn Di-luain  
 Fhuair mi naidheachd 'bha cruaidh,  
 Mu 'n do thog mi mo chluas gu eirigh;  
 Moch 'sa mhadainn, &c.

Gu bheil Ailean 'na chorp,  
 Ann sna Drimnean an nochd;  
 Dh' fhag sud iomgaineach, goirt, a cheile.

'S beag an t-ionghnadh dh' i e,  
 A bhi tursach 'g a cradh;  
 Dh' fhag i 'n ulaidh am barr chnoc  
 Micheil.

'S iomadh biadh agus deoch  
 Tha roimh t' anam an nochd,  
 Ard cceann-uidhe nam bochd 's nam  
 feumach.

Bu tu ceann-uidhe nan ciad  
 'Bhiodh a' tighin 's a triall;



Iuchair ghliocais na Dreallainn dh' eug e.

Na 'm biodh fear ann an glais,  
'Dhiobhail cothroim is ceirt,  
Sheasadh Ailean le reachd 's le ceill e.

Na 'm biodh earrann de 'n choir,  
Air a thaobh-san de 'n bhord,  
Thairneadh Ailean fo chleoc gu leir i.

'N uair a shuidheadh tu 'n cuirt,  
An taigh-lagha no 'n tur,  
'S tu gu 'm b' urrainn gach cuis a reit-  
each'.

Gu 'm b' e t' fhasan-sa rianh,  
Ann ad thalla 'b 'fhearr rian,  
'Bhi 'toirt seachad gu fialaidh fheusdan.

Cha bhiodh ainnis a' d' bheachd,  
'S tu cuireadh naislean a steach;  
Bhiodh do ghillean 'nan dreap is dh'  
fheumadh.

Treis air iomairt 's air ol,  
Treis air mire 's air ceol,  
Gus an goireadh na h eoin 'sna geugan.

Tha do chinneadh fo phramh,  
'S beag an t-ionghnadh dhaibh e;  
Dh' fhalbh an urrain, an agh, 's an  
eifeachd.

Dh' fhalbh an spionnadh 's an neart,  
Dh' fhalbh an cothrom san ceart,  
Dh' fhalbh na thogadh fear airc' a eigin.

---

Allan Maclean, Ailean Mac Thearlaich  
mhic Ailein mhic Iain Duibh, first of

Drimnin, married Mary, daughter of John Cameron of Callart, by whom he had John, Donald and Margaret. He was one of the handsomest men of his day. He died at the age of twenty-nine. John, second of Drimnin, married Mary, daughter of John Crubach Maclean of Ardgour, and had two sons by her, Allan and Charles. He died, like his father, at the age of twenty-nine. Allan, third of Drimnin, died unmarried, also at the age of twenty-nine. Charles, fourth of Drimnin, had a natural son named Lachlan. He married Isabella, daughter of John Cameron of Erracht, by whom he had Allan, John, Donald, Lachlan and Marjory. He obtained the estate of Kinlochaline in 1735. He commanded the Macleans at the battle of Culloden in 1746, where he was killed, together with his natural son, Lachlan, who was a captain under him. His daughter, Marjory, was married to Donald Cameron of Erracht. Lieutenant-General Allan Cameron, Ailean an Earrachd, who was born shortly before the battle of Culloden, was her son. Charles of Drimnin was succeeded by his eldest son, Allan. Allan fifth of Drimnin, is the subject of the poem. He married first, Anne, daughter of Donald Maclean of Brolas, by whom he had Charles and Una. He married secondly, Mary, daughter of Lachlan Maclean of Lochbuie, and had by her, Donald, of Kinlochleven, another son, and nine daughters. The date of his death we do not know.

## CUMHA.

Do Dhomhna! Mac-Gilleain, Tighearn'  
og Chcla, a chaidh a bhathadh ann  
an Caolas Uibha 'sa Bhliadhna 1774.

LE SEUMAS BUCHANAN, MAIGHSTIR-SGOILE  
ANN AN COLA.

Is searbh cupan na beatha  
Do Chlann-Ghilleain, 's cha 'n ionghuadh  
'S gach call agus trioblaid  
'Tha 'gan riobadh 's 'gan rusgadh.  
Fhuair iad 'nis buille mhuineil,  
Fath mo dhunaich 's mo dhiobhail;  
Chaill iad ceannard na tuatha,  
Dha 'n robh 'n uaisle 'n a ghiulan.  
Mo run geal og.

Mar sheann luing gun fhear-riaghlaidh,  
Air cuan tiadhaich san dubhlachd,  
Tha do chinneadh 's do chairdean,  
Is muir baite ga 'n ionnsaidh.  
Gur a goirt lean an gairich,  
O 'n is bas do 'n fhear-iuil ac',  
'Bualadh bhas a. am eirigh;—  
'Righ na greine bi dluth dhaibh.

Bha a ghliocas ro shonnraicht',  
Agus 'eolas ro phriseil;  
Bha e gaolach ro smachdail,  
'S moran tlachd aig' do 'n fhirinn.  
Solus ur 'bha ro alainn;  
'S nan deach 'fhagail 's an d' lion e,  
Cha chaoidheamaid bas Eachainn,  
Ged bu chreach ann san tir e.

Dh' fhalbh Domhnall og Chola,  
 Is gu 'm b' oil le d' luchd-eolais;  
 Bha do nadur ro uasal,  
 Lan suairceis, gun mhor-chuis.  
 Bha thu iriosal, baigheil,  
 Is 'n ad namhaid do 'n do-bheant;  
 Caraid islean is uaislean;  
 'Righ, gu 'm b' fhuath leat am foirneart.

'S og a chuir mi ort eolas,  
 'S cha bu chomhstri no streup e;  
 Cha robh 'm beus sin riut fuaighte,  
 'S mor an uaisle 'bha 'g eirighd.  
 Is a' dìreadh mu d' ghuaillibh,  
 Oig uallaich na feile;  
 'S o 'n a rinneadh do bhathadh  
 Tha do chairdean fo eislean.

Is neo-shunnudach do phiuthar;  
 Is trom dubhach do bhrathair,  
 Ged tha nachdranachd duthcha  
 'Tarruing dluth air le d' bhas-sa.  
 Gur a truime an aiceid  
 Is an sac 'tha 'n uchd Mairi,  
 Mu 'n ur ailleagan cheutach  
 'Thug i 'speis is a gradh dha.

'S truagh t' athair 's do mbathair,  
 'S bidh iad craiteach 's an eug iad,  
 O 'n a fhuair iad sgeul bronach  
 Bas Dhomhnaill an ceud ghin.  
 A Righ, furtaich is foirinn,  
 'S cuir an dochas am meudachd  
 Ann san Ti a b' dhearr coir air  
 Mu 'n deach cota no lein' air.

Gun luaidh air a' ghearan  
 'N ad chuid fearainn 'san duthaich,

Gu bheil mis' air mo ghenadh  
 Le do chonaibh a' tursadh,  
 'S iad ri donnalaich oillteil  
 'Siubhal coilltich is stuc bheann,  
 'Giarraidh 'mhaighstir, mhaith, choir, sin,  
 'S tric a leon an damh luthar.

Cha bhiodh acras no iota,  
 Air do dhiol, do luchd-sugraidh;  
 Do pheighinnean beag' sporain  
 Gheibheadh comunn nan luth-chleas.  
 'S iomadh glaine dhe 'n toiseach  
 A fhuair oigridh do dhuthcha  
 As do laimh, mu 'n do dh-phas thu  
 Suas thar airdead mo ghluine.

Bu tu caraid na tuatha  
 Nach bu chruaidh ann am mal orr';  
 Ged bhiodh failinn na 'n cuineadh  
 'S tu nach diultadh an dail dhaibh.  
 Cha bhiodh iomair' dhe t' fhearann  
 A chion ghearran gu 'aiteach  
 Na 'm bu ghibht a bhiodh buan thu,  
 Bhiodh do shluagh-sa gu statail.

Ma 's e luban luchd-fuatha,  
 Le tuain al na poite,  
 No le buidseachas laidir,  
 'Thug am bas ort, a Dhomhnuail.  
 Sgrìos na h-aoine 'n am eirigh  
 Orra fhein 's air an doighean.  
 Dh' fhag iad sunne fo eislean,  
 Is neo-eibhinn ri 'r beo dheth.

Tha e 'n diugh an Cill-Ionnaig,  
 Fath mo mhulaid 's mo dhoruinn,  
 Fear a chridhe mhoir, fharsaing,  
 Lan ceartais, gun gho ann.

Ged tha sinne dheth craiteach  
 Tha mi laidir an dechas  
 Gu bheil anam-sa 'm Paras  
 Mar-ri 'r Slanaighear gloirmhor.

---

Donald, eldest son and heir of Hugh Maclean, 13th of Coll, was a very promising young man. Dr. Johnson, who became acquainted with him during his visit to the Western Islands, speaks of him in terms of high praise. He was drowned in the Sound of Ulva, Sept. 25th, 1774; by the upsetting of the boat in which he was crossing the sound. There were thirteen men in the boat; of these nine were drowned. The four who escaped clung to the mast until the Ulva ferry-boat came to their aid. As there was no storm, it is possible that "tuaineal na poite" had something to do with the sad accident.

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### CUMHA.

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Le Bean Chaluim Mhic-Faidein an Tiri-  
 eadh d' a fear, a mac, agus fear a  
 h-inghinne. Chaidh an triuir aca a  
 bhathadh a tighin a Cola.

FONN—"Ged tha cheapach na fasach."

Gura mise 'tha pramhail  
 Gun aon tamh air a chnoc;  
 Gur h-ann dhomhsa nach nar sin,

A 'bhi stracte le sprochd;  
 'S mi ri feitheamh an aite  
 Far 'n do bhathadh mo thoirt,  
 A' chiad mhac 'rinn mi arach;  
 'S ann am airnean tha 'n lot.

C' ait a bheil i fo 'n chruinne?  
 No 'n do dh-imich i fear?  
 Aon bhean dha 'm bu choir  
 A bhi cho leointe rium fein.  
 Cha do dh-iarr thu leam dhachaidh  
 Ach mo phearsa gun deidh,  
 'S bha sin leatsa cho taitneach  
 'S ged lionainn achadh le spreidh.

Cha robh 'n sin dhiut ach comain  
 O 'n a thogair thu fhein;  
 'S o 'n a fhuair thu mi posda  
 Le ordagh o 'n chleir.  
 Gu 'n saoilinn mu m' chomhair  
 Gu 'm b' tu 'n domhan gu leir;  
 'S shaoileadh tusa 'n a chomain  
 Gu 'm b' mhis' an obair 's an spreidh.

Mo cheist am beul fo 'n robh 'n fhaithim!  
 Lamh a dheanadh rud grinn.  
 'N ni nach fac thu mu d' chomhair  
 Thog do mheomhair e 'n nios.  
 'S iomadh aon leis am b' ole  
 Nach d' fhuair thu port ann san tìr;  
 Ach 'saun dhomhs' tha 'm mi-fhortan,  
 'S lionmhor goirtein mu m' chridh'.

Ged a bhidhinn cho ogail  
 Is gu 'm posainn a dha,  
 Tha mo chridhe cho leointe  
 Is nach deonaichinn e.  
 Gus an deid mi san talamh,

No sa ghainneamh fo 'n Iar  
 Bidh gaol Chaluim a' m' chridhe,  
 'S bidh snaoinntium Iain ga m' chnamh.

Tha mo chiochan mar chaillich,  
 Tha iad tana gun chli;  
 'S iomadh saill bha air m' aisnean,  
 Ghabh i astar 's cha till.  
 Leis mar tha mi 'g ur cumha  
 Cha 'n fhaicear subhach mi 'chaoidh;  
 Bidh mo shuilean a sruthadh  
 'S gach ait an suidh mi no 'n sin.

Na 'm bu chomhairleach diuc' mi,  
 'S nach diult-teadh dhomh m' eigh,  
 Gu 'n cuirinn-sa froiseadh  
 Anns gach poit 'tha fo 'n ghrein.  
 Sin an obair nach soitheamh  
 Thug 'no ghnothach dhìom geur;  
 Cha d' fhuair mise dhe 'fortan  
 Ach mo lot anns gach sgeith.

Bu mhath 'n companach Tearlach,  
 Theireadh each nach bu diu;  
 Gur h-e 'm beachd a ghabh iadsan  
 'Chuir a' d' dhail mi cho dluth.  
 Do luchd brataich a gheard thu  
 Bha 'n an càirdean ri m' chul;  
 Cha b' e feadag na foille  
 'Bhiodh mu dheireadh 'n an cuirt.

C 'uim am bidhinn gu h-ole dhuit  
 'N uair a nochdainn a chuis?  
 'N am spairn bhi air chnocaibh,  
 No dol am fochair luchd-diumb,  
 'N uair a ghlaodhadh tu 'n t-ardan  
 Cha bu tlath thu mu 'chul;  
 Riamh cha 'n fhacas fear t' fhuatha  
 Seal uair' os do chionn.



# FAILTE THEARLAICH NA SGURRA.

Oran do Thearlach Mor Mac-Gilleain,  
Fear na Sgurra.

LE EOGHAN MAC-GILLEAIN.

FONN—"N uair thig an samhradh geugach  
oirnn."

O, failt' a Thearlaich oig ort,  
'S do bheath' air foid na duthcha so,  
Gur tamul sgriob do phoige orm,  
'Tha dearg mo bheoil air rusgadh leath.'  
Na 'n cairinn dhìom an eisleann so,  
'S gu 'n eirinn as a chruban so  
Gu 'm faicinn fhìn am maireach thu,  
S gu 'n deanainn gaire sunndach riut.

Is fad c' n la a dhealaich sinn  
'N am carraid ris na Tuathaichibh;  
Gu 'n d' ghabh mi dhìot cead earthannach,  
'S gu deimhin gu 'm bu luath leam e.  
Thug mi ceum a' d' dheaghainn,  
Agus t' aghaidh ris na fuar bheannaibh,  
'S gu 'n d' fhag sud m' inntinn canranach,  
Is treis de m' nadur bruaillineach.

Gur math am measg na cuideachd thu,  
'S neo-thuiteamach an comhradh thu;  
Cha d' chuir thu suil an sgrubaireachd,  
'S cha b' fhasan duit 'bhi moralach.  
Cha d' chuir thu suil am miedhoireachd,  
S a bhrìbearachd cha d' fhoghluin thu.  
'N am sgur de dh-ol an fhìona  
Chà bhiodh cunntas crìon mu 'n bhord  
againn.

C' ait am faigh mi leannan dhuit,  
 No mairist 'theid a' d' chodhail-sa'.  
 Cha 'n fheil i ann san fhearann so  
 Na 's airidh air an oighear ud.  
 Na 'm bu mhise thaghadh i,  
 'S mo raghain a bhi deonach ort,  
 Gur te gun ghiamh, gun fhailinn innt'.  
 A bhiodh am maireach posda rint.

Ach o 'n is ni nach faodar sin,  
 Gur faoin dhuinn a bhi comhradh air.  
 Bi fiosraen far an iarr thu te,  
 Bi sgialach air a seoltaichean,  
 'S nach liugha te gun ghiamh innte  
 Na eala chlar air lointeanabh.  
 Bidh cuid diu 's faicin bhreagh 'orra,  
 Ach 's fearr dhuit ciall na boidheach aic'.

Gur math a thig an armachd ort,  
 'S neo-leanabail an tus comhraig thu;  
 Bidh daga nam ball airgid ort,  
 Gu boidheach, dealbhach, or-ghleusach.  
 Bhiodh gunn' a' d' laimh gu curamaoh,  
 Is t' fhudar ann am pocaidean;  
 'S gu 'n deant' an t-ord a ruscadh leat  
 Nach dlultadh an am codhalach.

Gur math a thig an claidheamh  
 Air crios laghach nam ball boidheach ort;  
 'S cha chlaidheamh air leas garlaich e  
 'N uair chairear ann an ordagh e;  
 Ach slachdan leathan dias fhada  
 Gun inheirg, gun ghiamh, gun fhotus ann;  
 An laimh a churaidh chruadalaich  
 Gu 'm buidh 'nnteadh buaidh air moran  
 leis.

'S an nis o 'n rinn thu tilleadh

As gach ionad ann sua tharlaidh thu,  
 Gun bheud, gun phudhar pearsa ort,  
 Ach mar a b' ait le d' chairdean thu,  
 Ge b' e neach a tha 'm miorun dhuit,  
 Gu bheil mi-fhin mar dh' fhag thu mi;  
 'S airson thu thigh 'n do 'n tir thugainn,  
 Gu 'n lian 's gu 'n ol mi 'n t-slainge so.

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### CUMHA.

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Do Chatriona Dhomhmallach, an I-  
 Chaluim-Chille, a dh' fhalbh air leabaidh  
 a siubhla. Rinneadh an cumha so le  
 Aonghas Mac-Laomain an I-Chaluim-  
 Chille. Tha e air a dheanamh mar gu 'm  
 b' ann le mathair a' bhoineannaich a chao-  
 chail.

Dhomsa 's dubhach an t-earrach,  
 'Dh' fhag fo eallach gach la mi,  
 'S mi ri smaointinnean gorach;  
 Cha b' e 'm bion gun cheann fath e;  
 Mi ri cumha na gruagaich  
 Nach bu shuarach ri 'h-aireamh,  
 Laogh mo bhroillich 's mo chiche,  
 'N deagh Chatriona so 'dh' fhag mi,  
 Mo run geal og.

'S ann mu 'n taca so 'n uiridh  
 'Chaidh mo chruinneag-sa charadh  
 Ann an ceanglaichean pusaidh  
 Ri fear ur an deagh naduir,  
 Rinn thu leanabh a ghiulan  
 Re cursa thri raithean;  
 'S ann air leabaidh a siubhla  
 'Chaill mi 'n ur ghibht a chraidh mi.

'S ann a ghairmeadh mo ghradh-sa,

Ann an laithean a h-oige,  
 Le teachdair' o 'n t-Slanaighear,  
 'Mach a sgaile na feola.  
 Bha a cuislean a' sgaineadh  
 Le sarachadh dorainn,  
 'S fuil a cridhe 'g a taosgadh  
 'Mach 'n a braonaibh mu 'poraibh.

Co a chluinneas no 'dh-eisdeas  
 Mar a dh-eirich e dhomhsa,  
 A bhi faicinn mo mhal laig  
 Ga a caradh, 'san doigh sin,  
 Air eisliun nan ban bhord  
 Agus brailin 'g a comhdach,  
 Nach h-abair, mo chradh-shlad,  
 'S i do mbachair sa 'bhronag.

Tha do cheile fo mhulad,  
 'S trom 's gur duilich gach la e,  
 O 'n a pharsg e an ulaidh  
 'N ciste chumhaing nan claraibh.  
 Chaill e *preasant* duin' uasail  
 Agus tuathanaich statail,  
 Agus deagh lèan an taighe  
 'Bu mhor mathas 'na tamhan.

'S bochd an t-aonaran t' athair,  
 Gach aon latha ri' bron e;  
 'S tric a' caoineadh gu 'n fhois e;  
 Chaill e 'mhisneach 's a sholas,  
 O 'n a dh fhag e fo lù  
 An te 's tric 'r inn a chomhnadh;  
 Ceann na cèile 's a ghliocais  
 'Bu mhor meas aig no h eolaich.

Gur a bronach do bhraithrean  
 'Ga d' chaoidh, 'ailleag ghlan bhoidheach;  
 Tha iad cianail 's fo phramhan

O 'e la dh 'fhag iad an og bhean  
 Ann an reilie nan armann  
 Ri taibh 'na taigh coinhnaidh;  
 Tha do pheathraichean truagh dheth,  
 'S tric a' suathadh nan dorn iad.

Ann an ceill bha thu muinte,  
 'S ann ad ghriulan gun mhor chuis;  
 Cha b' e t' fhasan 'bhi 'leumraich,  
 'Cur ri beusaibh na goraich.  
 Cha bhiodh tu, 's cha b' fhiu leat,  
 Ri cul-chainnt air oigridh;  
 Bha thu farasda, cliuileach,  
 A' d' reul-iuil aig na h-oighean.

B' e do bheusan o thoiseach  
 A bhi fosgailteach, fialaidh;  
 A bhi daonnan a' cosnadh  
 Beannachd bho chd 's dhaoine fiachail;  
 'Bhi ri cuireadh nan acaich  
 Is nan tartimhor gu biatachd;  
 'S a bhi 'g eisdeachd an fhacail  
 Le fìor choitas na diadbachd.

Gu 'm b' e coltas mo luaidh-sa  
 Aghaidh shuairce nam miog shul;  
 Beul 'bu mheachaire gaire  
 Le failte gu siobhailt;  
 Pearsa chothremach, alainn,  
 Gun bhi ard no bhi ìosal;  
 Cul donn leadanach, duallach,  
 'S e 'na chuachagan sniomhain.

Sguiridh mise ga t' aireamb,  
 Cha 'n fheil stàth dhomh bhi t-iniseadh;  
 'S gur h-e m' urnaigh gu h-araid  
 Thu gun dail 'dhol as m' inntinn.  
 Tha mo dhochas ro laidir

Ann an Slanaighear nam miltean,  
 Gu bheil t' anamsa sabhailt'  
 Ann an gairdeachas siorruidh.

## 'SE MO LAOCHAN AN TAILLEAR.

LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

Rinneadh an t-oran so do Ghilleasbuig  
 Mac-Gillemhaoil. Tha am Bard 'g a  
 mholadh aison a dheagh thaillearachd.  
 Cha 'n fheil moran de mholadh 'san raun  
 mu dheireadh.

### LUINNEAG.

I h-urabh o, i h-orin o,  
 I h-urabh o, i h-o ro h-o,  
 I h-urabh o' i h-orin o,  
 H-i ri ri ri o h-i ag o.

'Se mo loachan an taillear  
 Nach gabh nair' as mo sheanachas;  
 Thug thu cumachd san fhasan  
 'Bha fìor thlachd inhor 'san t-searmon.  
 Ann an toiseach do shaoghail  
 Cha robh t' fhaoghlum-sa cearbach.  
 'S i do bhriogais tha ciatach,  
 An snath riaghailt cha d' fhalbh aisd';  
 Tha i 'freagairt gu gasda  
 Mu do chasan gun chearbaich';  
 Fhuair i 'n t-urram 's gach aite,  
 'S cha b' e 'm madar a dhearg i.

Cha 'n fheil uasal ne iosal  
 'Chunnaig i fhad 's a dh-fhalbh thu,

Nach dug urram do 'n aodach  
 Gus 'n do chaochail an calg air.  
 Bha thu latha 's a mhointich,  
 Gle sporsail, fìor chalma;  
 Ghabh thu suas orm seachad,  
 Taobh glas is taobh dearg dhìot,  
 Thug mi suil thar mo ghuaille  
 Co 'n duin uasal a dh' fhalbh bhuam;  
 'S truagh nach danaig thu 'm chuideachd,  
 'Dh fheuch an tuiginn do sheanachas!

Thaie Ferrier comhl' riut,  
 Gu bhi comhradh 'sa seanachas,  
 'N uair a chual' e mar bha,  
 Gu 'n robh am pataran ainmeil;  
 Nach robh 'leithid ri 'fhaotunn,  
 Ged nach saoilinn gu dearbh sin,  
 Ann am Baile Dhuneideann ac'  
 Air feill no air margadh.—  
 Fhuair thu urram do chinnidh  
 Ann an spionnadh 's an aifhadh:  
 'N uair a rachadh u 't aodach,  
 Bha fear t' aogaisg fìor ainmig.

'S truagh nach faighinn air m' ordagh  
 Thu bhi 'd choirneal san armailt,  
 'S gu 'm faicinn thu 'd shuidhe  
 Air each uidheamaicht', meannnach;  
 Le do shìein is le d' dhiollaid,  
 Le d' sputie rionbaich de'n air-gìod,  
 Is le d' bhriogais mhath sporsail  
 'Chosgadh mo an aig margadh!—  
 N uair a rachadh do ghaisgich,  
 Leat air thapadh do 'n Ghearmailt,  
 Feucham co air an t-saogha!  
 Riut a ghlaodadh Ma-Fhearghuis.

'S ar d gun teagamh do thìotal,

'S mor am meas 'th' ort le dearbhadh.  
 'N uair a rachadh tu 'Lanlainn  
 'Db fhaotuinn urrainn le t' arg' maid;  
 No 'chur bhlar ann san Eiphit,  
 A lamh ghleusda gu marbhadh,  
 'S iomad uachdaran speiseil  
 'Bhiodh mu d' dheibhinn a' seanachas.  
 Tha gach gruagach an deidh  
 Air fear do cheille agus 't anfhaidh,  
 'S iad ri leum as do dheoghainn  
 Mar iasg ri naghar san fhairge

Cridhe farsuing na fialachd,  
 Sar bhiadhtach an airgid,  
 'S tu ro mhisneacheil, treubhach,  
 'S ann riut fein is mor m' earbsa.  
 'S maig a tharladh a'd' thaice,  
 Nuair a chasadh iad fearg ort.  
 Bu leis cuid fhir an iochdair,  
 As do ghlionn bhithinn earbsach.  
 Bho na dh' ionusaich thu 'n eallain,  
 Cha ghabh thu caile mar mhairiste;  
 Gheibh thu baintighearna fearainn,  
 'S gur math 'n airidh fear t' ainm oirr'.

Ach a dhuine 'thug do'n duthaich so  
 A churainn gur daln' thu;  
 Na cuir umad am feasd i,  
 Is nach seas i aig margadh,  
 Ciamar 'dheanadh tu ceart i  
 Leis an acfhuinn bha cearbach,—  
 Seana mhiaran 's e briste,  
 Bloidh siosair gun charbad,  
 Bloidh 'snathaid de tharruing  
 'Bh' aig do leanan mu 'n d'fhalbh i,  
 'S bord-oibre de chiste  
 A ghibht duine marbh ort.



## CLIU AILEIN.

## LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

Rinneadh an t-orar-magaidh so do  
dh-Ailean Domhallach. Na'm b' fhior  
am bard bha leannan-sith a' cur dragh air  
Ailean.

## LUINNEAG.

I h-urabh o, i h-orin o,  
I h-urabh o, i ho ro h-o,  
I h-urabh o, i h-orin o,  
H-i ri ri ri o h-i og o.

Tha mo ghaol air an oigear sin  
A 's boidheche 'sau fhearann;  
Ged a thuirt iad riut Iomhan,  
Cha b' fhior dhaibh e, 'leinibh;  
Sann a th' annad am fleasgach  
A 's ro dheise air a bhallaibh.  
Mura bhi a bhean shith,  
Gu 'm biodh tu strith ri d' chuid leannan.  
Gu de 'chuir i ga d' ruagadh  
Mur a d' fhuair i ort gealladh;  
Mur a grad chuir i cul riut  
Theid gach cu ann sa bhaile innit'.

Cha 'n ionghnadh do mhathair  
A bhi craiteach ga d' ghearan,  
'S gu 'n d' theapas do bhathadh  
Leis a' chaparaid shalaich,  
'S nach cuala do chairdean  
Mar thainig i 'd' charaibh,  
Gu bheil fios aig na ceudan  
Gu 'm b' eucorach, Ailein,  
Dhi 'bhi tigh 'nn as do dheigh-sa,  
'S gun do bheul 'thoirt d' i geallaidh.

Gheibh mi sgoileir le 'sgriobhadh  
'Chuireas i as an fhearaun.

Cha dean neach, tha i 'g radh,  
Mo chur air saile bho m' leannan,  
Mur dean Domhnall Mac-Phail e,  
Lè spinr-asuin a dh-aindeoin;  
'S ann a thuirt am Maor Ban rium,  
Fuirich lamh-ris car tamuill,  
Gus am builich thu 'n fheoil dheith,  
Am fìor fheocullan salach,—  
Labhair Eachann 's a Chaolas,  
'S duine faoin leam thu, Ailein;  
C' ait am faca tu bhiast,  
No 'n ui do chiad leannan falaich;  
Thuit thu, 's coma leam fhin sin,  
Cha dean mi inns ach do charaid;  
Fhuair mi thall am Poll Christidh  
An droch shigean 'n a fallus.

Gur h-ann ormsa tha mhiothlachd,  
'S tha mi lionte le mulad;  
Is mor eagal m' chridh'  
Gu 'm fag thu 'n tìr s' gu buileach,  
'S truagh a chaileag 'thug gaol dhuit,  
Mur a faodar do chumail,  
Ged a gheibheadh i 'n dhuthaich so  
Is Muideart is Muile,  
Agus roinn mhath de dh-Eirinn  
Ann ad eirig-sa, 'churaidh,  
B 'fhearr gu mor dhi thu fhein aic',  
Oig ghleusd an deagh chuma.

Nach robh Bonipart straiceil  
'Cur a chabhlaich fo uidhin;  
'Cur a luingeas air saile  
Gu tigh 'nn lamh-ruinn do Lunnainn,  
Ged nach biodh ac' thu fhein ann,  
C' uim nach feumadh e fuireach?

Le do chladheamh math Spainteach,  
 Ged a tha e gun duille,  
 'N uair a ghlacadh tu 'd laimh e  
 Chuir' gu bas leat na h-urad ;  
 'S mun caisgteadh do mhiothlachd  
 Bhiod an t-sith ann gu buileach.

Ged a b' ainmeil Cochullainn  
 Aig gach duin' ann an gabhadh,  
 Gu bheil t' ainm-sa 'nis, Ailain,  
 Air dol thairis na 's airde.  
 Ann an cliu 's ann am misnich  
 Fhuair thu tiotal nan Gaidheal.  
 Chan fheil Turcach no Iompair'  
 'Chuireas mhiothlachd gu brath ort ;  
 'S ann a chiosnaich thu 'n Fheadailt,  
 'S gun do theich aisd' am Papa ;  
 Nach leat fhein a chuid fearainn,  
 'S gabh 'na charaibh am maireach.



## CUMHA A GHAMHNA.

### LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

Chuir Tearlach Mac Ailain, duine a bha  
 'fuireach lamh-ris a bhard, capull a bh' aige leis  
 na creagan. Chruinnich na h-eoin a dh' itheadh  
 feoil mu'n chairbh,, agus bha cuirm mhor ac'  
 oirre. Beagan an deidh bas a chapuill, chaill am  
 bard gamhainn. Thanic na h-eoin a bha mu 'n  
 chapull gu gabhail dha ; ach a reir a bhaire cha  
 deach 'fhagail aca ; thugadh dhachaidh e. Bha  
 Catriona, bean a bhaire, a cur coire mhoir air  
 Tearlach airson cruinneachadh nan ian.

FONN.—“*Alastair a Gleanna-Garadh.*”

BEAN A BHAIRD.

Ged b' ainneamh dhomh dol air astar,  
'S ann rium a thachair a chomhail ;  
Chunnacas feannag ann sna Gnioban,  
'S ann leam fhin nach binn a comhradh.  
Suil dhe 'n dug mi thar mo ghuaille,  
Chunnacas beathach shuas a gnostaich ;  
Bha 'n dubh arpag mhor ga 'spionadh ;  
Co bha 'n sin ach diosgan Dhomhnaill.

'S mairg a their nach bi san dan dhuinn  
Rud no dha 'bhios iad ag innseadh ;  
'S fad o 'n chunnaic Domh'll mac Lachainn  
Taisdealach glas ann sna Gnioban.—  
Tearlach Mac Ailain a Murdad  
Rinn e air a ghluinean striochan,  
Ann sa mhaduinn mhoich Di-domhnaich  
Ris a chomhstrith nach robh fiachail.

Ann sa mhaduinn mhoich Di-domhnaich  
Mar nach do dh-ordaich am facal,  
Chaidh tu 'chogadh ris an laireig  
'S an aite 'b' airde 'bh' air na bailtean,  
Ga h-iomainn gu bun a gharraidh  
Gus an d'fhuair thu 'n aite cas i ;  
Chuir thu do shlinnean ri 'gualainn  
Agus buarach air a casan.

TEARLACH MAC AILAIN.

Chaill mi mo leirsinn 's mo chlaisteachd,  
'S fhuair mi masladh bho mo chairdean,  
Bha mi 'n duil gun d' rinn mi tapadh  
Cha robh e an nasgaidh do m' lamhan.  
Chuir mo bhean phosd' orm miothlachd,  
'S i gam dhiteadh gu ro laidir ;

'S truagh nach robh mi ann san teasaich  
Mun deachaidh mi 'ghleachd ris an laireig.

BEAN A BHAIRD.

Bu mhor an cion ceille dhuitsa,  
'Nuair 'thug thu 'n tuisleadh do 'n laireig ;  
Tha fios aig muinntir nam bailtean  
Nach h-ann ga marcachd a bha thu ;  
'S ann a dh' eirich thu gu scairteil,  
'S a thug thu cas as a charaid ;  
Tholl thu 'n t-seiche leis na clachan,  
'S cha dean i 'n caiseart a charadh,

'S daor a chrean mi air an fholach,  
'S air an fheoirnein 'bha 'sa Bhraighe ;  
Ann sa mhaduinn mhoich Di-domhnaich,  
Bha mo ghamhainn og, luath, laidir,  
'S gamhainn eil' aig Mari Mhogaich  
A bhiodh comhl' ris anns gach aite !  
'N uair a chi mi e tigh'nn dachaidh,  
'S ann a thig reachd ann am bhraghad.

'S iomadh drobhair 'bha ga d' ruagadh  
'N uair bha thu shuas ann sa Bhraighe,  
Cha dig 'h-aon diu 'nis ga t' fhaicinn,  
On phacadh thu 'n aite granda.  
Ach Tearlach Mac Ailain a Murdad  
Bheireadh e 'leith-shuil air pairt dhiot,  
'S e 'g iarraidh ceithrimh de'n bhodaig  
Airson coirce no buntata.

Tearlach Mac Ailain a Murdad,  
Gur h-e rinn an diubhail oirnne,  
'Nuair a chruinnich e na biastan  
Air an t-sliabh 'tha 'n taobh so 'n mhointich ;  
Fitheach is feannag is biatach,  
Bu chomunn gun riaghailt dhomhs' iad ;

Chunna mis' iad fad a mhiosa,  
Fear mu seach dhiu smideadh Dhomhnail.

## DOMHNALL.

An cluinn thu mise, 'Chatriona,  
Chan fhag mi crionta ri d' bheo thu ;  
Ged a bha iad orm a smideadh,  
Saoil thu 'm b' aobhar miotlachd dhomhs' e ?  
Leis an tairgneachd a bha 'n dan dha  
'N latha 'bhrist e clar na crocaich  
Ged a bhiodh e ann sa chiste  
Dh' fhaodadh an dris tigh'nn 'na chomhail.

## BEAN A BHAIRD.

Cha tairgneachd a bh' ann ach breamas  
A tha gam leanachd-sa 'n comhnaidh,  
'S fhad on dh' iarr mi air Catriona  
A shaodachadh 'sios Ceann-a-chroige ;  
'S ann a dh' eirich i gu statail,  
'S thug i bal mhiic Aonghuis oig oirr' ;  
Boig oirr' as deaghainn an tailleir,  
'S thig am maor 'thoirt bairlinn dhomhsa.

Thuirt Mor, mo nighean, le miotlachd,  
'N uair 'chunnaic i 'dhriom ga 'shroiceadh.  
Cha mharbhadh sibh fein gu brath e  
Mur digeadh am bas na chomhail.  
Sean fhacal tha fìor ri 'raitinn,  
Chuala mise 's mi 'm phaisd' og e,  
'M fear nach dean nollaig gu sunndach  
Ni e 'chaise gu tursach, bronach.

Chan fheil a h-aon air an leig sò  
Nach h-eil gam chreubhadh airson pairt dheth ;  
Iain Og ag iarraidh 'n cnaimh-tuaighe  
'S Niall Ruadh ag iarraidh a phaighidh ;

An gobhainn ag iarraidh a chinn deth,  
 'S cha ghabh e mir ann sa chain deth ;  
 'S Domh'll mac Eachainn mhic Iain Oig  
 Ag iarraidh spol airson na larach.

Ged a ghabh sibh mise 'm eiginn,  
 Saoil nach faoduinn fein bhur paigheadh.  
 Cha robh each a bh' air na bailtean  
 Nach dugadh dhachaidh air càrn e.  
 Dh' fhoghnadh mac Aonghuis mhic Chailain,  
 An leannan a bh' aig mo phaisde,  
 Gu 'tharruinn dhachaidh 'na onrachd,  
 Gus 'n do rinn a dhornan scaineadh.

'S ann dhomhsa 'dh' eirich an scaradh,  
 Thanic an t-earrach so luath orm ;  
 Chaill mi mo dhobhliadhnach math ris,  
 Fath mo ghearainn ann san uair so.  
 'S deacair dhomh 'nis fuireach samhach,  
 'S do cheann lamh-rium ann san luaithre,  
 Is mi 'faicinn crodh nam bailtean  
 Gu pailt am mach air a Ghuallainn.

Faodaidh tu 'nis scur de dh-fhearann,  
 Cha dean thu feamainn no moine,  
 Bha nach h-'eil mise mar b' abhaist,  
 Gu cur na h-asaig air sheol dhuit,  
 Saoil thu fhein nach truagh a tha mi,  
 Chaill mi 'n t-each ban ann sa mhointich,  
 'S deich tasdain 's an cor gun phaigheadh  
 Aig a Bhaillidh ort, a Dhomhnaill.

---

Arpag, a harpy. Taisdealach, a ghost. Folach, rank grass. Feoirnein, a pile of grass. Bodag, a yearling calf, a heifer. Crocach, a thing somewhat like antlers put on calves to keep them from sucking.

# ORAN MU GHLACADH MORAIR HUNNTAIDII.

LE IAIN LOM.

'Mhoire, 's muladach 'tha mi  
Mu gach sceul 'tha mi clastinn,  
Is mi 'tearnadh le braigh' uisge Dhe.

'G amharc luchairt a bhaile,  
Agus tur Abargheallaidh,  
Gun luchd-surd a bhi 'n talla nan teud ;

'G amharc aros nan luibhean,  
Far am b' abhaist dhuit suidhe ;  
Bhiodh ann faileadh nan ubhall 's nam peur.

Aig ceann-uidhe nan Gaidheal,  
Far an suidheadh iad staitail,  
Gheibhtheadh ragha gach aite dhaibh reidh.

Gheibhtheadh coinnlean an lasadh  
An ceann choinnleirean praise ;  
Bhiodh do sheomraichean laiste le ceir.

Chluinnteadh gleodhartaich feodair  
'Cur an adhaircibh beoire,  
Seal mun digeadh trath-noine do 'n ghrein ;

'S uisge-beatha na tairgne  
'Dol an cupachaibh airgid  
'S mnai uchd-gheal, gruaidh-dhearga, 'cur greis.

Chan e gaoir bhan a Chlachain  
A tha mise 'n diugh 'g acain,  
Gar an digeadh gin as de 'n choig ceut.



'S bochd an naidheachd an Albinn  
 Bog-na-gaoith' an Strath-bhalgaidh  
 'Bhi ga chlaoidheadh le armailtibh sreìn';

Agus leithid Morair Hunntaidh  
 A bhi 'n laimh an toll-butha,  
 Agus naimhdean 'na dhuthchannaibh fhein.

Morair Hunntaidh 's am Marcus  
 Bho thur nan clach snaidhte,  
 Far 'm bu lionmhor laogh breac ri cois feidh.

Ach ma chathaidh do ghlacadh  
 Leis a Mheinneireach as-caoin,  
 B' e mo dhiubhail a bh' aca 's b' e 'm beud.

Fior thoiseach a gheamhraidh,  
 Ann am fochair na samhna,  
 Bha do bhochdan air tionndadh bho 'n ceill.

'N Dail-nam-both an Strath-thamhainn,  
 Aig a bbrothair' gun naire,  
 Bha lamh-scapidh a mhail air luchd-theud.

'S ann an clachan Chill-muice  
 'Dh' f hag sibh 'n ceannard gun tuisleadh,  
 Marcach greadhnach air trup-each mor sreìn'.

---

Bog-na gaoithe, the Bog of Gicht. Tollbutha, a jail. Brothaire, a butcher. The eighth verse refers to the lamentation of the Breadalbane women after the fight at Stron-a-chlachain, in 1640.

George Gordon, second Marquis of Huntley, was captured by James Menzies of Culdares in 1647, and beheaded at Edinburgh in 1649. Menzies was known by the nick name of Crunair Ruadh nan Cearc.

## ORAN

*Do Dhomhnall Donn, mac Fhir Bhoth-  
fhiunntainn.*

LE GILLEASBIC NA CEAPAICH.

## LUINNEAG.

Ho hi ri gheallaidh,  
Fire, faire, co naile,  
Ho hi ri gheallaidh,  
Fire, faire co naile !  
Air falbhan heag oho  
Trom othora naile !  
'Bhi 'g ur ruith air feadh dalach  
Le geur lannaibh 's e b' fhearr leinn.

*Ri Domhnall Donn.*

'S mor a bhleid is an rabhart  
A rinn blairean ri 'ghoistidh ;  
'Cur nan Duibhneach an airde,  
'S mor gum b' fhearr leinn fo 'r cois iad.  
Ach nan cumadh iad blar ruinn  
An eiric laraichean loisgte,  
Chuireadh faobhar ar greidlein  
Iad am freasdal an coise.

A Mhaoil-onf haidh, 'Mhaoil-onf haidh  
Tog dhe t' onf hail 's dhe d' sheitrich ;  
Ruig an null Loch-a-mhailidh  
Agus teann-sa ri geumraich,  
'S ann ri cinneadh do mhathar  
Chaidh do mhasan 's do shleisdean,  
Is chan agair Clann-Domhnaill  
Mir ri 'm beo ach am beul dhiot.

*Ris a Phiobaire.*

Tha blath na brice 'san t-sroin ort,  
'S lionmhor frog a tha 't aghaidh ;

Cam bhial ronnach do sheors' ort,  
 'S do theanga leomach lan gleadhair.  
 Tha thu 'chinneadh nam mealltair,  
 Nan cealgair 's nan spleadhair ;  
 Chaidh an ceann dhe 'r n-ard thraciteir  
 'Chum an fhoill greis air adhart.

'S mi nach ceil gum b' e m' iarrtas,  
 'S fhuair sinn riasan gu leoir air,  
 Ordagh daingeann na rioghachd  
 A bhi scribedh ann am phoca,  
 Gach aon de Shliochd Dhiarmaid,  
 Is na shiolaich bho Dhomhnall,  
 'Dhol an giuraibh a cheile  
 Leis na geur lannaibh gorma.

Chan iarainn de dh-aighear  
 Gu latha mo chriche,  
 Ach sibhs' agus sinne  
 'Dhol an iomairt na strithe,  
 Fear mu choinnimh an fhir  
 'S gun aon fhear 'bhi 'g 'ur dith-sa,  
 'S ge b' e 'ghabhadh an slinnein  
 A bhi fo iomairt na rioghachd.

Ge b' e dheanadh an eucoir,  
 No a gheilleadh do 'n ghealtachd,  
 De shliochd Ghille-Bride  
 Neart an righ a chur as da.  
 Ged a tha mi leith bhreòite  
 Mo chuid de 'n chomhrag cha sheachnainn,  
 Ged is leointe mo mhuineal  
 Ris 'n do chuir mi 'n diugh acfhuinn.

---

Teann-sa ri geumraich, 'se sin, rach a ghoid a chruidh\*  
 Tha e air a radh gum biodh-cuid de mheirlich ri fuaime col-  
 tach ri geumraich gus an crodh a thaladh ga 'n ionnsaidh.

Chi sinn bho n oran so an cor truagh an n san robh na fineachan Gaidhealach aig aon am. An aite a bhi gradh-achadh a cheile 's ann a bhiodh naimhdras aca dha cheile; dh' iarradh aon fhine cur as do dh-fhine eile. Gheibhear an t-oran molaidh a dh'aobharaich an t-oran cainidh so air taobh na-duilleig 274.



## A PHAIRTIDH LEATHANACH.

LE DONNACHADH MAC-FHIONGHAIN.

Gur boidheach dearrsadh  
Na pairtidh Leathanaich  
'Nuair theid iad comhla  
'S an Oban Latharnach.  
'N uair 'bheir an coirneal  
Iad ann an ordagh  
Chan fheil fo Dheorsa  
Na's boidhche dh' amhairceas.

Mo run na fiurain  
'Tha luthar, ealanta.  
Bu mheasail cliuiteach  
'S gach cuis na fearaibh ud.  
Le'n crios, le 'm puicead,  
Le'm musg, le 'm fudar,  
'S gach ball cho scuirte  
'S nach faighteadh mearachd dhaibh.

B'iad sin na saighdearan,  
'S aoibheil 'n sealladh 'th'orr',  
'S iad tilgeadh soillse  
Mar bhoillsceadh dealanaich.  
An am dol cruinn duibh,  
'Sa phairce ghrinn ud  
Bhiodh piob a seinn duibh,  
Gar toirt o 'n bhaile 'mach.

'N am dol gu gearrd gun  
 Doir cach an aire dhuibh,  
 Le r brogan arda,  
 Gu h-aluinn lainnireach ;  
 Gur tric bha oganach,  
 Dibh le ordagh  
 An taic a choirneil,  
 S bu mhath an airidh e.

---

Duncan Mackinnon was born in Tiree. He came to Cape Breton, and settled at Malagawatch. He was married twice, and had a large family. He was drowned about 1855 at Stoney Point, by going through the ice. He was at the time of his death about sixty-five years of age.

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## DUANAG.

LE DONNACHADH GRIOGARACH, AM BROCAIR.

## LUINNEAG.

Tha mi trom duilich trom,  
 Airsnealach cianail ;  
 Tha mo chridh' air fas trom,  
 'S fad o'n tim sin.

Oidhche dhomhsa 's mi caithris  
 An fhir ruaidh an Sith-Chaillinn,  
 Dheanainn oran do m' leannan  
 'Chur an aithghearr na time.  
 Tha mi trom etc.

Dh' innsinn aogasc mo leannain,  
 Cul dualach, trom, camaidh ;  
 Bean a's fearr dha 'n dig anart,  
 Ris an canar leo Sine.

Chan fheil coir' air mo leannan  
De na 's urrainn each aithris,  
Ach a buaile 'bhi tana,  
'S tha car agam fhin dheth.

Bu neo-shocrach mo leaba  
Eadar Drumainn is Caislidh,  
Gleann-Ruaidh an Lochabar,  
Braigh' Raineach 's Gleann-Liomhainn.

Bha mi tamull as m' oige  
Am Braigh' Raineach a comhnaidh,  
Ged chuir goinnead mo storais  
Mi air tòir an fhir mhilltich.

'S e 'm fear ruadh 'tha mi 'cainnt air,  
'S tric a thadhail 'sna carnaibh,  
Is a mharbh, an t-uain ceann-gheal  
'S neo-ar-thaing thoirt do 'n chiobair.



## ORAN.

LE PIUTHAIR DO DHONNACHADH BROCAIR.

Chaidh da bhrathair dh' i, Iain agus Domh-  
nall, do Nova Scotia. Dh' fhuirich da bhrathair  
eile, Donnachadh agus Alastair, aig an taigh.

Is tric ri smaointinn ghoraich mi,  
'S mi 'm onar ann san uair so,  
A cuimhneach' nam fear oga sin  
Air bhord na luinge 'ghluais bhuainn.  
A thamh an Nova Scotia  
'S e fath mo bhroin ri 'ruaidh e;  
'S e 'chaochail snuadh na h-oig' orm  
Na seoid a chaidh thar cuan bhuainn.

'S a chuideachda mo chridhe,  
 Dha 'm bu dligheach 'bhi 'sa chruadal,  
 'S e fath mo bhroin is m' iomadain  
 An dithist 'chaidh air chuan bhuainn.  
 An uair a dh' fhalbh Iain bhuam  
 Bha snighe 'ruith le 'm ghruaidhean ;  
 'S e Domhn'll a dh' fhalbh a rithist  
 'Chuir mo chridhe-sa gu smuairean.

'S chan ionghnadh sin a thachairt dhomh  
 'S an taice 'chaidh bho m' ghuallainn.  
 An t-suil a bhios gun rosc oirre  
 Gun druidh an teas 's am fuachd oirr';  
 'S an lann 'bhios air droch garradh uimp'  
 Cha dachaid i bhi buan dheth ;  
 Is ionnan sin 's mar tha mi  
 Is na braithrean 'dhol air chuan bhuam.

Tha cuid a bhios am barail deth  
 Gu bheil mo ghearan uaibhreach,  
 'S Donnachadh agus Alastair  
 A fanachd ann san dualchas ;  
 Is fear mo thaigh' an lathair leam  
 Gu fardach 'chumail suas rium ;  
 Ach dh' fhairtlich orm bhi toilichte  
 'N uair 'theannas mi ri smuaineach'.

Nan tarladh dhomhs' bhi 'm fhiorannach,  
 'Nam dhuine tapaidh treubhach,  
 Gum feuchainn pairt de'n charantachd  
 'Tha 'm falach ann am chreubhaig.  
 Bu choimh-dheas muir no talamh leam,  
 Ach luingeas a bhi reidh dhomh ;  
 'S mur digeadh bas le cabhaig orm  
 Gum faicinn iad le cheile.

Ach bhon tha mi 'm bhoirionnach,  
 'S nach h-urrainn mi so 'dheanamh

Is eudar dhomh tre bhanalas  
 'Bhi 'fanachd ann sna crìochan s'  
 'S mo theaghlach a toirt air' orm  
 Mar thigeadh dhaibh a dheanamh,  
 'S an nì sin 'leigeil tharam  
 Bho nach gabh e cur an gnìomh dhomh.

Nan tarladh dhuibh gun tilleadh sibh  
 Do 'n innis as 'n do ghluais sibh,  
 Gun uraiceadh mo spiorad-sa,  
 Ge fad' tha e fo smuairan ;  
 'S gun deanainn cleas na h-iolaire,  
 Gun teannainn ri ath-nuath' chadh ;  
 A faicinn nam fear innealta,  
 Chaoin bhinn-fhaclach gun ghruaman.

Bu mheasail ann san aite sibh,  
 Bu chaoimhneil, baigheil, stuama,  
 Bu shunndach, fearail, scairteil sibh,  
 Bu tapaidh ri am cruadail  
 Air beul-thaobh rìgh is parlamaid  
 Bu dan a rinn sibh gluasad ;  
 'S cha d' chuir e sgath no cunnart oirbh.  
 A mhuir a chrosc seachd uairean.



## AN T-IASGACH GEAMHIRAIDH.

*Oran le Dhomhnall Cubair, agus e aig an  
 iasgach.*

### LUINNEAG.

Ho mo nigh 'n dubh,  
 He mo nigh 'n dubh,  
 Mo nighean 's tu mo ghuamag.



Gur h-e mise tha fo mhigbean,  
Tha mi 'n so leam f'hin 'sna cuantan.

'S olc an obair iasgach geamhraidh,  
'S reothadh gu teann air an fhuaradh

Rud eile 'chuir ormsa mionthlachd  
Geola chrìon 's nach ruith i luath dhuinn.

'S eiginn dhuinn tarrainn an Lite,  
'S *cutter* an rìgh oirnn air fuaradh.

Ced is i 'n nochd oidhche challuinn  
Cha deid mi 'ghabhail mo dhuain duibh

'S truagh nach mise 'bha 'san aite  
'M bi buille bhairidh ga 'bualadh.

Mo chaman tha 'n coill' a bharraich,  
'S cha deid a ghearradh le tuaigh aisd'.

Mo bheannachd a chum mo mhathar,  
Bhon a bhios mi 'ghnath na smuaintean.

'S mo shoraidh a dh-ionnsaidh mo leannain,  
An oigh cheanalta gun ghruaman.



## ORAN AIR A CHUTTER.

LE DOMHNAIL CUBAIR.

LUINNEAG.

*S e gaol t' fhearainn, gradh t' fhuinn,  
'Thug gum falbhainn idir leat ;  
'S e luaidh do chruidh dhruim-fhinn dhuinn  
'Thug dhomh suidhe lamh-rìut.*

Latha dhuinn bho bhun an stoir,  
A seoladh gu curaideach,  
Chunnacas an *cutter* fo sheol  
'S i tigh'nn oirnn gu gabhaidh.

Air an trompaid thug i fuaim,  
Chuir i 'suas a cularan ;  
Labhair sinne 'n sin gu luath  
Ghluais sinn a caol-Amhainn.

Gun do loisc i oirnn da uair  
Gu 'r gluasad gu fuireach rith' ;  
'S mur digeadh am pic an nuas  
Cha d' fhuair i tigh'nn lamh-ruinn.

Bha tombac' againn air bord,  
Seorsa bathair smugalaidd ;  
'S gun do lub sin sud fo 'n t-seol,  
Fo chrann-spreot' a bhata.

Rinn sinn gach ni mar a dh' fhaod,  
Thaom sinn na buidealan ;  
'S chuir sinn an siucar 'san ti  
Sinte fo 'n fharadh.

Carson nach do dh-fhan thu rium  
'Chiad uair 'chuir mi'n gunna riut ?  
Thuir an sciobair aice ruinn,  
'S e 'maoidheadh gu dan oirnn.

Shiubhail e shios agus shuas,  
'S cha d'fhuair e na duilleagan ;  
Bha iad ann sa bhriogais ruaidh  
Suainte fo 'n chabul.

## AN IMRICH.

LE DOMHNALL CUBAIR.

LUINNEAG.

Ho ro, ho ro o, ho i o, ho ro i,  
 Ho ro, ho ro o, ho i o, ho ro i,  
 Hithill u, hillinn o, agus ho ho ro i,  
 Cha mor nach coma leam cogadh no sith.

'S e 'n imirichd chiatach am bliadhna 'rinn mi,  
 Gur sabhailte fiar dhomh 'san lianaich 'ud shios ;  
 'S nam faighinn luchd speallaidh a ghearradh gu  
 grinn,  
 Gum paigheadh e 'm mal ged nach h-aitichinn  
 scriob.

'S ge boidheach a h-aogasc tha gaoid ann san fhonn,  
 'S gum feum i da thuirpe mum faicear i 'm fonn ;  
 Tha riasc agus cuile agus uisce fo bonn ;  
 'S am Mart chur an t-sil bidh an scriob againn  
 trom.

'S ann thubhairt an gobhainn 'bha foghainteach  
 riamh,  
 "Dean suas do chuid dhreallag gach amull 's gach  
 iall,  
 Ni mi'n soc dhuit a charadh 's gun tath mi ris  
 sciath  
 A thionndadh na sgriob' ; saoil an till e roimh riasc?"

Tha goibhnean na duthcha so fiughantach coir,  
 Gun d' fhuair mi sceul ur gun dug aon fhear dhiu  
 'n cleoc ;  
 'S ann duitse bu dual sin 'nam bualadh nan ord,  
 Do ghreim a bhi cruadalach, smuais a bhi d' dhorn.

Ge math sin am fiarach cha dean e dhomh stath,  
 Cha chum e mo chuideachd ach 's cuideachadh e ;  
 B' f hearr tacan a ruamhar an cluanaig no dha,  
 'S nam faoduinn a threabhadh 'se gnothach a b'  
 f hearr.

'N t-each dubh a bh' aig Callum bu cheanalt' an  
 eill,  
 'S an capull aig Domhnall 's i coir as a dheidh ;  
 'N t-each buidhe 'bh' aig Ruari b' e guallann an  
 f heum';  
 Chan iarradh e 'bhualadh 's bu luaineach a cheum.

Bu mhath a bha mise mur bhi an t-each ruadh  
 Aig Ruari Mac-Dhomhnaill, b' e 'choir a chur  
 bhuam ;  
 Ged theid mi do Scairinnis 'thoirt cainb as an nuas,  
 Cha chum mo chuid chabull ri sas an eich ruaidh.



## ORAN DO CHIORSTaidh NIC- GILLEAIN.

LE PATRIC MAC-CILLEDHUIBH.

LUINNEAG.

Ho ro, hi ri, riu u o,  
 Ho ro, hi ri, riu u o,  
 Ho ro, hi ri, riu u o,  
 Mo dhurachd do 'n ainnire.

Gur boidhche leam a dh' fhas thu  
 Na 'n lili ann san fhasach,  
 Do ghruaidh mar ros 'sa gharradh,  
 'S do bhraighe mar eala ghil.

Gur suidhichte, ge beo thu,  
 Gur seadhail, blasd', do chomhradh,  
 Gur h-uasal air gach doigh thu,  
 Gur h-oirdheirc do cheanaltachd.

Gun dug mi urrad ghraidh dhuit,  
 'S thug Ionatan do Dhaibhidh,  
 'S a reir an iomraidh 'dh 'fhagadh,  
 Gun d' ghradhaich e mar anam e.

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Patrick Black lived in Marshey Hope, in Pictou County, N. S. He was a fair scholar, and a good singer. The greater part of the song has been lost.

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## CUMHA NAM MAC.

LE IAIN MAC-GILLEBHRATH, AM PIOBAIRE.

'Chaidh cha tog mi guth eibhinn,  
 Chan fheil speis leam de cheol ;  
 'S ann a lasaich mo theudan  
 Chaidh mo ghleusan thar seol'.  
 Thromaich smal air mo reusan,  
 Tha mo leirsinn fo cheo ;  
 'S cha dig aiteal na greine  
 'Thogail m' eislean ri m' bheo.

Mi mar chomhachaic bhronaich,  
 'S e bhi 'm onar mo mhiann ;  
 Mi mar eal' air a leonadh,  
 'S i gun seol air a dion ;  
 Mi mar chalman 'san achadh,  
 'N deidh a ghlacadh 'san lion ;  
 'S mi guth tursach na lacha,  
 'S cach a creachadh a h-ian.

Mi mar eilid an f hirich,  
 Coin is fir air a toir,  
 'N deidh a fuadach 'bho 'h-innis,  
 'S gun a minneanan beo,  
 'G iarraidh 'dh-ionnsaidh na linne  
 A thoirt fionnfhuachd dha leon,  
 'Bruchdadh fala bho 'creuchdan  
 Is saighdean geura 'na feoil.

Dh' fhalbh mo shugradh 's mo mhanran,  
 Dh' imich m' abhachd 's mo shunnd ;  
 Tha mo chridh' air a thaladh,  
 Cha dig gaire bho 'ghruund.  
 Thromich beum air mo shlainte,  
 Threig gach caileachd 'bu leam ;  
 Cha dean lighich' bonn stath dhomh,  
 Tha mo chradh os a chionn.

'S beag an t-ionghnadh dhuibh m'astar  
 A bhi lag-chuiseach mall ;  
 Chuir mi ceithrean an tasgaidh  
 Ann sa chlachan ud thall,  
 'S dh' fhalbh mo Sheumas an Sasunn  
 Ann am fasgath nan Gall ;  
 'S b' iad dha 'n dillsean an diubhail,  
 'S galach, druidhteach, an call.

'S cha b' e ainmeachas mhac  
 A chuir an aiceid so 'm chom,  
 Ach laoich chalma, neo-lapach,  
 'Bha garbh-phearsanta, trom.  
 Dha 'n robh tuigs' agus eolas,  
 'S a bha foghluint' an cainnt,  
 'S beusach, stuama, neo-leomach ;  
 Fath mo bhroin gun iad ann !

Chaill mi duil ri 'n tigh'nn dachaidh,  
 Dh' fhag sud m' aigheadh fo ghruaim ;

Gur tric snighe fo m' rascaibh,  
 Dh' fhag sin seachdte mo shnuadh.  
 Tha mo chiabhan air glasadh,  
 'S thanic claisean a' m' ghruaidh,  
 'Caoidh nam fiurannan gasta  
 'Dhuisgeadh tlachd am measc sluaigh.

Ciod e 'n stath 'th' ann san t-saoghal,  
 'S anns gach faoineis fo 'n ghrein?  
 Annradh, croisean, is caontag  
 Do chlann-daoine gu leir.  
 'N diugh ged bhuilichteadh maoin ort  
 Agus aomadh d'a reir,  
 Nì e 'm maireach ort scaoileadh  
 Mar shneachd aon-oidhch' air gheig.

'S iad so laithean na diachainn  
 'Dh' ordaich Dia dhuinn mar bhinn,  
 Ann am bron a toirt fianuis  
 'De na Criosdaidhnean sinn,  
 Ach 's e 's coir a bhi striochdte,  
 'S ag earbs' an Iosa 's gach teinn  
 'S gheibh sinn Parras mar dhioladh,  
 Mar tha 'bhial a 'toirt cinnt.

'S e 'n Ti naobh a chuir orms' iad  
 'Thug air falbh bhuam mo chlann.  
 Gloir gu siorruidh ga ainm-san  
 'Tha gam dhearbhadh san am.  
 Tha mo dhochas is m' earbs'  
 A brìgh a thairgs' air a chrann  
 Gum bi 'chomhail dhuinn sealbhail  
 'Nuair 'thig m' aimsir gu ceann.

## MARBHRANN DO'N EASBIC FHRISEAL,

*A chaochail an Antigonish 'sa bhliadhna  
1851.*

LE IAIN BOID.

'N deicheamh miosa de 'n bhliadhna,  
Ochd ceud, h-aon, is leth-cheud  
'N ceithreamh latha de 'n mhios sin,  
An am ciarradh do 'n fheasgar,  
Fhuair mi sceul as a bhaile  
A chuir car mi 'n am bhreislich,  
Sceul ro dhubhach do dhaoine,  
Gun do chaochail an t-easbic.

LUINNEAG.

O gur fada 's gur fada,  
'S bliadhn' air fad leam gach lo  
Bho na charadh gu h-iosal  
Do chorp priseil fo 'n fhoid.  
Tha mo chridhe-sa bruite,  
'S bidh mi tursach ri m' bheo ;  
Bhon dh 'fhalbh ceannard an t-sluaigh so,  
'N t-Easbic uasal gun phrois.

Fhuair sinn sealladh 'bha goirt dhuinn,  
A thug osnaichean cleibh dhuinn,  
'Coimhead aodann an ostail  
'Bha 'na chorp air an deilidh.  
Shil ar suilean gu frasach,  
'S thanic smal air ar leirsinn ;  
'S nial an aoig air ar gruaidhean ;  
Chaidh ar buaireadh 's ar leireadh.

'S beag an t-ionghnadh do chairdean  
A bhi craiteach ga t' iargainn  
Mar uain earraich gun mhathair,  
'S iad a meilich ga h-iarraidh,



Tha gach Gaidheal a bharr orr'  
 Ann san aite, 'n diugh cianail,  
 Ca'oidh 's a tuireadh an armuinn  
 'Thug am bas bhuainn do 'n t-shiorr' achd.

Bha thu aluinn a' d' phearsa,  
 'S bha thu neartmhor thar mhiltean ;  
 Bha thu fulangach, scairteil,  
 Laidir, spracail, coimh-lionta.  
 Cha robh uasal cho tlachdmhor  
 Riut, no faisc air, a' d' scireachd ;  
 Fear do choltais chan fhaicteadh  
 Ann an asdar 's an rioghachd.

Bha thu uasal an toiseach  
 Bhon ard oifig a lion thu ;  
 Bha thu uasal an ath-uair  
 Bho d' dheagh athair 's bho shinnsre ;  
 Bha thu uasal bho d' mhathair  
 'Thog 's a dh' araich air chich thu ;  
 'S bha thu ard bho d' cheann-cinnidh,  
 Sar Mhac-Shimi gun mhi-chliu.

Bu mhor t' urram an Albinn,  
 'S bha thu ainmeil an Eirinn ;  
 Bha thu cliumhor an Sasunn,  
 Thugadh seachad ort sceul ann,  
 Anns gach cearn de 'n taobh tuath so  
 Thug na h-uachdarain speis dhuit ;  
 'S ge mor Iarla Dundonald  
 Thug e onair e-fhein dhuit.

Bu tu 'm burchaille 'b' airde  
 Bha 'sa chearn so a riagladh ;  
 Bha do chomhairlean sar-mhath  
 Anns gach cas 'san robh diachainn.  
 Chuir thu iomad olc graineil  
 As an aite le d' riaghailt ;

'S iomad math 'th' air do thailleabh,  
'S gann gun aireamh mi trian diu.

Bha thu deidheil air ceartas,  
Bha thu smachdail air eucoir ;  
Bha do chomhairlean fallain  
Bho 'n deas theanga 'bu gheire.  
'N uair a dh' fhoscladh tu 'm Biobul  
Bheirteadh mineachadh reidh leat ;  
'S gheibhteadh seoladh le peacaich  
Gu bhi gleachd ri 'n droch bheusan.

Bha thu daonnan a lasadh  
Le fìor charthannachd bhrath' reil ;  
Bu tu cobhair nam bochdan  
'N uair a chitheadh tu 'm failinn,  
Bhiodh do dhorsan dhaibh foscailt ;  
'N uair a ghlaisteadh le cach iad,  
'S lamhan scaoilte na fialachd  
A coimh-lionadh nan aintean.

Bha thu ciuin mar an leanaban,  
'S bha thu garg 'n uair a dh' fheumteadh ;  
'S tu bu mhath air an t-searmon,  
Cha bu chearbach o d' bheul e ;  
Thigeadh fuasgladh gach facail  
Ann an ealamhachd reidh dhuit ;  
Is le feobhas do bhriathan  
Leam bu mhiann 'bhi ga t' eisdeachd.

Bu tu reula na h-iuil dhuinn,  
Ar sciath-chuil 's ar gearrd daingeann ;  
Bha gach seorsa fo d' churam,  
Is do shuil orra thairis ;  
Leats' cha robh e gu muthadh  
Cia an duthaich no 'n aidmheil ;  
Bha do chridh' air clann-daoine,  
'S e le gaol a cur thairis.

Bha do bheatha 's do ghluasad  
 Re do chuairt dhuinn mar scathan ;  
 Riamh chan fhacas, 's cha chualas,  
 Is cha d' fhuaradh ort failinn.  
 Cha robh subhaile 'bha luachmhor  
 Nach robh fuaighte ri d' nadar ;  
 Bha thu glan mar an daoiman  
 Is gun fhoill mar am paisde.

'S tu nach togadh an deachamh,  
 Ged is ceart do na chleir e,  
 Is cha chumadh tu tasdan  
 Gun a sgapadh air feumaich,  
 Chuir thu cul ris a bheairteas  
 Bho na sheachainn Mac Dhe e,  
 'S rinn thu raghainn de 'n bhochdainn,  
 Mar 'rinn ostail na ceud linn.

'Nis bhon chrìochnaich thu t' uine.  
 Is do churs' air an talamh,  
 Is bho 'n charadh 'san uir thu  
 'N ciste dhuinte 'san anart,  
 'S mor mo dhochas 's mo dhurachd  
 Gun do ghiulaineadh t' anam  
 Leis na h-aingil air sciathaibh  
 Gu tìr ghrianaich nam beannachd.

— x —

## CUMHA.

Do Dhomhnall Domhnallach, Domhnall Ban  
 Mac Sheumais, a bha a fuireach air cladach  
 Shiudig an Ceap-Breatunn, agus a chaochail 'sa  
 bhliadhna 1828.

LE AILAIN AN RIDGE.

Ach a Dhomhnaill mhic Sheumais,  
 Dh' fhag thu cridheachan deurach an drast ;

Fo mhulad 's fo eislean  
 Bhon a chuala sinn sgeula do bhais ;  
 Bhon la dh' f halaich an uir thu  
 Is nach faic sinn do ghnuis am measg chaich,  
 An ciste dhuinnt' air do thasgaidh,  
 'S gun ar duil thu 'thigh'n dachaidh gu brath.

'S ann Diardaoin roimh an Nollaig  
 'Chaill mi 'n t-aon fhear 'b' fhearr toileachadh  
 lium ;  
 Seod suairc de Chlann-Domhnaill  
 Cho neo-bhruailleineach coir 's a bha dhiu ;  
 Dha 'n robh tuigs' agus reusan  
 Moran creidimh, lan ceill' agus tuir,  
 Agus aigheadh duin' uasail,  
 Riamh chan fhacas 's cha chualas t' fhear diumb'.

Bha thu carantach, cairdeil,  
 Bha thu iriosal baigheil, gu leoir ;  
 Bha thu cinneadail, rioghail,  
 'S tu a sheasadh cho direach 's bu choir.  
 Bu shar chombach dhaoin' uaisl' thu ;  
 Bha thu siobhalta suairce mu 'n bhord,  
 Ach nan cast' thu gu tuasaid,  
 'Righ, bu ghasd' thu gu bualadh nan dorn.

Cha robh barr aig mac duin' ort  
 Ri uchd gabhaidh air muir no air tir ;  
 Chum thu 'n onair' bu dual dhuit  
 'Bhi gu curanta cruaidh ri am strith'.  
 Bha fuil ard ort ag imeachd  
 Bho d' dha shail gu ruig mullach do chinn ;  
 Is tu 'shliochd nam fear mora  
 Dha 'm bu duthchas bhi comhnaidh 'sna glinn.

Gur a lionmhor do chairdean  
 Anns gach duthaich 's gach aite mu'n cuairt ;

Bidh an cridheachan craiteach  
 'Nuair 'thig naidheachd do bhais orr' cho luath.  
 Tha do bhraithrean fo mhulad  
 Is do bhantrach aig iomadan truagh ;  
 Bhon la chailleadh an diubhail  
 Gu la bhrath 'bhiodh i 'g ionndraichinn uaip'.

Ach 's e aobhar am misnich  
 Mar a dh' f hag thu do sliochd as do dheidh  
 Ann an duthchas an athar,  
 Ann an cliu 's ann am mathas d'a reir ;  
 Na fir mhisneachail, dhana,  
 Dha bheil tuigs' agus naire le ceill,  
 Agus cruadal is spionnadh  
 'S nach cuir bruillein air duine fo 'n ghrein.

Bha t' inntinn leam taitneach,  
 Fhir-chinnidh fhior ghasda so 'dh 'eug ;  
 Ann am firinn 's an ceartas  
 A chum t' onair is t'fhacal d'a reir.  
 Chan fheil stath 'bhi ga bhruidhinn  
 Bhon 's i 'n uaigh ar ceann-uidhe gu leir,  
 Ach bhi 'guidhe gu laidir  
 Le t' anam gu farras Mhic Dhe.

— x —

## CUMHA DO 'N EASBIC FHRISEAL.

LE AILAIN AN RIDGE.

Chualas cinnteach an sgeula,  
 Ceannard priseil na cleire,  
 'Chumadh dileas ri 'cheile iad,  
 'S a stiùireadh dìreach le ceill iad,  
 A bhi 'na shineadh air deilidh gun deo  
 A bhi 'na shineadh, etc.

Is cuis iargain gan dith thu ;  
 Bu tu 'riaghladh 'san fhirinn,  
 Bha do riaghailtean priseil ;  
 Bha do Dhia ann an sith riut,  
 'S tu nach fiaradh 's nach diobradh a choir.

B' e sud urla na feile,  
 A b' fhearr cliu agus ceutadh,  
 Nach d' rinn diu de dh-fhearr feumnach,  
 Ceann-iuil nan diol-deirce,  
 'Bha iochdmhor, ginlanta, beusach, gun gho.

Lamh a shineadh a phailteis,  
 Cridhe 's inntinn a ghaigich,  
 Teanga shiobhalta, bhlasda,  
 Beul na firinn air altair ;  
 'S tu bu mhine 's bu taitniche gloir.

Gnuis mhacanta, chaoimhneil,  
 Aghaidh smachdail an t-saighdeir,  
 Da 'n robh 'n t-aigheadh gun fhoill  
 'Sa chom gun ghaiseadh, gun ghaid ann,  
 'Chum gach fasain is caoimhneis 'bu choir.

Craobh mhullaich gun seargadh,  
 Sar churaidh gun chearb thu ;  
 Leoghann curanta, calma,  
 'Bhuidhneadh urram 's gach fearaghnìomh ;  
 'S tu a b' urrainn 's a dhearb e 's gach doigh.

Bha do phearsa ro mhiaghail,  
 Bha do cheartasan lionmhor,  
 Bha do chleachdanan rianail,  
 Deirceach, traisgeachail, diadhail,  
 Cridhe farsuinn 's e fialaidh mu 'nor.

Bha gach muirn a co-fhas riut,  
 Reachdmhor, luth-chleasach, laidir,

Maiseach, fiughanta, baigheil,  
 Bha thu 'd chliu do na Gaidheil  
 'Bhi air do chunntadh roimh 'n al s' a tha beo.

'N nis bhon chaireadh 'san uir thu,  
 Tha sinn craiteach ga t' ionndrainn ;  
 Thug ar Slanaighear ga ionnsaidh  
 Thu am farras do chrunaidh  
 Gu bhi 'ghnath a seinn cliu ann sa ghloir.

— + —

### ORAN.

A rinneadh le Iain Domhnallach, an Sealgair,  
 mu shia bliadhna an deidh dha tighinn do'n  
 duthaich so.

Mi 'n so am aonar is tric mi 'smaointinn  
 Gur h-iomad caochladh tigh'nn air an t-sluagh ;  
 Cha choir do dhaoine 'bhi gorach daonnan,  
 Ged bhios iad aotrom an dara h-uair,  
 A ruith an t-saoghail 's gun ann ach faoineis,  
 E mar a ghaoth 'bhios ag aomadh uait ;  
 Le 'ghealladh briagach gur beag a's fiach e  
 'Nuair 'theidh do thiodhlaiceadh ann san uaigh.

Ma gheibh fear greim air 's gun dean e storas  
 Gum fas e bosdail 's e mor air cach ;  
 Bidh ad is cleoc air, bidh spuir is botuinnean,  
 Bidh each le pois aige 's *carry-all*,  
 Ma bha thu 'd rogaire tha thu gorach  
 Mar h-iarr thu trocair mun dig am bas ;  
 Theid t' anam bronach a chur 'san doruinn,  
 'S chan fhèarr an t-or dhuit na dorlach cath'.

'Nuair 'bha mi gorach an toiseach m' oige,  
 Cha b' ann do storas a thug mi speis,

Ach siubhal mointich air feadh nam mor bheann,  
 'S bhiodh damh na croic' ann bu bhoidheach gleus.  
 Mu fheill-an-roid gum bu bhinn a chronan  
 'N uair 'bhiodh e deonach 'bhi 'choir na h-eild';  
 B' fhearr nan cuinneadh 'bhi air a chulthaobh  
 Le m' ghunna dubailt' 's le m' chu air eill.

Mo ghaol an cuirtear da m' bi am buirean  
 'N uair chuirteadh cu ris 'bu luthmhor ceum,  
 A ruith gu siubhlach 's e 'gearradh shurdag  
 'S e 'toirt a bhuirn air gu dluth 'na leum.  
 Cha b' iad na luigeanan trom neo-shunndach,  
 Ach gillean subailt' 'bhiodh as a dheidh  
 A bhuidhneadh cuis air le gunna dubailt,  
 Le luaidhe, 's fudar, 's spor ur 'na ghleus.

'Nuair bhiodh e marbh againn 's e gun deo ann,  
 Chan fhaicteadh bronach sinn as a dheidh ;  
 Ach cridheil ceolmhor, 's an cu lan solais  
 Le 'mhala romaich ga chur an geill.  
 Bhiodh botuil mhor' ann de stuth na Toiseachd  
 Is sinn gan ol air a chorr de 'n spreidh ;  
 'Nuair bha sinn ogail gum b'fhearr mar sholas  
 Na cuirt righ Deorsa 'bhi choir an fheidh.

Tha fir am Mabu 'bhios rium ag raitinn  
 Nach h-'eil ach rabhartaich ann am chainnt ;  
 Chan fhac iad aicheadh bhon chaidh an arach  
 No 'rug am mathraichean iad nan clann.  
 'S ann fhuair iad taire mun d' fhas iad laidir  
 A cur buntat' ann am bun nan crann,  
 'Nuair 'bha mi gorach an toiseach m' oige  
 'S mi 'gabhail solais a choir nam beann.

Rinn mi storas greis de m' uine  
 N uair 'bha mi sunndach 'san duthaich thall ;  
 Ach 's duilich leamsa, ge gearr an uine,  
 Gun d' fhas e sumhail le tigh'nn an nall.



Cha dean mi sugradh an lathair cuirte,  
 Bhon dh' fhalbh mo luths dh' fhas mo shuilean  
 dall;  
 'S bhon tholl am *puidse* 'bha dhomh ga ghiulan  
 Cha d' fhuirich crun deth gun dol air chall.

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### DUANAG.

Le Ailain Mac-Gilleain do Dhomhnall Cubair,  
 a mhac, 'nuair a bha Domhnall 'na leanabh.

### LUINNEAG.

*O gur h-e 'n lath' e,  
 Hug is hug is mi 'g eirigh.*

Ged a tha thu gam phianadh  
 Ni thu 'n t-iasgach dhomh f hathast.

Tha do shlat aig Loch Suineart,  
 'S bidh i uine gun snaidheadh.

Tha do dhubhan an Glaschu,  
 'S e tigh'nn dachaidh air athais.

— + —

### ORAN DO MHINISTIR OG.

#### LE IAIN CUIMAIN.

Nach bochd an latha thanic  
 Air Gaidheil nu duthcha s'!  
 Cha chluinn sinn mar a b' abhaist  
 A Ghailic 'sa chubaid.  
 Cha tuig mi luchd a ghramair  
 Le 'n canain mhi-shughair.  
 Mo raghainn cainnt mo mhathar,  
 Is tha mi ga 'h-ionndrainn.

Na daoine aig an robh Ghailic  
 Gach la tha cur cul ruinn ;  
 'S nan amadain ri tair  
 Air a chanain shean chliuitich.  
 'S e 'n saoghal a tha'n lathair  
 Chuir pairt diu dhe 'n cursa ;  
 'S bhon sharaich iad mo nadar  
 Chan aicheidh mi 'chuis sin.

Tha duine tapaidh lamh-ruinn,  
 Gun ardan na ghiulan,  
 Bho 'm faigh sinn brod na Galic,  
 Oir 's Gaidheal gu chul e..  
 'S fear misneachail, gun sgath e,  
 Le gnathachadh cliuiteach ;  
 Is ainm a dol na's airde  
 Gach la ann san duthaich.

Gu dearbh cha b' aithne dhomhsa  
 Duine og ann san duthaich,  
 A dh' innseadh dhuinne cho comhnard  
 Ar goraich 's mi-churam.  
 Ged tha e 'n aghaidh 'n oil  
 Cha bu choir dhuinn 'bhi 'n diomb ris.  
 'S e dhleasannas am poiteir  
 'S a dhoighean a sgiursadh.

Mar chuala mi, tha pairt  
 Ann sa Bhraighe so diombach,  
 Airson e 'bhi 'gan smadadh  
 Mu'n gnathannan bruideil.  
 Na biastan ud gun tamh  
 Bidh 'ga 'chaineadh gu siubhlach ;—  
 Chan iarrainn 'bhi nan aite ;  
 'S mi-shabhailt' an cursa.

Bu dichìollach gach la e  
 Bho n thanic e 'n tubh so,

Ag innse dhuinn mu shlainte  
 'S mu 'n ghradh bha gun tus aig'.  
 Na roinnean bha nan grain leis  
 Is caineadh is culchainnt ;  
 'S ann 'deanamh sith' a bha e,  
 'S gur h-airdid a chliu sin.

Tha meas aig air a Ghailic ;  
 'S ann da-san bu duthchas.  
 Chan fhaiceadh e 'dol bas i,  
 'S chan fhagadh e'n cuil i.  
 Ma bhios mi na mo shlaint'  
 Theid mi bhan,—tha e 'n run orm,  
 A shealltainn air a Ghaidheal  
 Nach aicheadh a dhuthaich.

Mur fuirich e san ait  
 Bidh a chairdean ga 'ionndrainn.  
 Cha chluinn sinn searmon Gailic  
 'S bidh pairt againn tursach.  
 Mo raghainn fein e 'thamh  
 Ach ma dh' fhagas e 'n duthaich  
 Gum biodh an Tì a 's airde  
 Do ghnath na Fhear-iuil dha.

Gu ma fada fallain slan  
 Agus ard ann an cliu e  
 Le neart a reir a laithean  
 Gu h-araid 's a chubaid,  
 Ri faire os cionn nan Gaidheal  
 'Chaidh fhagail fo churam.  
 Gun teagamh 's mor a b' fheairt' iad  
 Mar gheard air an cul e.

## ORAN D'A DHEALBH FHEIN.

LE ALASTAIR DOMHNALLACH.

AM BARD.

'Fhir shiubhail dean innseadh  
 Do 'n uasal Mac-Iosaic  
 Gur toilicht' tha m' inntinn  
 A briodal ri m' chail,  
 Bhon dh' fheuch e dhomh 'n innleachd  
 'S a rinn e gu sìobhalt'  
 Mo choltas ro chinnteach  
 A shineadh dhomh 'm laimh.  
 'N uair ghlac mi 'n am dhorn e  
 Gun d'fhas mi cho leomach  
 'S gun d' shaoil mi gur coirneal  
 Glan og a bha 'm dhail.  
 Bidh na h-ionagan boidheach,  
 'N uair thig iad 'na chomhail,  
 Ga 'shliopadh 's ga 'phogadh  
 'S a feoraich, co e.

Bu bhreamasach dhomhsa  
 Nach faca mi og e,  
 Mun d' cheang' leadh mi 'm posadh  
 Gu deonach ri 'm ghradh;  
 Gum faighinn mar leannan  
 Ban-iarla le 'h-earras,  
 Cho mor 's a bha 'n Sasunn  
 An caisteal a tamh.  
 Gun coisneadh mo dhreach i  
 'Thaobh ailleachd is maise,  
 'S bu mhuirneach i 'n taic rium  
 A glacadh mo laimh.  
 Gur mise 'bhiodh toilicht'  
 Ga 'faicinn mu m' choinnimh,  
 'S mi 'g earbsa ri 'sporan  
 'Thoirt sonais dhomh 's aigh.

## A BHEAN.

'S a dhuine bi ciallach  
 Is faicleach mu d' bhriathran ;  
 Chan fhaca mi riamh  
 Dad de bhriadhachd 'ad ghnuis  
 Le d' bhoilich gun aithne  
 'S ann tha thu 'd chuis-fhanaid ;  
 Ged fhuair thu 'n diugh faileas  
 Cha b' airidh air thu.  
 Gun d' chaill thu do mhath ris  
 Do thur agus t' aithne,  
 'S e 'n crochadh ri balla  
 Fo amharc do shul.  
 Chan fhaigh sinn bonn math' dhiot  
 Bhon fhuair thu 'chuis-mhagaidh,  
 'S b' e turas a bhreamais  
 'Thug dhachaidh e dhuinn.

## AM BARD.

B' e turas na truaighe  
 A cheangail mi 'm buaraich ;  
 'Nuair rinn thu mo bhuannachd  
 Cha b' fhuathach leat mi.  
 Ged dh' fhas thu cho spaideil  
 Bhon fhuair thu fo ghlais mi,  
 B'e m' ainm aig gach caileig  
 An lasgaire grinn.  
 'S gun d' lean e rium fhathast  
 'Bhi taitneach 's gach rathad.—  
 Ged dheant' thusa 'tharruinn  
 Le fearaibh do 'n chill,  
 Gum faighinn-s', ged chanainn,  
 Te 'chunntadh ri baran ;  
 Leig dhiot a bhi glagan,  
 'S mi fada dheth sgith.

## A 'BHEAN.

B' e latha na dunach  
 'Thug bhuainn thu air thuras,  
 Le d' bhosd ga thoirt thugainn  
 Mar ulaidh mor phris.  
 Gum b' fhearr dhuit gun d' fhan thu  
 Gu gnìomhach aig baile ;  
 'S ann tha thu le t' aighear  
 Na d' mhasladh do 'n tir.  
 Le t' iomhaigh an glaine  
 Is t' fhiasag gun bhearradh,  
 Gur coltach do shealladh  
 Ri baigeir air thrìall.  
 Gur dìombach mi 'n bhalach  
 'Rinn t' aogasg a tharruinn,  
 'S nach facas air thalamh  
 Mac-samhuilt dhuit riamh.

## AM BARD.

'S ann agad 'tha 'n teanga  
 Nach obadh an glagan,  
 'S i guineach mar chlàidheabh  
 A ghearradh gach ni.  
 'N uair choltaich thu gaisgeach  
 Ri spagairneach baigeir  
 Gur tu chaidh am mearachd,  
 Cha d' aithnich thu 'phris.  
 'N uair ni mi mo dhreasadh,  
 Is m' fheusag a bhearradh,  
 Gu 'n seall mi cho spaideil  
 Ri neach tha san tir.  
 'S e t' aigne bhi falamh,  
 Gun tuigse, gun aithne,  
 'Chuir buaireadh is dalladh  
 An amharc do chinn.

## A BHEAN.

Chan ionghnadh dhomh dalladh  
 Is buaireadh 'bhi agam  
 'N uair chi mi air ais thu  
 'S gach maitheas ga d' dhith  
 Ged rachainn bhon bhaile  
 Bidh tus' aig an fhaileas  
 'N uair thilleas mi dhachaidh  
 'S tu crathadh do chinn.  
 Bidh iadsan dha 'n aithn' thu  
 Gu tric ort a fanaid ;  
 'S gun canar 'sgach baile  
 Gur fear thu gun ni.  
 Ged rachadh do tharruinn  
 Le dealbhadair Shasuinn  
 Cha sealladh tu 'n glasraich  
 Ach prabach gun phris.

## AM BARD.

O, Mhari leig seachad  
 Droch canran an teallaich,  
 'S mi 'g eisdeachd ga m' aindeoin  
 Ri d' ghlagail gun tur.  
 An t-uasal a tharruinn dhomh  
 M' iomhaigh an glaine  
 Gun deanadh e 'cheannach  
 Nan gabhainn na cruin  
 Gach neach dha bheil aithne,  
 'S geur-thuigseach 'n am barail,  
 Gun d' choltaich iad m' fhaileas  
 Ri cnapairneach diuc'.  
 'N uair ghabh iad dheth sealladh.  
 De 'chumadh 's de 'earradh,  
 Gun dug e gu dalladh  
 Beachd amharc an sul.

## A BHEAN.

'S bhon dh' fheumas na mnathan  
 Bhi strìochdte dha 'm fearaibh,  
 Biodh sìth le deagh chaidreamh  
 'G a caitheamh gach trath;  
 Ged leanamaid seachdainn  
 Gun cluicheadh an ceart leam,  
 'S gun bhuille 'n t-slait-smachdaich  
 A thachairt 'am dhail.  
 Mur deanadh tu tarruinn  
 Gum faighinn rud fhathast  
 A chuireadh gu h-ealamh  
 Gach bagradh gu tamh.  
 'S ged tha thu 't fhearr-facail  
 'S tu 'n comhnuidh ga 'chleachdadh,  
 Cha diobrainn mo bheachd  
 Air na labhair mi 'n dan.

## AM BARD.

'S a Mhari thoir barail  
 De 'n reusan nach gabhar  
 Gu freagairt aig altair  
 'H-aon agaibh ri 'r beo.  
 'S e deireadh gach facail  
 'Chuir sud as bhur caraibh;  
 'Bhi daonnan ga 'chleachdadh  
 Gur mearachd ro mhor.  
 Ged leanadh an sagairt  
 Am Beurla 's an Laideann  
 Cha chuireadh e grabadh  
 Air glagail do bheoil;  
 Ach sioram le sarum  
 Mar shruthan le gleannan;  
 Cha 'n ionghnadh do theanga  
 'Bhi tana gu leoir



## A BHEAN.

'S a dhuine bi tosdach  
 'S leig dhìot gach droch chosan,  
 'S do bhriathran gun fhosadh  
 'Toirt mosglaidh do m' chail. .  
 Bhon fhuair thu mi 'n toiseach  
 Chan iarradh tu tochradh  
 Gus 'n do thionndaidh na roithean,  
 'S 'n do nochd iad muir-traigh.  
 'S e faileas na bochduinn  
 'Thug t' ardan gu rosad ;  
 Mur bi sinn ga d' mholadh  
 Bidh cron bhuait gun tamh.  
 Ged thigeadh fìor choigrich  
 Ghan f'hag thu aig fois iad  
 Bidh t' iomhaigh 'g a mholadh  
 'S ga thomhadh 'n an dail

## AM BARD.

Gu sìth agus sìochainnt  
 'Bhi 'n cleachdadh gu sìorruith,  
 Cha lean sinn air briathran  
 'Bheir riasan do chach  
 Gu spors' a bhi aca  
 Mu 'r comhradh 's mu'r cleachdadh :  
 Mo bheannachd biodh leat  
 Is leig seachad do dhan.  
 Ma gheallas tu sud dhomh  
 Gum faigh sinn gach piseach,  
 'S bidh tus' agus mis'  
 Ann am meas mar a bha ;  
 'S theid cnamhan an teallaich  
 Leinn fhuadach air aineoil,  
 'S cha chluinn neach air thalamh  
 Na 'bh againn an drast.

## CUMHA.

D'a mhathair, nighean do Dhomhnall Cubair,  
le Domhnall Mac-Gillemhaoil am Priceville.

## LUINNEAG.

*Tha mi 'n nochd gun mhathair dluth dhomh;  
Tha i 'n cadal trom na h-urach;  
Tha mi 'n nochd gun mhathair dluth dhomh;  
Fath mo thurs' i bhi gam dhith.*

'N uair a dhireas mi am bruthach  
Chan fheil te ann 'ni rium fughair ;  
Tha mo mhathair 'san taigh chumhann,  
'S bidh mi muladach ga caoidh.

O, gur h-ise 'chaidh a bhualadh  
Leis an doruinn a bha fuath'sach ;  
Cha robh lighiche mu 'n cuairt dhuinn  
'Bheireadh fuasgladh dhi car tim'.

Tha mi bronach, tha mi deurach  
Tha mo chridhe air a leireadh,  
Bhon a charadh i 'san leine ;  
Tha mi eisleineach gun chli.

Gur h-e 'm bas an teachdair gruamach ;  
'S iomad dorus aig am buail e ;  
'S iomad aon gam fagail truagh leis,  
'S e toirt bhuap' an luaidh do 'n chill.

Gu bheil m' athair dubhach, tursach,  
'S e gach la is oidhch' ag ionndrainn  
Na te chaoimhneil, aoibheil, chliuitich  
'Bheireadh umhlachd dha 's gach ni.

'S trom an sac a tha ga 'mhuchadh,  
'S geur an gath a tha ga 'chiuradh,

'S tric a dheoir a ruith gu siubhlach ;  
Ann san uir tha run a chridh'.

Buidheachas do 'n Ti a's airde  
Gun do dh-ullaich E 'na ghradh i  
Chum 's gum biodh i ann am farras  
'Seinn gu brath air clarsaich bhinn.

Colin Macmillan of Bail'-a-phuill, Tyree, was married to Catherine, daughter of Donald Maclean, Domhnall Cubair, of the same place. They came from Scotland in August, 1851, and settled in Priceville, Ontario. Mrs. Macmillan died July 13th, 1883. She was in the 72nd year of her age.

## CUMHA.

Do Ruari Mac-Leoid, a chaochail sa bhliadhna 1884. Bha e ochd bliadhna diag air fhichead de dh-aois

LE SINE NIC-LEOID, A PHIUTHAR.

FONN.—*Chaidh mo mhulad am miad.*

Fhuair mi naidheachd Di-luain,  
Sgeula dubhach 'bha cruaidh gu leoir,  
Mo brathair caomh Ruairi,  
'Bhi na laighe 's e fuar air bord,  
'S beag a bh' agam-sa 'dhuil  
Nach faicinn am fiuran beo ;  
'S luath leam 'thanic am bas ;  
Thug e bhuamsa mo bhraithren og'.

Gur a muladach mi,  
Gu bheil ceithrear dhiu sint' fo 'n fhoid ;

Chan fheil agam ri m' thaobh  
 Dhiu an diugh ach an aon fhear beo.  
 Bha iad foghainteach treun,  
 Bha iad eireachdail, ceillidh, coir ;  
 Ach le saighdean a bhais  
 Chaidh iad seachad mar bhlath an fheoir.

Sud an teachdair' gun truas !  
 Dh' fhagadh iomadach gruidh fo dheoir,  
 'N uair a dh' innseadh mu 'n cuairt  
 Nach bu bheo thus', a Ruari Oig.  
 Bho 'n la 'thugadh thu bhuaip'  
 Tha do bhantrach dheth truagh le bron ;  
 Bu tu 'n aghaidh gun ghruaim  
 'Nam bhi suidhe mu 'n cuairt do 'n bhord.

Gur a mis' 'th' air mo chradh  
 'S mi a fiachainn ri dan 'chur sios ;  
 Bu tu brathair na baigh',  
 B'e bhi caoimhneil do ghnaths rium riamh.  
 Cha do rinn mi car slan  
 Bhon a chuir iad thu 'n caradh sios  
 'N ciste chumhainn nam bord,  
 'S chan fheil duil ris a bhron s' 'chur dhiom.

Leam a's duilich do chlann,  
 Dhaibh a dh'eirich an call tha mor ;  
 Ged tha 'm mathair nan ceann  
 Gur a lag iad ri geamhradh reot'.  
 Tha 'n cul-taice 'sa chill,  
 'M fear a chumadh gach ni air doigh,  
 A bha baigheil 'na chainnt,  
 Agus cridheil gun sgraing, gun phrois.

'S tric a smaointeachadh mi  
 Air an turus a mhill do shnuadh ;  
 Fhuair thu aiceid do bhais  
 Ann an tir nam beann arda, fuar.

Ged a gheibheadh tu 'dh-or  
 Luach na h-oighreachd a 's mo thar cuan  
 B' fhearr leam sealladh dhiot beo ;  
 Cha chuir saibhreas dubh-bhron air ruaig.

Bha thu furanach, fial,  
 Cha do chleachd thu bhi crion mar sheol ;  
 Bha thu tuigseach lan ceill,  
 Bha do ghluasad le speis do 'n choir.  
 B' e do chomhradh mo mhiann,  
 'S tric a chuireadh e dhiom mo bhron ;  
 Tha mi 'n nise leam fhin ;  
 Dh' fhalbh fear-comuinn mo chridh' 's mo threoir.

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Jane Macleod was born in the Isle of Skye. She lives in Caledonia, Prince Edward Island. She came to this country with her parents, John Macleod and Margaret Matheson, about the year 1851. She has composed several short poems, and has a great number of excellent old songs by heart.

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## ORAN.

Do dhuin' uasal de Chlann-Ghilleain, le fear  
 a fhuair a thogail 'na theaghlach.

Gur tric teachdair' orm fein  
 Ga mo ghreasad gu eug ;  
 'S mor m' eagal nach feud mi cumail ris.  
 Gur tric teachdair' etc.

'S e a liuthad beachd sgeul  
 'Tha mi faighinn mu d' dheibh'nn  
 'Chuir mo chridhe ga leir an truimead dheth.

'S e mo chruadal 's mo chall  
Do chuairt am measg Ghall,  
'Fhir ruaidh a dh-fhan thall bho 'n uiridh bhuainn.

Fhuair thu toghaidh bho 'n righ,  
Chuir thu fothad gach ni,  
Ghlac thu 'm bogha 's na criochaibh Lunnaineach.

Air chabhsair 'measg Ghall  
'S tu gu 'm buidh'neadh an geall ;  
Gur h-e mise 'bha thall 's a chunnaic sin.

'Nuair a fhuair thu o 'n t-slogh  
Lan t' aide dhe 'n or,  
Gur a h-iomad fear-cleoc' 'thug urram dhuit.

Bu tu 'm marcaiche teann  
Air an each bu mhor srann ;  
'S tu gum 'b urrainn an ceann a chumail riu.

'Nuair a rachadh tu suas  
Air an each 'bu leoir luais  
Bhiodh am faine caol, cruaidh, 'ga luimead leat.

'N uair a rachadh tu 'shealg,  
B' e do leannan mar arm  
Pic de 'n t-Sasunnaich dheirg, chruaidh, fhulang-  
aich ;

It an fhir-eoin o'n charn,  
Is crann liobharr' o'n cheard,  
Bian 'bu dioniche 's calg na h-iomairt' ort.

Gum bu bheadarrach mi  
Ann ad sheileir air fion,  
Ann ad chaidreamh gun dith, gun uireasbhuidh.

'N uair a shumhlaicheadh cach  
'Sios air urlar do bhat,  
'S tu gu 'n stiuireadh gu laidir urrant' i.

'Mach o f heartan an Treith  
 'Chuir an anail so 'm chre,  
 Gur a tusa 'n lamh threun 'rinn duinen dhiom.

— x —

## ORAN DO DH-EACHANN MAC-NEILL BHARRA.

Is ann an nochd a tha mi 'm thosd,  
 Fear na mor thoirt dh'fhag sinn.  
 Cha robh aig leigh ceirain gu feum,  
 Dh' fhalbh am fear treun daichal  
 O, sud an ceum bu ro mhath gleus,  
 'Siubhal an deidh lan-daimh;  
 O, sud an t-suil 'bu ro mhath tur  
 Am frith nan stuc arda.

Chunnacas uair 's do chas bu luath  
 A dh' fhalbh air cruas fasich.  
 Snuadh ort mar aol, gruidh mar an caor,  
 'S gum b' uaibhreach craobh t' ardain.  
 Bha t' fhalt cha bhreug mar aital theud,  
 Gast agus reidh ar-bhuidh;  
 Do shuil bu gheur, 's clach innt' mar leug,  
 'S do chuma gu leir aluinn.

Bu ghaist air blar fo aital arm  
 Gaisgeach do dhealbh aluinn:  
 Claidheabh neo-mhaol, gunna 'bheoil chaoil,  
 'S daga nach b' fhaoin lamhach;  
 Biodag gheur, chruaidh, liobharr', o'n ghual,  
 Sniomhan is duail mheanbh oirr';  
 Do mhiann na seoid a chleachd bhi mor,  
 Na gaisgich og' chalma.

Bu sgiobair cuain thu ri la fuar,  
 Ged bhiodh ann cruaidh sheideadh;

Bu cheillidh ciuin do bheum air Stiuir,  
 A reiteach shugh leumnach,  
 'S do bhat' a falbh gu sunndach, calm,  
 Gun fhiamh roimh 'n fhaire' bheucich.  
 'Gabhail gu tir rathad an ri,  
 Bu shamhuilt 'n fhior threin thu.

Ged tha mi 'm dhall 's leir dhomh an call  
 'Rug air do dhream mhuint'rech.  
 Do thriall mo thuath 's e 'liath mo ghruag,  
 Do chur ann am bruaich tunga,  
 'N eaglais nan ceut far a bheil sreud ;  
 B' iat sin am freumh urail.  
 Dh' iomain an sguab fine dheas uainn,  
 Cinneadh nam buadh cliuiteach.



## CUMHA

*Do duine uasal de Chlann-Domhnaill.*

Ge socrach a tha 'n leaba so,  
 Gur h-olc a chulaidh chadail i,  
 'S a mhuinntir a dh' fhalbh fada bhuainn,  
 'S gach aon neach a bhi bagradh oirnn: —  
 B' iad fhein na fir 'bu taitniche  
 'S ann aca 'bha 'n deagh ghnaths  
 B' iad fhein, etc.

Gu bheil mi sgith 's mi muladach,  
 Gu bheil mi cianail, duilich, trom,  
 On threig an cabhlach uile sinn  
 Mar sud is ceann ar cumalach ;  
 A righ gur mor ar n-uireasbhuidh  
 Mu 'n churaidh sin a b' fhearr.

Mo churaidh treubhach, eolach, thu  
 De 'n fhior fhuil uasail, Dhomhnallaich ;



Gun rachadh fir an ordagh leat,  
 Gun deanteadh iomad stroiceadh leat ;  
 Bu smachdail, reachdmhor, morchuisseach thu  
 'Dol 'an ordagh blair.

Gur mac do 'n churaidh euchdach thu,  
 Do dheagh Mhac Eoin Mhic Sheumais thu,  
 Dha 'm biodh an sluagh cruaidh beumannach,  
 Sgun d'rinn Mac-Leoid dha geilleachdainn ;  
 Mur faigheadh e deagh reite bhuaibh  
 Chan fheudadh e bhi slàn.

Gur cairdeach do Ghilleasbic thu,  
 'S do'n chuirteir a b' fhearr deisearachd ;  
 Sar cheannard fhear is fhleasgach thu,  
 As a bhlar cha teicheadh tu,  
 'S gun aithnicheadh fear do leth-truim  
 Far an leagadh tu do lamh.

Gur car do Mhac-'Ic-Ailein thu,  
 Mar sin gur e do charaid e ;  
 Gur cairdeach do Bhrian Ballach thu,  
 'S do Dhomhnall Gorm nach maireann thu ;  
 'S gur h-ionnan dhuit 's do dh-Alastair  
 Bha 'n carraid Innsibh-Gall.

Gur cairdeach do rìgh Fionnghall thu,  
 Mar sin is do dh-Iarl' Anntrum thu,  
 'S gum b' ait leis a bhi 'g iomradh ort ;—  
 Cha robh do lamh- sa iomrallach ;  
 A dh' aon neach 'dheanadh tionndadh riut  
 Chan ionndrainneadh e 'm bas.

An la 'bha blar na criche ann  
 Bha sinne dubhach cianail dheth,  
 Bha 'm fiuran foinnidh fìor ghlic ann,  
 Slat ur de 'n choill gun chrionaich thu ;  
 Gur car do dh-Aonghas Ileach thu  
 Bha treis 'san righeachd thall.

Mo dhunach mar a dh'eirich dhomh,  
 Gur bronach an deidh t'eige mi ;  
 Cha b' i a chreach gun eirig i,  
 Bu chliu gach cuis a dh' eireadh leat ;  
 'S gum b' ainmeil aig na h-Eirionnaich  
 'Bha treubhantas do lamh.

Nan dugteadh marbh gu d' dhachaidh thu,  
 Gun seinnteadh piob, 's bhiodh brataichean  
 Os cionn do choluinn mhaiseachail,  
 'Gad thoirt gu sgireachd Chlachanaibh :  
 Bhiodh mnathan uaisle 'n taice riut  
 'Sior-acain mu do bhas.

---

James, first Macdonald of Kingsburgh, was the second son of Domhnall Gruamach, fourth Macdonald of Sleat. He was succeeded by his son John, and John by his son Donald. This Donald was known as Domhnall Mac Iain Mhic Sheumais. He was a distinguished warrior. He defeated the Macleods in several engagements. Alexander, his eldest son and successor, fought under Montrose. Alexander was killed in the battle of Killiecrankie in 1689. He seems to have been the subject of the poem.

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ORAN.

Do dhuine uasal araid, an deidh a bhais, le  
 oide.

Gur a beag a shaoil mi  
 'N toiseach Mart chur an t-sil  
 Gun sgaoileadh do ni bho m' chro.  
 Gur a beag etc.

Gur a h-ìomadh long bhan  
 'Chuir mi dhuit air an t-snamh,  
 Nach giulaineadh ramh no seol ;

Agus saighead chinn chaoil  
 A leig mi le gaoith  
 'Dheanamh aighir do m'ghaol de m' dheoin.

Tha thu 'n clachan an aoil  
 Fo uisge 's fo ghaoith,  
 Far nach dig do bhean ghaoil 'ad choir ;

Ann an ciste 'chinn chaoil,  
 Air a sparradh le saor,  
 Far nach atharraich gaoth do neoil ;

Is a h-iuchair chan iarr mi  
 'S a fosgladh cha dean,  
 Is cha choisich thu 'n sliabh a'm' choir ;

Ach a dheagh Mhic-a-Phi,  
 Slan do thighinn do 'n tir  
 'S cairdeach 'n fhear thu bha 'n I fo bhord.

'Mhic an athar 'bha treun  
 'Nuair a dh'iarrt' e gu feum,  
 'S gum bu cheannard roimh cheud e 'falbh.

'S mise fein nach robh glic,  
 Ged a b'urail mo ghibht,  
 'S nach robh agam ort idir coir.

'S e Di-ciadain a bh'ann  
 'Nuair a thanic an t-am,  
 'Fhir bu mhillis leam cainnt do bheoil.

'Thi tha 'n cathair an t-sluaigh,  
 S tu 'thug dhomh 's a thug bhuam ;  
 Beannachd 'm anma leis 'suas gu gloir.

---

The Macduffies or Macphies were a small clan in Argyleshire. They owned the Island of Colonsay, which was their original home. Their chief, Malcolm Macphie, was killed by Cola Ciotach Macdonald in 1623. Some of them settled in Lochaber. These followed Cameron of Lochiel.



## ORAN

DO MHAC-FHIONGHAIN AN T-SRATHA.

'Fhir ud shiubhlas an rod,  
Thoir bhuam soiridh no dho  
Gu long-phort nan seol  
Far a bheil na fir chrodha threuna.  
Fhir ud 'shiubhlas etc.

Chan ann thun an fhuinn,  
Ach gu fear a chuil duinn  
Dha'n dug mi-fhin m'uidh,  
A righ, nar fhaicear mi 'caoidh mu d' dheinibh ;

Gu taigh ceile mo ruin,  
Fear a b'eibhinne turn,  
'S bu neo-eucorach cuis ;  
'S tu nach h-eisdeadh ri cul-chainnt bhreige.

'Mheud 's 'g an labhradh am beoil,  
'S tu nach h-aontaicheadh leo,  
Ach a feitheamh gu foil  
Gus an cluinneadh tu doigh an sgeil sin.

Bheirt' a bhrigh leat a steach  
Gu ciuin faighidneach ceart,  
Le rioghalachd phailt,  
'S gum bu chinnteach a shnas o d' bheul-sa.

'N uair a shineadh tu 'n lamh  
Is a lubadh tu 'n ramh

Gum bu ghile i na'n cnaimh ;  
 'S gum bu mhiannach le cach 'bhi t' eisdeachd.

Cha robh coire 'gad choir,  
 Bho d'uilinn gu d' dhorn,  
 Bho do mhullach gu d' bhroig,  
 Ach a chruime 'lha'd shroin 's cha b' eitidh.

Cha bhi mise ri cainnt  
 Ort na 's fhaide aig an am s';  
 Chi mi 'bhuil air do chlann  
 Gur h-e 'n fhirinn 'tha 'm rann 's nach breug e.

---

As "mu d' dheinibh" is what is in the manuscript we allow it to stand. It is used at least in parts of Argyleshire.

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x

### CUMHA.

Do Mhorair Tairbeirt a dh'eug, 's e 'na  
 dhuine og.

Tha mi fada gun dusgadh  
 'N seombar cadail 'n taigh duinte ;  
 Cha d'leig fadachd dhomh 'n tus dol a' m' eideadh.  
 Thn mi fada etc.

Fhuair mi naidheachd o'n t-searman,  
 Gun do dh-eug Morair Tairbeirt ;  
 'S gur h-ann leamsa bu shearbh i r'a h-eisdeachd.

Ma tha 'n sgeula lan dhearbhte,  
 'S mor air maithibh fir Alb' e ;  
 Ach air m'fhirinn gum b'fhearr leam 'na bhreig e.

Chaill mi'n stiuir a bh'air m'ardraich,  
Iuchair dhunaidh mo cheabainn,  
Mo chairt iuil, mo chroinn arda, 's mo speuclair.

Chaill mi 'n t-aobharrach maiseach,  
Muirneach, moralach, dreachmhor,  
Mun d'rug aois a bhi t' ochd bliadhna deug ort ;

Agus marcach eich uaibhrich  
Air clar machair a chruadhlaich ;  
Nam bu mhaireann bu bhuachaille air sreud thu.

Bu chraobh ard ann san lios thu,  
'Thilgeadh straic de shar mheas dith ;  
'S mairg pairc air 'n do bhristeadh 'na geig i ;

Slat de'n abhal a b'uire,  
'Dh' fhas fo chnothan 's fo ubhlan ;  
Tha 'nis snodhach a cuil air a treigsinn.

Ann an cruinneachadh duthcha,  
'N lathair seisein no cuirte,  
Bhiodh do sheise 'n taigh buth' an Duneideann.

Chuir thu 'n t-Easbic an gainntir,  
Chum thu deasbud gun taing ris ;  
Bu neo-fhiosrach an ceanntart roimh chleir e.

Tha do dhuthaich na bocan,  
'S i gun aighear, gun cheol innt',  
Is do dhuthaich Mhic-Leoid cho mho theid mi.

Ged a chuireadh iad ann mi,  
'Bhail'-a-mhuilinn sin Anndra,  
'S beag mo speis do dhol ann 's gun thu f hein ann.

## ORAN.

Mu chor na Rioghachd 'sa bhliadhna 1716, le  
te de Chlann Mhic-Gillesheathanaich.

'S tearc an diu mo chuis ghaire  
Bhon chaidh Albainn gu strith.  
Fo bhreitheanas namhaid  
A Rìgh, na fag sinn air dìth ;  
Tog fein do chrois taraidh  
'Thoir nan cairdean gu tìr ;  
Ann am purgadair tha sinn,  
Thoir gu grasmhor dhuinn sìth.

Chaidh an saoghal gu bagradh,  
'S eiginn aideachadh leam ;  
Faic a choir air a diobradh,  
Chaill am fhirinn a bonn.  
Tha na h-urrachan priseil  
Gan cur sìos mar am moll,  
Aig fìor Chuigse na rioghachd  
'Cur nan disnean a fonn.

'Athair, seall oirnn 'san tìm so  
Bhon tha 'n iobairt ud trom ;  
A Chuigs' a botadh na binne,  
Gu de 'nì sinn air lom ?  
Luchd a dh' fhadadh am Biobal  
'Thoir bho'n fhirinn a bonn ;  
Fhuair fìr Shasuinn an stiopal.  
'N deidh an rìgh 'chur air luing.

Biobh ag urnaigh le dìchioll  
Dia 'chur dìon air an luing.  
Tha am post air a dhiobradh  
Is tha 'n stiobal ud lom,  
'S an t-oighre tuisleach a dìreadh,  
Bhon 's e ar mìorun a thoill.

Do luchd mortadh na firinn'  
'S mor na libhrigeadh leinn.

'Dhream nan cealgan 'bu lionmhor,  
'Chuir an righ ud air ghluas'd,  
Dhuisg sibh corraich an Fhreasdail,  
'S plaigh o 'n easbic bhur buaidh.  
Rinn sibh Anna a charadh  
Gun a bas a thoirt 'suas,  
'S chuir sibh Seumas air saile,  
Sgeul a chraidh sinn ri uair.

Shaoileadh Seumas og Stiubhart,  
Fhad 's 'bhiodh triuir air a sgath,  
Nach dugadh Gordanaich cul ris,  
A gheall a chuis air a chlar  
Ged tha 'n coileach 'na fhuidse,  
Cha b' e dhuthchas bhi bath ;  
'S olc a dhearbha thu do dhurachd  
Gus an crun 'thoirt a cas.

Tha do chairdean mor uasal,  
'S iad fo ghruaim riut gach la,  
'S eiginn daibh a bhi 'm fuath riut,  
Ged is cruaidh e ri radh.  
Bhrisd thu 'n cridhe le smuairean  
'N aobhar buairidh no dha ;  
'S tha cach ag eigheach mu 'n cuairt duit  
Gun deach do chruadal mu lar.

Air dhomh tionndadh 'am leaba,  
Chaidh an cadal air chall ;  
M' aobhar clisgidh a dhuisg mi,  
Shil mo shuilean gu trom.  
'S ann tha Caisteal na Maighe  
'M bu tric tathaich nan sonn,  
'N diugh na fhasach gun uaislean,  
Is gun tuath bhi mu 'bhonn.



Gu bheil caisteal na tairne  
 Mar nach b' abhaist gun smuid,  
 Is tha bhaintighearna ghasda  
 An deidh pasgadh a ciuil.  
 'S tric a deoir air a rasgaibh  
 Mu Shir Lachainn nan tur,  
 Bhon chaidh prison an Sasunn  
 Air na gaisgich nach lub.

Tha do chomhlaichean glaiste,  
 'S tha do gheatachan duint',  
 Oig phriseil na pailte,  
 'S chan ann le airc no le gnuig.  
 'S e 'bhi 'n toir air a cheartas  
 'Chuir air aiseag thu null ;  
 Ghabh thu toiseach a ghatair  
 Ged a sharaicheadh thu.

Mo chreach, Uilleam a Bhorluim  
 'Bhi aig Deorsa 'na thur,  
 Am fear misneachail, morail,  
 Lean a choir air a cul.  
 Beinn Shioin nach diobair,  
 Cridhe dileas gun lub,  
 'S e fo chomhla gu diblidh  
 'N diugh ga 'dhiteadh 's gach buth.

A Rìgh ghloirmhoir nam feartan,  
 Tionndaidh 'n reachd so mu 'n cuairt ;  
 Thoir gach duthchasach dhachaidh  
 'Dh 'fhalbh air seacharan bhuainn,  
 Mac-an-Toisich nam bratach  
 Is Clann Chatain nam buadh,  
 A ghabh fogradh o 'n aithribh,  
 'S cha b' ann le masladh nan ruag

Chuir e m' inntinn gu leughadh  
 Gu de mar dh' eirich so dhuinn.

'M faic thu 'n t-eilean 'na eunar  
 Gun aobhar eibhnis 'na thur?  
 Far am b' aighearach teudan  
 An am eirigh do 'n chuir;  
 'S fion na Spaine ga 'eigheach  
 Air slainte Sheumais a chruin.

'M faic thu 'n t-uachdaran breige  
 Air aon ghleus ris a Phap?  
 'S iad a damnadh a cheile  
 On la 'dh'eirich am brath;  
 Gur a tursach an sgeul e  
 Bhi ga 'eisdeachd bho chach;  
 Mheall thu coileach na feile,  
 'S dhìt a chleir e gu bas.

Coileach dona gun fhirinn,  
 Ghibht e 'chirean 's a ghras.  
 Dh'eigh e 'n t-eitheach 'san rioghachd,  
 Is cha dirich e sparr.  
 Ma gheibh Mac-Cailein 'na linn thu,  
 Bheir e cis dhiot nach fearr;  
 'S daor a phaigheas tu 'n tim so  
 Airson na firinn a bha.

Gur a sean leam a choir sin  
 A th' aig Deors' air a chrun;  
 Ma 's i Chuigs' tha ga sheoladh  
 Guidheam leon air a chuis'  
 Ghlac thu 'n t-urram air Fostar  
 'S bu daor an comhrag sin duinn;  
 Ach sgrios a thigh'nn air a gharradh  
 Mun cinn barr ann na's mu.

---

William Mackintosh of Borlum, known as the Brigadier, was born about the year 1663. He was a graduate of King's College, Aberdeen. He served for some time in the French army. He took an active part with John Erskine,

Earl of Mar, in the rebellion of 1715. He was among the prisoners taken at Preston. He escaped from prison in May, 1716. He died in 1743. Lachlan, chief of the Mackintoshes, was also taken prisoner at Preston.

— x —

## ORAN.

Do dhuine uasal araid.

'S trom's chan aotrom an t-aiseag  
Bho nach d'fhuaras o 'n ghaisgeach ;  
Bha thu shiol nan righ reachdmhor so 'dh'eug.

'S car thu 'dh-Eachann han luireach,  
Dh'an dug mi toiseach mo shugraidh,  
Ged a dh'fhag thu mi 'n Diura leam fein.

Bha do chairdeas o thoiseach  
Do dh-fhuil dhirich righ Lochlainn  
Is do'n Iarla 'rinn lot an Strath-Spe.

Is gur car do Mhac-Leoid thu  
Is do thighearna Chnoideart,  
'S do Mhac Iain Stiubhart o Mhorthir nan geug.

Ann ann toiseach na h-armachd,  
'S mi gun taghadh mar arm dhuit,  
Oigeir sheadhaich 's neo-dhearmadach beus,

An claidheabh gorm, tana,  
Dha 'm bi faobhar geur fallain,  
Lamh thu leigeadh na fala gu feur.

Gum bu mhath leat glac liobhar  
Mar ri iteach an fhior-eoin  
Air a ceangal le sioda 's le ceir.

Nam bithinn-sa 'm urrainn  
Gur h-ann leatsa a chuirinn,  
'S mi gum buaileadh mo bhuille as do sgeith.

Gu ma slan 's gu ma h-iomlan  
Do'n ti 'tha mi 'g iomradh,  
Ged a rinneadh leat iomrall orm fein.

— x —

## ORAN.

Do dh-Ailain Mac-Gilleain, Tighearna nan  
Drimnean, le duine bochd de Chlann-Domhnaill  
a bha falbh feadh na duthcha.

Tha mi 'm Muile 'san am,  
Chi mi duthaich nam beann,  
'N goir a chubhag an am a cheitein  
Tha mi 'm Muile etc.

Tha mi toileach 'bhi cainnt  
Air an Ailain ud thall,  
Theid air thapadh an am an fheuma.

'N am dhuit suidhe 'sa chuirt,  
Cha b' ann air an cul ;  
Cha bu chladhaire 'ad chuisibh fein thu.

Fhad 's a bhitheas tu beo  
Chan e 'm farasd do leon ;  
'S ann a dheanadh tu choir de'n eucoir.

Cha do sheall thu air lar  
'N uair a thug thu'n ceum ard,  
'S cha do ghabh thu cead chaich mu dheinibh.

Ghlac thu 'n eucag air laimh,  
Slat de 'n abhall fo bhlath,  
Thug thu dhachaidh gu t' aite fein i.

De'n fhuil uaibhrich tha 'n t-slat ;  
'S lionmhor fuaran gle bhras  
'Tha mu 'guillibh a gleachd ri 'cheile ;

Bho Loch-Buidhe nam fear,  
 'S nan ard bhaidealan geal';—  
 'S lionmhor maighdean gun smal 'cur greis ann ;

'S bho Dhun-Olla 'm bi 'n ceo,  
 Agus urram gach gleois ;  
 Cuim am fagainn de m' dheoin a'm' dheidh iad ?

'S fada chathaidh ort cliu ;  
 Thug thu 'n t-urram sin dhiu  
 Eadar Muile 's an tur an Sleite.

Dhomhsa dheirich an call  
 Bho 'n chaidh 'm eigheach air charn ;  
 'S truagh mar faigh mi o Mhari reite.

Tha mi t' ionndraichinn bhuam,  
 Tha mo phoca fo ghruaim  
 Bho na sguir an te ruadh 'chur sheud ann.



## AN CREACHADAIR.

Gur h-e 'n robair ro laidir  
 'Rinn mo mhalaid a spuinneadh,  
 'S a chuir toradh mo shaothrach  
 Ga sgaoileadh feadh duthcha  
 Chan fhaod mi 'bhi gearan  
 Mu na ghabh e de m' chuinneadh ;  
 Ach chan aill leam 'bhi falamh  
 Gu bhi ceannach sheud ur dha.

Gur a h-iomadh seud buadhach  
 'Thugadh bhuam-s' ann san tur ud,  
 'Ghleidheadh m' aran dhomh lathail  
 Gun lapaireachd turna.

'N uair a chluinn iad mar tha mi,  
'S gur balg fas 'th' air mo ghiulan,  
Cha bhuidhinn mi fardach  
Ach le canran is durachd.

Ach mu 'n bhaintighearn' sin Mairi  
Mhor, narach, shar chliuteach,  
Dha bheil subhailcean sar mhath  
'Thaobh nadair is duthchais,  
Cha bu chomainn domh aireamh  
Sgeul nar air a cul-se ;  
Ach bha h-impidh ro laidir  
Mu mo mhalaid-s' a spuinneadh.

'N uair 'thig Alastair Snodgras  
Gun doichioll, gun euradh,  
Agus cupaill de bhotuill  
Ann am fochair a sgeithe,  
'S a chluinnear an gogan  
Gun dean sogan oirnn eirigh ;—  
'S bu bhinn sin 'sa mhaduinn  
Seach tabait luchd-streupa.

Tha bean uasal 'sa bhaile s'  
'S Tuath De Danann an deidh oirr',  
Catriona nigh'n Mhurchaidh  
Bean 'tha iomlan na ceutadh.  
Le maoiseagan eorna  
Bheir i 'n eolas gu feum dhuinn,  
'S iad nan cleasaichean neonach  
Aic' air bord a luchdh-feille.

---

Bha druidheachd aig Tuath De Danann. Rachadh  
aca air iad-fein a chur an riochd uisge-bheatha. 'S ann an  
sin a bhiodh iad 'nan cleasaichean neonach. Maoiseag, a  
small basket, a little bag.

## COMHRADH.

EADAR SGIOBAIR AGUS A SHOITHEACH.

## AN SOITHEACH.

Nam faighinn-sa mar-rìum  
 Na daoine bu mhath leam,  
 Gun sininn ri Manain  
 Le barantas cruaidh.  
 Chuirinn Patric an urras,  
 Ged chairt' air mo mhuin e,  
 Nach h-eil gearr ann sa mhunadh  
 A chumadh rium luaths.  
 Ged leanadh iad dluth mi  
 Air thailleabh mo chunraidh,  
 Chuirinn failt air mo dhuthaich  
 Ach siuil a bhi suas.  
 Le cursaireachd bhoidhich  
 Bheirinn ionnsaidh air Roaig,  
 'S gheibhteadh rud air mo bhord  
 A chuireadh boilich mu'n cuairt.

Gu bheil m'inntinn ag eirigh  
 Ris na ruitheannan eutrom ;  
 'S gur h-e mise tha gleusda  
 Gu reubadh a chuain,  
 'S mi nach eisdeadh gu dilinn  
 Ri soirbheas glan cinnteach,  
 Le sgioba math dileas,  
 'S gach ni airson gluas'd.  
 Bhon dh' fhas mi mion eolach  
 Eadar Eirinn is Morthir  
 Gheibhinn teisteanas sonraicht'  
 A Steornabha 'nuas.  
 Gur mi gheallbhanach lurach  
 'S boidhche dealbh agus cuma,  
 'Choisneas ainm air gach turas ;  
 Gun robh buidhinn rium fuaight'.

## AN SGIOBAIR.

Fhuair mi 'm bliadhna crann ur dhuit  
 Nach bi furasda 'lubadh ;  
 'S bidh mi-fhin air do stiuir  
 Is mo chul ris gach stuaidh ;  
 Fhuair mi acfhuinn do 'reir sin  
 Nach leig cluicheachd no leum leis ;  
 'S aobhar misnich do m' cheile  
 'N uair a theid e rith' 'suas.  
 'N uair 'bheirinn thu sabhailt'  
 Gu cala math samhach,  
 'S a shinteadh do chabal  
 An caradh ri d' chluais ;  
 Gum biodh stoirm fo na gilleam  
 Leis nach doirbh a bhi tioram,  
 'S gur h-ann leotha bu mhinic  
 An tine 'thoirt air cuaich.

## AN SOITHEACH.

Ach nam faighinn-sa ceartas  
 'S a bhi ur bharr mo bhac-stuic,  
 Le darach math Sas'nach,  
 'S a bhi snasmhor mu'n cuairt.  
 'S a bhi dubailt' an calcadh.  
 Air chul mo reang tarsuinn,  
 Bheirinn cunntas a m' astar  
 Nach do chleachd mi 'thoirt bhuam.  
 'S nam faighinn saoir dhileas  
 'Chuireadh fad' a'm' dhruim direach,  
 Agus fear 'dheanadh sgriobhadh  
 Bheirinn sinteag do'n t-Suain,  
 Le 'm sgioba math gasda  
 'Dheanadh m' aodach a phasgadh,  
 'S leiginn cunntas mo chairtealan  
 Gu beachd Eachainn Ruaidh.

'Mhic Sheumais mhic Dhughail  
 A Eirinn 's a Diura,



'S mor an leth-trom do m' chuirteir  
 A bhi 'giulan le t' uaisl',  
 Tagh thusa bean bhoidheach,  
 'S biodh a cairdean lan deonach,  
 'S mur bi i-fein gorach  
 Ni i comhnadh leat suas.  
 Ach ma rinn thu mis' fhagail  
 Ann an urra ri Patric  
 Mur faigh thu na's fearr dhomh  
 Dean do bhrathair rium 'suas ;  
 Ma tha thus' ann ad oigear,  
 Chan fheil mis' ann am bhreoitich ;  
 Dheanainn mire roimh sheolaid  
 Ged a phos mi da uair.

'S a chur crich air gach gnothach,  
 Dheanainn sineadh ri nodhaichean,  
 'S chuirinn ciosanaich choimheach  
 Le leathad aig lugths.  
 Cha bu bhaol daibh bhi romham,  
 'S mo thaobhs' air muir domhain ;  
 Ann an caonnaig mo threabhaidh  
 Dheanainn omhan air fuar.  
 Gum fagainn gu freagarach  
 Mor agus beag iad ;  
 Cha b' urrainn iad seasamh  
 Ri leagail mo ghual'.  
 Gur neonach mur creid sibh,  
 'S mi eolach am Breatunn ;  
 Gheibhinn comhdach math, teisteil,  
 Far 'n do leasaich mi 'suas.

Tha thu t' oganach brioghasach,  
 Eolach 'feadh thirean ;  
 Gur tric thugadh sgriob leat  
 Leam fhin air a chuan.  
 'Measg nionag bhiodh aoibh ort,  
 'S tric dh'fhalbh thu gun m' fhaighneachd ;

'N uair thigeadh an oidhch'  
 Bhiodh tu 'd shlaightear air chuairt.  
 Ged a bhithinn 's an osbadal  
 'S daoire 'bha 'n Lochlann,  
 Bhiodh tusa gun sprochd ort,  
 Gun osna tigh'nn hhuait  
 Ma dh'fhuilingeas an ath te  
 Cho tric rium le d' mhacnas,  
 Gun cluinn thusa racaid  
 'S am bata mu d' chluais.

---

Cursaireachd, coursing.—Nodhaichean, new ones.

---

## RANNAN

LEIS A BHARD MAC-GILLEAIN.

'Nuair a phos Domhnall Camaran, Mac Iain  
 a Chliridh Mhoir, agus Mari Nic-a-Phi bha beagan  
 de shluagh cruinn ann an taigh athar gum failt-  
 eachadh dhachaidh. 'Nuair a bha Iain a Chliridh  
 Mhoir, Iain Mac Eoghain, a toirt drama do dh-  
 Iain Mac-Gilleain, am Bard, thubhairt e ris, So  
 Iain, cluinnim facal bhuaith agus feuch nach bi  
 ciorram air. Ghlac am Bard an gloine agus dh'  
 ol e deoch-slainge na caraaid oig ann sna briathran  
 a leanas :—

Deoch-slainge na caraaid oig  
 A thanic oirnn an drast air sgrìob ;  
 Domhnall Camaran 'tha mi 'graitinn  
 Agus Mari Nic-a-Phi.  
 Saoghal fada dhuibh 'sa phosadh,  
 'S barrachd eolais air a mhnaoi.—  
 Iain, ceartaich thusa an rann dhuinn,  
 Ma dh'fhag mi dad ann 'tha cli.

We got this stanza whilst waiting for the train at the station in New Glasgow, July 14, 1890, from Donald Ur Cameron, who was present when it was composed. John Cameron, Clerramore and the Bard were near neighbors and good friends.

At the present day there is a railway station at Clerramore, or Big Clearing, which is known as James River Station, an utterly unhistorical, unmusical, and inappropriate name. It is a pity to see old names changed.

Bha Domhnall Mac-Coinnich, an taillear, a gearradh cota do'n Bhard. Thachair gun robh eachdraidh Iosibh ann am poca a Bhaird. Thug an taillear an leabhar as agus chum e e gu 'leughadh. A chiad uair a chunnic am Bard an taillear an deidh so dh' fhailtich e e ann sna briathrabh a leanas :—

'S e Domhnall Mac-Coinnich, an taillear,  
Duine 's taire 'tha mu 'n cuairt ;  
'S beag a shaoileadh Seoras Baillidh  
Gun robh a mheirle riut fuaight' ;  
Thug thu 'chreidsinn air le d' chrabhadh  
Gun deanadh tu pap do shluagh ;  
'S mise nach faod sin a ghraitinn,  
'S do lamh 'thoirt mo leabhair bhuam.

We got this stanza from Catherine Macinnis, Fraser's Mountain, October 11th, 1880. Donald Mackenzie was an old soldier. He was twenty-one years in the army, and was a very intelligent man.

## CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS

— x —

- |                                  |                                      |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 2, 33, the rein, reign.          | 69, 32, mamed, named.                |
| 3, 15, perion, period.           | 70, 32, fhaithrich, fhairich.        |
| 5, 26, rightly, richly.          | 71, 21, aithin, aithn'               |
| 6, 15, buathran, briathran.      | 75, 10, conquered, conquered.        |
| 6, 22, no, mo.                   | 82, 19, de 'n chall, do 'n chall.    |
| 6, 5, eum, eun.                  | 83, 29, fhaire, fhaire.              |
| 6, 19, 'n ar, 'n ur.             | 100, 2, fhear, fhear.                |
| 8, 10, Obhar, Odhar.             | 102, 18, mar, mur.                   |
| 8, 26, Chaidheamh, Chlaidh-eabh. | 109, 26, gloidhteachd, glaidhteachd. |
| 9, 28, Loug, Long.               | 119, 8, tlghearna, tighearna.        |
| 10, 12, cran, crann.             | 123, 11, Carlisie, Carlisle.         |
| 11, 4, Eana chor, Eanach or.     | 125, 10, nochdadh, a nochdadh.       |
| 11, 19, Domhuall, Domhnall.      | 127, 12, Chiadh, 'Chaidh.            |
| 14, 8, aineoil, aineol.          | 129, 26, Bni, 'Bhi.                  |
| 14, 24, sheidu, shuidhe.         | 129, 30, fear, fear.                 |
| 16, 5, a' d', ad.                | 130, 3, brass, bras.                 |
| 20, 24, bhuiadhne, bhuainne.     | 130, 6, C' air, Cait.                |
| 21, 7, d' thught, dugt'          | 130, 9, chruachdan, chnuachdan.      |
| 23, 5, bheal, bheul.             | 130, 10, us, na.                     |
| 26, 3, uam, nam.                 | 130, 14, seillear, soilleir.         |
| 35, 10, ehur, chur.              | 130, 28, cumidh, cinnidh.            |
| 36, 17, Lnnnainn, Lunnainn.      | 135, 1, t-ordach, t-aodach.          |
| 38, 28, Jsmes, James.            | 136, 3, Chunnaeas, Chunnacas,        |
| 40, 9, brnsg, brug               | 136, 10, Thr, Tha.                   |
| 40, 23, bhei, bheil,             | 136, 10, tuath, fuath.               |
| 41, 5, Ba, Bha.                  | 136, 14, fhdath, fhuath.             |
| 42, 8, received, resided.        | 139, 20, work, poem.                 |
| 44, 25, tuireid ch, tuireideach. | 140, 24, Luch, Luchd.                |
| 44, 31, ghaths, gnaths.          | 145, 8, uidbean, uidheam.            |
| 46, 21, ei eadh, eideadh         | 147, 5, struth, shruth.              |
| 55, 28, Carnabrug, Chearna-burg. | 147, 12, c oc croc.                  |
| 60, 30, airdead, airdid.         | 147, 15, tuair gneadh, tuairgneadh.  |
| 61, 29, pinadh, pianadh.         | 147, 23, clann, ceann.               |
| 63, 1, dearbhadh, dhearbhadh     |                                      |

- 147, 27, dhinbhail dhiubhail.  
 147, 27, sluagh, sloigh.  
 148, 8, Culdres, Culdares.  
 148, 10, bend, band.  
 148, 18, Clearc, Cearc.  
 148, 18, Mrcdonald, Macdonald.  
 148, 27, 1778, 1678.  
 149, 28, fineault', finealt'  
 150, 14, sgnr, sgur.  
 151, 1, Cumba, Cumha.  
 151, 1, Ghilleasbing, Ghilleas-bic.  
 151, 19, aigneahh, aigneadh,  
 151, 29, cuimhuich, cumhnich.  
 152, 10, mam, nam.  
 152, 32, cnmaibh, cumaibh.  
 154, 1, slnn, sinn.  
 155, 8, letha latha.  
 156, 4, alr, air.  
 157, 14, agaidh, aghaidh.  
 157, 19, thugadn, thugadh.  
 157, 25, fragairt, freagairt,  
 159, 2, ga mi', ga m'.  
 159, 26, thiurich, thuinich.  
 160, 17, Maboch, Mabach,  
 161, 4, bhliadhna, bhliadhna.  
 167, 28, phiuthar, phiuthair.  
 169, 28, chadadal, chadal.  
 170, 23, cumhuanta, cumhn-  
 anta.  
 174, 28, stirochd, striochd.  
 174, 32, lcat, leat.  
 175, 1, nar, na.  
 175, 6, lean, leam.  
 177, 23, Umha, Cumha.  
 178, 16, Trionaid, Trianaid.  
 178, 29, chunatasan, chunta-  
 san.  
 180, 30, Anus, Anns.  
 181, 23 b' urram, h-urram.  
 181, 26, Mac-Neil, Mac-Neill.  
 183, 8, 'bhearadh, 'bheagadh.  
 183, 33, nc, no.  
 184, 16, cheirtaidh, cheutaidh,  
 186, 6, bnuillean, buillean.  
 187, 1, iosaidh nn, ionnsuidh.  
 187, 11, nhath, mhath.  
 187, 26, chnramach, churam-  
 ach.  
 187, 33, ruel, rud.  
 188, 25, shleisdean, sleisdean.  
 191, 2, fhao ainn, fhaotuinn.  
 191, 15, ciarach, ciatach.  
 191, 20, bailidh, baillidh.  
 192, 12, Mhis, Mhic.  
 192, 17, doireabh, doireadh.  
 192, 25, 'Fhnair, 'Fhuair.  
 193, 2, des, deo.  
 193, 25, stamn, stamh.  
 193, 28, tor, torr.  
 194, 20, dug e, dug thu e.  
 195, 17, tarsuing, taruinn.  
 195, 27, dilear, dileas,  
 198, 5, ghuilan, ghiulan.  
 198, 10, og, ag.  
 200, 20, fha ail, 'fhagail.  
 202, 24, Seallr, Sellar.  
 203, 19, pcacadh, peacadh.  
 207, 28, tapaidhe, tapaidh.  
 207, 31, cluinut' cluinnt'  
 207, 32, ghabbadh, ghabhadh.  
 208, 8, bhois, 'bhios.  
 210, 17, bhiadhna, bliadhna.  
 212, 8, bhas, bha.  
 214, 10 Alustair, Alastair.  
 216, 11, mbac, mhac.  
 216, 30, bliadhna, bhliadhna.  
 216, 32, Rha, Bha.  
 216, 34, theaunga, theanga.  
 216, 36, ri am, ris am.  
 217, 3, uighinu, nighinn.  
 217, 9, 'dhitha 'dhith.  
 217, 10, 's e nu, 's e mo.  
 217, 16, nac, nach.  
 217, 28, cheirt, cheist.  
 217, 27, treum, treun.  
 217, 27, fabh lum, falbh nam.  
 217, 29, inn cachd, innleachd.  
 217, 33, thoirneadh, thairn-  
 eadh.  
 217, 33, sgriob-hadh, sgriobh-  
 adh.  
 218, 10, eeutach, ceutach.  
 218, 14, Na'm, 'N am.  
 219, 12, sbios, shios.  
 219, 20, cyeann, cheann.  
 219, 22, dam bniach, nam  
 bruach.  
 219, 24, nau, nan.

- 219, 30, g aradh, gharradh.  
 219, 33, mealt, meall.  
 220, Page 230, Page 220.  
 220, 16, faineach, fainneach.  
 220, 25, chuace, chuach.  
 220, 27, ghlen, gblan.  
 220, 31, clin, cliu.  
 220, 32, Au'm, gum.  
 221, 26, was, was a.  
 222, 11, Mcfarlane, Macfarlane.  
 222, 29, 'san-shocair, 's an-shocair.  
 228, 7, macraichean, mach-raichean.  
 228, 7, Gu'n, Gun.  
 228, 7, ghioraicheadh, ghiorraicheadh.  
 229, 28, bedchd, beachd.  
 230, 16, dhuinne' dhuinn' e.  
 230, 30, bliadha, bliadhna.  
 232, 10, fear ann, fear fann.  
 232, 24, ceudla, ceud la.  
 236, 3, gheibheadh, gheibheadh.  
 236, 25, mhlael, mheall.  
 236, 34, mhisneach, mhisnich.  
 237, 8, hruban chruban.  
 237, 29, ainneanch, ainneamh.  
 237, 34, fasannan, fasan nan.  
 238, 2, 'san cai, 's an caise.  
 239, 25, 'bhu, 'bu.  
 239, 25, macaan, macanan.  
 240, 5, fheail, fhearail.  
 241, 13, bhoidhach, bhoidheach.  
 241, 14, bhudadheach, bhuadhach.  
 241, 19, lan ch, lanach.  
 242, 5, tlachmhor, tlachdmhor.  
 242, 7, 'mu 'm 'poca, mu 'm poca.  
 242, 13, truen, treun.  
 242, 13, j heuma, f heuma.  
 242, 21, N' uair, 'Nuair.  
 243, 6, pleasd, pleased.  
 244, 26, ledaidhe, luaidhe.  
 245, 7, gunn nheirg, gunmheirg.  
 245, 18, Triach, Triath.  
 245, 25, an fhair, an fhear.  
 245, 26, Morthrieach, Morthrieach.  
 248, 8, 's 'o 'r, 's o 'r.  
 247, 10, Luch, Luchd.  
 248, 20, a asadh, a lasadh.  
 249, 4, Ba, Bu.  
 250, 2, Siadri, 'S iad ri.  
 250, 4, Gar, Gur.  
 250, 9, urraim, urram.  
 250, 10, Cumha Eile, Cumha.  
 252, 17, buadh, buaidh.  
 253, 1, Ta, Na.  
 254, 3, chaitein, cheitein.  
 254, 10, chlinteach, chliuiteach.  
 255, 7, 'chrenchdan, 'chreuchdan.  
 255, 7, ath-cqar, ath-chur,  
 256, 15, sinu, sinn.  
 256, 18, misneach, misneach.  
 257, 8, Marealaidh, Marealaidh.  
 257, 19, chuald, chuala.  
 258, 1, Domhuallaich, Domhnallaich.  
 258, 17, ioghbnadh, ionghnadh.  
 258, 19, carthanuach, carthannach.  
 259, 3, Domhaill, Dhomhnaill.  
 559, 7, choreaich, chorcaich.  
 259, 10, treuin-thear, treunfhear.  
 259, 13, chruinich, chruinnich.  
 259, 14, Clann-lain, Clann-lain.  
 259, 16, nau, nan.  
 259, 32, compell ot, compelled to.  
 260, 2, Gilleasbing, Gilleasbic.  
 260, 4, 'dhubradh, 'dhiobradh.  
 260, 14, ghnius, ghnuis.  
 260, 14, adbhach, aobhach.  
 260, 16, caoimhneli, caoimhneil,  
 360, ailleach, ailleachd.  
 260, 23, bhoian, bhuan.  
 263, 6, atr, air.

265, 9, cuilin, cuilinn.	313, 9, tanml, tamull.
268, 10, is mi 'ghlac, is 'ghlac.	314, 11, fiosracn, fiosrach.
269, 16, leaonn, leann.	314, 15, bhreagh, bhriagh.
271, 18, B' an B' ann.	315, 16, Dhomsa, Dhomhsa.
273, 22, Domhnán, Domhnall.	316, 27, gu 'n, gun.
274, 4, ninth, ninth.	316, 32, no, na.
274, 17, do Domhnall, do Dhomhnall.	319, 28, spuie, spuir.
275, 5, romhan, romham.	319, 30, mo an, moran.
275, 25, buideul, buideal.	321, 4, Domhallach, Domhnallach.
277, 17, breislien, breislich.	322, 2, 'chuireus, chuireas.
278, 10, chreachadairean, creachadairean.	322, 6, spinn-asuin, spuin-asuin.
287, 15, taiug, taing.	322, 14, No 'n ni, No 'n i.
293, 6, phris, pris.	322, 25, dhuthaich, duthaich.
295, 18, Bhiodmaid, Bhiodhmaid.	342, 12, 'ghruund, ghrunnd.
296, 3, claideamh, claidheabh.	345, 29, burchaille, buachaille.
296, 8, smachdal, smachdail.	350, 10, ginlanta, giulanta.
296, 13, chasgadh, chaogadh.	351, 20, 'theidh, theid.
300, 22, balachan, ballachan.	354, 19, dhuinne, dhunn.
300, 27, spioradau, spioradan.	367, 3, duinen, duine.
308, 12, eirighd, eirigh.	372, 4, Cola, Colla.
309, 3, rl, ri.	385, 18, lugths, luas.

Page 35, For Mar eun clomhach an ruchain read Mar eun-cladhaich an rucain.

Page 96, Delete the stanza at the bottom.

Page 121, Delete the first twenty-one lines.

Page 123, Delete Sliabh a Chlamhain and substitute Blar h-Eaglaise Brice.

Page 128, Delete He was a very excellent man, as the same statement is made again.

Page 134, Cabhuil, a kind of creel for catching fish.

Page 142, For of Lochiel read Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel.

Page 153, Read lines 9, 10, 11 and 12 as follows:

Aig ceann Loch-Lochaidh shuidhich sinn campa  
 La roimh Dhi-domhnaich; 's da la na dheidh  
 Chruinnich ar cairdean uil' air an laraich,  
 'S thog iad an lamhan an lathair Mhic Dhe.

Page 158. Gilleasbic Dubh Mac Mhic-Dhomhnaill was unquestionably the Ciaran Mabach. In Gillies's collection, at page 77, the Ciaran Mabach is called Gilleasbic Ruadh Mac Mhic-Dhomhnaill. Ciaran is from ciar, a dull black colour. It seems to us very unlikely that a red-haired man would be known as an Ciaran. We feel sure that Gilleasbic Ruadh is a mistake.

Page 169, Oran Gaoil. The sixth stanza of this poem was omitted by mistake. It is as follows :—

Do mheall-shuil bu ghlan aogasg,  
'S do shlios mar fhaoilinn air snamh ;  
Gruaidh dhearg ort mar chaorann,  
'Dh'fhag mi daor ann ad ghradh.  
Gur h-e mheud 's 'thug mi 'speis dhuit  
'Dh' fhag mi-fein ann an drip ;  
'N diugh chan iarrainn de 'n t-saoghal  
Ach leine chaol agus cist'.

The last stanza, Chunna mise do chinneadh, etc., should be deleted, as it does not belong to the poem.

Page 200. Rugaid, a long neck. Slat-mhara, tangle.

Page 219, Oran molaidh. The first four lines should read as follows :—

Air dhomh-s' a bhi 'm onar  
Troimh aonach nam beann,  
Gun gleus mi na teudan,  
'S gun te dhiu air chall.

Page 246. Uaibheachd. We have not met this word any where else. It seems to mean subject.

Page 247. Delete the note at the bottom of the page. The following may take its place :—

In 1784 John, 7th of Morar, gave over his estates to Simon, his son, reserving a life rent for himself. Simon, 8th of Morar, was a Major in the 92nd, or Gordon Highlanders. He married in 1784, Amelia, only child of Captain James Macdonell of Glenmeddle, third son of John Macdonell of Glengarry, and had by her three sons, James, Sim Og, and John. He died March 12th, 1800, and was succeeded by his eldest son. John, 7th of Morar, died in the autumn of 1809. James, 9th of Morar, entered the army in 1805. He returned home a Major in 1809. He died in Edinburgh after a lingering illness, in October, 1811. He was succeeded by his brother, Sim Og. Sim Og, 10th of Morar, studied law. He was killed by the accidental discharge of his own gun, July 22nd, 1812. He died unmarried.

Page 248. For Cumha read Cumha do Shim Dombnallach, Triath Mhorthir.

Page 250. For Cumha eile etc., read Cumha do Shim Og Domhnallach, Triath Mhorthir, Page 255, Delete Cumha eile, etc. This is not another poem, but the



last part of the poem beginning on page 250. The poet refers first to Major Simon, then to his father, then to Major James, and lastly to young Simon.

Page 265. Rannan Targraidh. The following is the poem word for word as it is in the MS.:—

Claun Ghilleoin on Dreolinn  
Mar ealt ian air bhar culinn  
Mar chaor dheirig a tin o thellach  
'S bronach an sgeul sud ra inns.

Claun Dughil on aird a niar  
Slioc Aula ni sgiath dearg  
Greadan gun teasregin doimh  
Air aon chlar luing do bheirther.

Mac Iain Stewart ceaun na fearr  
Thuigh e air dun Insa for  
Chaill e dun Insa for  
'S cha do bhuining e dun Insa gil.

Claun o Dhuimhn ceun gach fine  
Tuitim mar aon uniag ghlaoine  
Air bhur teachd a niar on bhile  
Struadh air milleadh le mirun.

Page 272. In the line *Slan ur muineil cha till sibh breug orm*, *slan* means in defiance of, in spite of, and is pronounced short like can, say or sing.

Page 322, *Le spuin-asuin a dh-aindeoin*. We do not know what *spuin-asuin* is. We give it as it is in the MS. Perhaps it should be *spain-asuin* or *spuinn-asuin*.

#### PAGE 344—IAIN BOID.

John Boyd, son of Hugh Boyd and Mary Macfarlane, was born in Arisaig, Scotland, in 1797. He came to this country with his parents, who settled at the South River of Antigonish, in 1801. He composed several poems, but unfortunately they have all been allowed to perish except the elegy on Bishop Fraser. He died at Antigonish, Oct. 5, 1871. He was married twice. By his first wife, Mary Macdonald, he had one son, John. By his second wife, Jennet Macdonald, he had two sons, Angus and Donald, and eight daughters. John, his eldest son, published a Gaelic and English spelling book, in 1848. He published a Gaelic Monthly for about two years. He started the "Casket," a weekly newspaper published in Antigonish, in

1852. He published in pamphlet form several of the poems of the Bard Maclean, in 1856. He sold out his interest in the "Casket" to his brother, Angus, in 1861. He died in Boston, December 18th, 1880, in the 57th year of his age. Angus Boyd gave up his connection with the "Casket" in 1888, having been in that year appointed collector of Customs for the port of Antigonish. Whilst the Boyds had the "Casket" its columns were always ready to welcome a Gaelic contribution.

Bishop Fraser was born at Crasky, in Strathglass, in 1779. He was the eldest son of John Fraser and Jane Chisholm. He came to Nova Scotia, in 1822. He was appointed Bishop in 1827. He died in Antigonish, October, 4th, 1851.







